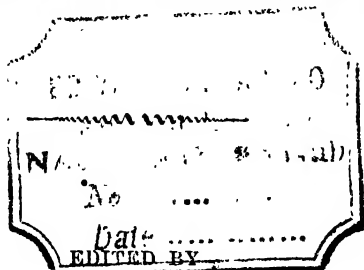


MATRICULATION PROSE READINGS

PARTS I, II & III.

(FOR SENIOR CLASSES IN HIGH ENGLISH SCHOOLS.)



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PREFACE.

Since the abolition of the Entrance Examination, and the substitution in its place of the Matriculation Standard, a fixed *Course* in English has been done away with, and Headmasters of H. E. Schools have had to depend upon this book or that book at random. The books recommended by the University authorities are so large in number that it is practically impossible to introduce in a School-curriculum even the most important among them. A handy book of selections from the best books recommended by the University, such as *Kingsley's Heroes*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare*, *Washington Irving's Sketch book*, *Our Village* by Miss Mitford, *Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe*, *Quentin Durward* and *Talisman*, &c., has accordingly been considered as a real desideratum for students preparing for the University Matriculation Examination.

The editor has felt the want himself, in meeting the requirements of his own school, and sincerely believes that similar must be the experience of his brother Headmasters. In his "Matriculation Prose Readings" he has arranged the selections in three parts, to suit the capacities of the first

three classes of High English Schools and enlarged the range of study for each class of students by inserting selections from *Channing*, *Todd*, *Addison*, *Goldsmith*, *Macaulay*, and *Southey*, and other approved writers.

The appendix contains samples of unseen passages—both *Prose* and *Poetry*, set at the Matriculation Examinations and Notes on difficult extracts. *

As the Poetry books recommended are generally three or four in number, they may with advantage be introduced for our highest classes and therefore no selection have been made of Poetry pieces.

If the interest of our students be served in any way by the publication of this book, the Editor will consider himself amply rewarded.

Any suggestion for its improvement from fellow-workers in the field of education will be thankfully accepted.

S. C. BASU.

* For want of time, the notes, for the most part, have had to be withheld and will be published later on.

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MATRICULATION PROSE READINGS.

PART I.

W. E. CHANNING.

THE DUTIES OF CHILDREN.

I PROPOSE to point out the duties of children to their parents. My young friends, let me ask your serious attention. I wish to explain to you the honour and obedience which you are required to render your parents ; and to impress you with the importance, excellence, and happiness of this temper and conduct.

In the observations I am now to make, all who have parents should feel an interest ; for some remarks will apply to all. But I shall principally confine myself to those who are so young as to depend on the care and to live under the eye of their parents ; who surround a parent's table, dwell beneath a parent's roof, and hear continually a parent's voice.

I shall now attempt to explain and enforce what is here required of you.

First, you are required to view and treat your parents with *respect*. Your tender and inexperienced age requires that you think of yourselves with humility, and conduct yourselves with modesty ; that you respect the superior

age and wisdom and improvements of your parents and observe towards them a submissive deportment. Nothing is more unbecoming in you, nothing will render you more unpleasant in the eyes of others, than forward or contemptuous conduct towards your parents. There are children—and I wish I could say there are only a few—who speak to their parents with rudeness, grow sullen at their rebukes, behave in their presence as if they deserved no attention, hear them speak without noticing them, and rather ridicule than honour them. There are many children at the present day who think more highly of themselves than of their elders; who think that their own wishes are first to be gratified; who abuse the condescension and kindness of their parents, and treat them as equals rather than superiors.

Beware, my young friends, lest you grow up with this assuming and selfish spirit. Regard your parents as kindly given you by God, to support, direct, and govern you in your present state of weakness and inexperience. Express your respect for them in your manner and conversation. Do not neglect those outward signs of dependence and superiority which suit your age. You are young, and you should therefore take the lowest place, and rather retire than thrust yourselves forward into notice. You have much to learn, and you should therefore hear instead of seeking to be heard. You are dependent, and you should therefore *ask* instead of *demanding* what you desire; and you should receive everything from your parents as a favour and not as a debt. Love them, and love them ardently; but mingle a sense of their superiority with your love. Feel a confidence in their kindness; but let not this

confidence make you rude and presumptuous, and lead to indecent familiarity. Talk to them with openness and freedom ; but never contradict with violence ; never answer with passion or contempt.

Secondly, you should be grateful to your parents. Consider how much you owe them. The time has been and it was not a long time past, when you depended wholly on their kindness, when you had no strength to make a single effort for yourselves, when you could neither speak nor walk, and knew not the use of any of your powers. Had not a parent's arm supported you, you must have fallen to the earth and perished. Observe with attention the infants which you so often see, and consider that a little while ago you were as feeble as they are ; you were only a burden and a care, and you had nothing with which you could repay your parents' affection. But did they forsake you ? How many sleepless nights have they been disturbed by your cries ! When you were sick, how tenderly did they hang over you ! With what pleasure have they seen you grow up in health to your present state ! And what do you now possess which you have not received from their hands ? God indeed is your great parent, your best friend, and from Him every good gift descends ; but God is pleased to bestow everything upon you through the kindness of your parents. To your parents you owe every comfort ; you owe to them the shelter you enjoy from the rain and cold, the raiment which covers and the food which nourishes you. While you are seeking amusement, or are employed in gaining knowledge at school, your parents are toiling that you may be happy, that your wants be supplied, that your

minds may be improved, that you may grow up and be useful in the world. And when you consider how often you have forfeited all this kindness, and yet how ready they have been to forgive you, and to continue their favours, ought you not to look upon them with the tenderest gratitude? What greater monster can there be than an unthankful child, whose heart is never warmed and melted by the daily expressions of parental solicitude; who instead of requiting his best friend by his affectionate conduct, is sullen and passionate, and thinks that his parents have done nothing for him, because they will not do all he desires? My young friends, your parents' hearts have ached enough for you already; you should strive from this time, by your expressions of gratitude and love, to requite their goodness.

Thirdly, that you must make it your study to obey your parents, to do what they command, and do it cheerfully. Your own hearts will tell you that this is a most natural and proper expression of honour and love. For how often do we see children opposing their wills to the will of their parents; refusing to comply with absolute commands; growing more obstinate, the more they are required to do what they dislike; and at last sullenly and unwillingly obeying, because they can no longer refuse without exposing themselves to punishment. Consider, my young friends, that by such conduct you very much displease God who has given you parents that they may control your passions and train you up in the way you should go. Consider how much better they can decide for you than you can for yourselves. • You know but little of the world in which you

live. You hastily catch at everything which promises you pleasure ; and unless the authority of a parent should restrain you, you would soon rush into ruin, without a thought or a fear. In pursuing your own inclinations, your health would be destroyed, your minds would run waste, you would grow up slothful, selfish, a trouble to others, and burdensome to yourselves. Submit, then, cheerfully to your parents. Have you not experienced their goodness long enough to know that they wish to make you happy, even when their commands are most severe ? Prove, then, your sense of their goodness by doing cheerfully what they require. When they oppose your wishes, do not think that you have more knowledge than they. Do not receive their commands with a sour, angry, sullen look, which says louder than words, that you obey only because you dare not rebel. If they deny your requests, do not persist in urging them, but consider how many requests they have already granted you. Consider that it will be base and ungrateful for you, after all their tenderness, to murmur and complain. Do not expect that your parents are to give up everything to your wishes, but study to give up everything to theirs. Do not wait for them to threaten, but when a look tells you what they want, fly to perform it. This is the way in which you can best reward them for all their pains and labours. In this way you will make their houses pleasant and cheerful. But if you are disobedient, perverse, and stubborn, you will be uneasy yourselves, and will make all around you unhappy. You will make home a place of contention, noise, and anger ; and your best friends will have reason to wish that you had never been born.

A disobedient child almost always grows up ill-natured and disobliging to all with whom he is connected. None loves him, and he has no heart to love any but himself. If you would be amiable in your temper and manner, and desire to be beloved, let me advise you to begin life with giving up your wills to your parents.

Fourthly, you must further express your respect, affection, and gratitude, by doing all in your power to assist and oblige your parents. Children can very soon make some return for the kindness they receive. Every day you can render your parents some little service, and often save them many cares, and sometimes not a little expense. There have been children who in early life have been great supports to their sick, poor and helpless parents. This is the most honourable way in which you can be employed. You must never think too highly of yourselves to be unwilling to do anything for those who have done so much for you. You should never let your amusements take such a hold of your minds as to make you slothful, backward, and unwilling, when you are called to serve your parents. There are some children who not only refuse to exert themselves for their parents, but add very much to their cares, give them unnecessary trouble, and, by carelessness, by wasting, by extravagance, help to keep them in poverty and toil. My young friends, you should be ashamed, after having given your parents so much pain to multiply their cares and labours unnecessarily. You should learn very early to be active in pleasing them, and active in doing what you can for yourselves. Do not waste all your spirit upon play but learn to be useful. Perhaps the time is coming when your parents

will need as much attention from you as you have received from them ; and you should endeavour to form such industrious, obliging habits, that you may render their last years as happy as they have rendered the first years of your existence.

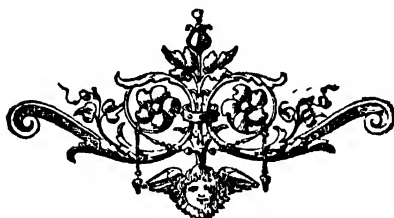
Children should learn to be honest, sincere, and open-hearted to their parents. An artful, hypocritical child is one of the most unpromising characters in the world. You should have no secrets which you are unwilling to disclose to your parents. If you have done wrong you should openly confess it, ask that forgiveness which a parent's heart is ready to bestow. If you wish to undertake anything, ask their consent. Never begin anything in the hope that you can conceal your design. If you once strive to impose on your parents, you will be led on, from one step to another, to invent falsehoods, to practise artifice, till you will become contemptible and hateful. You will soon be detected, and then none will trust you. Sincerity in a child will make up for many faults. Of children, he is the worst who watches the eyes of his parents, pretends to obey as long as they see him, but as soon as they have turned away does what they have forbidden. Whatever else you do, never deceive. Let your parents always learn your faults from your own lips ; and be assured they will never love you the less for your openness and sincerity.

Lastly, you must prove your respect and gratitude to your parents by attending seriously to their instructions and admonitions, and by improving the advantages they afford you for becoming wise, useful, good, and happy for ever. You must prove your gratitude to them by listening respectfully and attentively to what they say,

by shunning the temptations of which they warn you, and by walking in the paths they mark out before you. You must labour to answer their hopes and wishes by improving in knowledge ; by being industrious at schools ; by living peaceably with your companions ; by avoiding all profane and wicked language ; by fleeing bad company ; by treating all persons with great respect ; by being kind and generous and honest, and by loving and serving your Father in heaven. This is the happiest and most delightful way of repaying the kindness of your parents. They will hope to see you prosperous, respected and beloved in the present world. But if in this they are to be disappointed, if they are soon to see you stretched on the bed of sickness and death, they will still smile amidst their tears, and be comforted by the thought that you are children of God, and that you are going to a Father that loves you better than they. If on the contrary, you slight and despise their instructions, and suffer your youth to run waste, you will do much to embitter their happiness and shorten their days. Many parents have gone to the grave broken-hearted by the ingratitude, perverseness, and impiety of their children. My young friends, listen seriously to parental admonition. Beware, lest you pierce with anguish that breast on which you have so often leaned. Beware, lest by early contempt of instruction you bring yourselves to shame and misery in this world, and draw on your heads still heavier ruin in the world beyond the grave.

Children, I have now set before you your duties. Let me once more beseech you to honour your father and mother. Ever cling to them with confidence and

love. Be to them an honour, an ornament, a solace,
and a support. Be more than they expect, and if
possible be all that they desire. To you they are now
looking with an affection which trembles for your safety.
So live that their eyes may ever fix on you with beams
of hope and joy. So live that the recollection of you
may soothe their last hours.





TODD'S STUDENT'S MANUAL.

EXERCISE.

IT must be plain to my reader, in the very outset, that the whole hopes, prospects, everything dear to the student, must depend upon his health. If the powers of the body be palsied or prostrated, or in any way abused, his mind must so far sympathise as to be unfitted for making progress in study. You may let the system run down and lose its tone by neglect, and, for a time, the mind retains its activity, as the fires created by some kinds of fuel burn brighter and brighter, till they sink away at once. Sometimes, while the poor house in which the soul resides is rapidly preparing to fall, the mind is even more active as decay approaches, and the fires of the soul burn with a more beautiful and intense glow.

In other employments, if health fails, it may be recovered, in very many cases, by care and exercise. The business goes on, and the loss of time and property usually do not suffer at once. Not so with him whose all depends upon the constant employment of the mind. Three months' loss of time, while in school, will blast many fair hopes and bright prospects; it will depress you and perplex you as a scholar, and probably have a material

influence upon you through the whole of life. You may be poor—you may have had but small advantages heretofore; but above these, by industry and application, you may rise. But if your health be gone, you are at once cut off from doing anything by way of study. The mind cannot, and will not, accomplish anything, unless you have good health. Resolve then, that at any rate, so far as it depends upon yourself, you will have “a sound mind in a sound body.”

It is frequently the case that the student, as the fields of knowledge open before him in all their boundless extent, feeling strong in the buoyancy and elasticity of youth, and knowing that his character must all depend upon himself, sits down closely to his books, resolves to stop for nothing, till his scholarship is fair and high. The first, the second, and the third admonitions, in regard to his health, are unheeded, till, at last, he can study no longer, and then, too late, he discovers that the seeds of death are planted in him. The more promising the student, the higher are his aims, and the stronger are the aspirations of his genius, the greater is the danger. Multitudes of the most promising young men have, within the last few years, found an early grave; not because they studied too intensely, but because they paid no attention to the body.

It is impossible for any man to be a student without endangering the health. Man was made to be active. The hunter, who roams through the forest, or climbs the rocks of the Alps, is the man who is hardy, and in the most perfect health. The sailor, who has been rocked by a thousand storm, and who labours day and night, is a hardy man, unless dissipation has broken his constitution. Any man of active habits is likely to enjoy good health, if he does not

too frequently overexert himself. But the student's habits are all unnatural ; and by them nature is continually cramped and restrained.

There can be no room for doubt, in the mind of an attentive observer, that one cause why so many of our promising young men sink into a premature grave, is that they try to do so much in so short a time. By this I mean, that they feel that the great work of disciplining and stocking the mind must be done before the age of twenty five. Whoever embraces this notion must, at once, abandon the idea of ever excelling, or else he must sit down to his books with an intensity of application that cannot but endanger life.

There are several difficulties in the way of your taking regular, vigorous exercise.

1. *You do not now feel the necessity of it.*

We take no medicine till necessity compels us ; and exercise to the student is a constant medicine. You are now young ; you feel buoyant, have a good appetite, have strength, fine health, and fine spirits. Time flies on downy wings. Why should you teach yourself to be a slave to exercise, and bring yourself into habits which would compel you, every day, to take exercise ? Let those who are in danger of the gout, or of falling victims to disordered stomachs, begin the regimen ; but for yourself, you do not feel your need. No, nor will you feel it, till you are probably so far gone, that exercise cannot recover you. On this point, you *must* take the testimony of the multitudes who have gone over the ground on which you now stand and who understand it all. They will tell you, that it is not at your option whether you will take exercise or

not ; you must take exercise, or you are lost to all your hopes and all your prospects.

2. *You feel pressed for time, and therefore cannot take exercise.*

You have such a pressure of studies—perhaps labour under some peculiar disadvantages—and so many extra efforts to make out of the regular study hours, that you really cannot find time to exercise. Let me tell you that you miscalculate on one important point. If you will try the plan of taking regular, vigorous exercise every day for a single term, you will find that you can perform the same duties, and the same amount of study, much easier than without the exercise. The difference will be astonishing to yourself. The time spent in thus invigorating the system will be made up, many times over, in the ease and comfort with which your mind takes hold of study.

3. *You do not feel interested in your exercise, and therefore do not take it.*

Many schemes have been devised, by which the student will take regular exercise, and at the same time, be interested in it. The manual labour system has been greatly extolled. The gymnastic system was no less so. Judging from experience, I decidedly prefer *walking* to all other exercises, for the student. The advantages of this mode of exercise are, that it is simple. The apparatus is all at hand complete. You need not wait for any importation of machinery. It is in the open air, so that the lungs can, at once, receive the pure air of heaven, and the eyes gaze upon hill and dale, upon trees and flowers, upon objects animate and inanimate. The very objects of sight and sound cheer and enliven the mind, and raise the spirits.

Another advantage of walking is, that you can have a friend to walk with, and unbend the mind, and cheer the spirits, by pleasant conversation. Once try the method of walking with a friend regularly for a few weeks, and you will be surprised at the results. On those afternoons in which study is not required, be sure and take long walks, and lay up health for days to come. In a short time, you will feel so much at home in the exercise, that you will not inquire what weather it is, but, Has the hour for walking arrived ?

4, *The habits of the student make any bodily exertions fatiguing ; and therefore you neglect exercise.*

There is no need of going into the physician's department, and assigning the reasons why, by disuse, the body soon comes to a state in which we feel it a burden to make exertions. The fact is unquestionable. You may go to your books, and shut yourself up in your room for weeks almost constantly, and the idea of walking two or three miles will almost fatigue you of itself. The muscles, the joints, the whole house, reluct at the thought of moving. The limbs will ache in a few moments, and the will has not the power to enforce obedience. Every day you put off the *habit* of exercise, the difficulty becomes greater, so that he who has not regular time for taking exercise, will soon cease to take any. Nothing can make it pleasant, or even tolerable, but the constant practice of it. You cannot snatch it here and there, and find it an amusement, as you can take up a newspaper ; for it will be a burden. Exercise is pleasant or otherwise, not in proportion to its being light or heavy, but to its regularity. Keep this in mind, and it will probably account for much of the unwillingness which you may now feel to taking exercise.

Exercise, then, to be a blessing to you, must be qualified by the following rules :—

(a) It must be regular and daily.

Nature has planted hunger within us, so that we shall daily bring supplies to meet the wastes of the body. But, without exercise, the system has not the power to appropriate these supplies, and reduce them, so that they become nutriment. Be as regular in taking exercise, as you are in taking your food. There can be no good excuse, so long as you have feet, which, in a few moments, will give you the best of exercise.

(b) It should be pleasant and agreeable.

The tread-mill would afford regular and powerful exercise ; but it would be intolerably irksome. It might give you iron sinews, but the soul would be gloomy and cheerless. It is of the first importance that you take pleasure in the exercise. Walking is good, but not—if you must walk in a bark-mill. Riding is good, but not—if you had to ride a wooden horse. Be sure and have your hour of exercising cultivate cheerfulness.

(c) It should relax the mind.

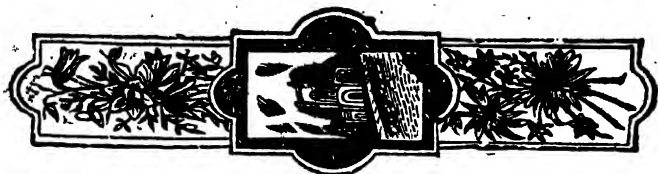
Philosophy can teach us to be stubborn or sullen when misfortunes come ; and religion can enable us to bear them with resignation ; but to a man whose health and spirits are good, they never come with their full power. We should aim to keep both the mind and body in such a condition, that our present circumstances are pleasant, and the future are undreaded. But this cannot be done if the mind be always keyed up like the strings of the musical instrument. The mind that attains the habit of throwing off study and anxiety, and relaxing itself at once, has obtained a treasure.

(d) It should be increased at convenient seasons.

My reader will understand by this that I mean, he should improve his vacations to recover from the fatigue of the past, and gather strength and health for the future. At a very trifling expense, two young men can set off on foot, and, while they are at entire leisure, can perform a long journey, see a great variety of new objects and curiosities, become acquainted with a variety of character, have their spirits raised, the tone of the whole system regulated, and all this during each vacation.

I should be sorry to have my remarks construed as tending to discountenance any manual labour by which the student or the professional man may benefit himself. Many illustrious men have alternately followed the plough, harangued in the forum, commanded armies, and bent over their books. If you can feel as cheerful and happy in the garden, the field, or the workshop, as you can while walking with a companion, it is altogether to be preferred to walking. But that regular daily exercise which is most pleasant to you, is that which, of all others, will be most beneficial.





KINGSLEY'S HEROES.

PERSEUS.

HOW PERSEUS AND HIS MOTHER CAME TO SERIPHOS.

ONCE upon a time there were two princes who were twins. Their names were Acrisius and Proetus, and they lived in the pleasant vale of Argos, far away in Hellas. They had fruitful meadows and vineyards, sheep and oxen, great herds of horses feeding down in Lerna Fen, and all that men could need to make them blest : and yet they were wretched, because they were jealous of each other. From the moment they were born they began to quarrel ; and when they grew up each tried to take away the other's share of the kingdom, and keep all for himself. So first Acrisius drove out Proetus : and he went across the seas, and brought home a foreign princess for his wife, and foreign warriors to help him, who were called Cyclopes ; and drove out Acrisius in his turn ; and then they fought a long while up and down the land, till the quarrel was settled, and Acrisius took Argos and one half the land, and Proetus took Tiryns and the other half. And Proetus and his Cyclopes built around Tiryns great walls of unhewn stone, which are standing to this day.

But there came a prophet to that hard-hearted Acrisius and prophesied against him, and said, "Because you have risen up against your own blood, your own blood shall rise up against you ; because you have sinned against your kindred, by your kindred you shall be punished. Your daughter Danae shall bear a son, and by that son's hands you shall die. So the Gods have ordained, and it will surely come to pass."

And at that Acrisius was very much afraid ; but he did not mend his ways. He had been cruel to his own family, and, instead of repenting and being kind to them, he went on to be more cruel than ever : for he shut up his fair daughter Danae in a cavern underground, lined with brass, that no one might come near her. So he fancied himself more cunning than the Gods : but you will see presently whether he was able to escape them.

Now it came to pass that in time Danae bore a son ; so beautiful a babe that any but King Acrisius would have had pity on it. But he had no pity ; for he took Danae and her babe down to the sea shore, and put them into a great chest and thrust them out to sea for the winds and the waves to carry them whithersoever they would.

The north-west wind blew freshly out of the blue mountains, and down the pleasant vale of Argos, and away and out to sea. And away and out to sea before it floated the mother and her babe, while all who watched them wept, save that cruel father, King Acrisius.

So they floated on and on, and the chest danced up and down upon the billows, and the baby slept upon its mother's breast : but the poor mother could not sleep,

but watched and wept, and she sang to her baby as they floated ; and the song which she sang you shall learn yourselves some day.

And now they are past the last blue headland, and in the open sea ; and there is nothing round them but the waves, and the sky, and the wind. But the waves are gentle, and the sky is clear, and the breeze is tender and low ; for these are the days when Halcyone and Ceyx build their nests, and no storms ever ruffle the pleasant summer sea.

And who were Halcyone and Ceyx ? You shall hear while the chest floats on. Halcyone was a fairy maiden, the daughter of the beach and of the wind. And she loved a sailor-boy, and married him ; and none on earth were so happy as they. But at last Ceyx was wrecked ; and before he could swim to the shore the billows swallowed him up. And Halcyone saw him drowning, and leapt into the sea to him ; but in vain. Then the Immortals took pity on them both, and changed them into two fair sea-birds ; and now they build a floating nest every year, and sail up and down happily for ever upon the pleasant seas of Greece.

So a night passed, and a day, and a long day it was for Danae ; and another night and day beside, till Danae was faint with hunger and weeping, and yet no land appeared. And all the while the babe slept quietly ; and at last poor Danae drooped her head and fell asleep likewise with her cheek against the babe's.

After a while she was awakened suddenly ; for the chest was jarring and grinding, and the air was full of sound. She looked up, and over her head were mighty cliffs, all red in the setting sun, and around her rocks

and breakers, and flying flakes of foam. She clasped her hands together, and shrieked aloud for help. And when she cried, help met her : for now there came over the rocks a tall and stately man, and looked down wondering upon poor Danae tossing about in the chest among the waves.

He wore a rough coat of frieze, and on his head a broad hat to shade his face ; in his hand he carried a trident for spearing fish, and over his shoulder was a casting-net ; but Danae could see that he was no common man by his stature, and his walk, and his flowing golden hair and beard ; and by the two servants who came behind him, carrying baskets for his fish. But she had hardly time to look at him, before he had laid aside his trident and leapt down the rocks, and thrown his casting-net so surely over Danae and the chest that he drew it, and her, and the baby, safe upon a ledge of rock.

Then the fisherman took Danae by the hand, and lifted her out of the chest, and said—

“O beautiful damsel, what strange chance has brought you to this island in so frail a ship ? Who are you, and whence ? Surely you are some king’s daughter ; and this boy has somewhat more than mortal.”

And as he spoke he pointed to the babe ; for its face shone like the morning star.

But Danae only held down her head, and sobbed out—

“Tell me to what land I have come, unhappy that I am ; and among what men I have fallen !”

And he said, “This isle is called Seriphos and I am a Hellen, and dwell in it. I am the brother of Polydectes

the king ; and men call me Dictys the netter, because I catch the fish of the shore."

Then Danae fell down at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried—

"Oh, sir, have pity upon a stranger, whom a cruel doom has driven to your land ; and let me live in your house as a servant ; but treat me honourably, for I was once a King's daughter, and this my boy (as you have truly said) is of no common race. I will not be a charge to you, or eat the bread of idleness ; for I am more skilful in weaving and embroidery than all the maidens of my land."

And she was going off ; but Dictys stopped her, and raised her up, and said :

"My daughter, I am old, and my hairs are growing gray ; while I have no children to make my home cheerful. Come with me then, and you shall be a daughter to me and to my wife, and this babe shall be our grandchild. For I fear the Gods, and show hospitality to all strangers ; knowing that good deeds, like evil ones, always return to those who do them."

So Danae was comforted, and went home with Dictys the good fisherman, and was a daughter to him and to his wife, till fifteen years were past.

HOW PERSEUS VOWED A RASH VOW.

FIFTEEN years were past and gone, and the babe was now grown to be a tall lad and a sailor, and went many voyages after merchandise to the islands round. His mother called him Perseus; but all the people in Seriphos said that he was not the son of mortal man, and called him the son of Zeus, the king of the Immortals. For though he was but fifteen, he was taller by a head than any man in the island; and he was the most skilful of all in running and wrestling and boxing and in throwing the quoit and the javelin, and in rowing with the oar, and in playing on the harp, and in all which befits a man. And he was brave and truthful, gentle and courteous, for good old Dictys had trained him well; and well it was for Perseus that he had done so. For now Danae and her son fell into great danger, and Perseus had need of all his wit to defend his mother and himself.

I said that Dictys' brother was Polydectes, king of the island. He was not a righteous man, like Dictys; but greedy, and cunning, and cruel. And when he saw fair Danae, he wanted to marry her. But she would not; for she did not love him, and cared for no one but her boy, and her boy's father whom she never hoped to see again. At last Polydectes became furious; and while Perseus was away at sea he took poor Danae away from Dictys, saying "If you will not be my wife, you shall be my slave." So Danae was made a slave, and had to fetch water from the well and grind in the mill, and perhaps was beaten, and wore a heavy chain, because she would not marry that cruel king. But Perseus was

far away, over the seas, in the island of Samos, little thinking how his mother was languishing in grief.

Now one day at Samos, while the ship was landing, Perseus wandered into a pleasant wood to get out of the sun, and sat down on the turf and fell asleep. And as he slept a strange dream came to him—the strangest dream which he had ever in his life.

There came a lady to him through the wood, taller than he, or any mortal man ; but beautiful exceedingly, with great gray eyes, clear and piercing, but strangely soft and mild. On her head was a helmet, and in her hand a spear. And over her shoulder, above her long blue robes, hung a goat-skin, which bore up a mighty shield of brass, polished like a mirror. She stood and looked at him with her clear gray eyes ; and Perseus saw that her eyelids never moved, nor her eyeballs, but looked straight through and through him, and into his very heart, as if she could see all the secrets of his soul, and knew all that he had ever thought or longed for, since the day that he was born. And Perseus dropped his eyes, trembling and blushing, as the wonderful lady spoke.

“Perseus, you must do an errand for me.”

“Who are you, lady ? And how do you know my name ?”

“I am Pallas Athené ; and I know the thoughts of all men’s hearts, and discern their manhood or their baseness. And from the souls of clay I turn away, and they are blest, but not by me. They fatten at ease, like sheep in the pasture, and eat what they did not sow, like oxen in the stall. They grow and spread, like the gourd along the ground ; but, like the gourd, they give no

shade to the traveller, and when they are ripe, death gathers them, and they go down unloved into hell, and their name vanishes out of the land.

"But to the souls of fire I give more fire, and to those who are manful I give a might more than man's. These are the heroes, the sons of the Immortals, who are blest, but not like the souls of clay. For I drive them forth by strange paths, Perseus, that they may fight the Titans and the monsters, the enemies of Gods and men. Through doubt and need, danger and battle, I drive them ; and some of them are slain in the flower of youth, no man knows when or where ; and some of them win noble names, and a fair and green old age ; but what will be their latter end I know not, and none, save Zeus, the father of Gods and men. Tell me now Perseus, which of these two sorts of men seem to you more blest ?"

Then Perseus answered boldly : "Better to die in the flower of youth, on the chance of winning a noble name, than to live at ease like the sheep, and die unloved and unrenowned."

Then that strange lady laughed, and held up her brazen shield, and cried : "See here, Perseus ; dare you face such a monster as this, and slay it, that I may place its head upon this shield ?"

And in the mirror of the shield there appeared a face, and as Perseus looked on it his blood ran cold. It was the face of a beautiful woman ; but her cheeks were pale as death, and her brows were knit with everlasting pain, and her lips were thin and bitter like a snake's ; and instead of hair, vipers wreathed about her temples, and shot out their forked tongues ; while round her head

were folded wings like an eagle's, and upon her bosom claws of brass.

And Perseus looked awhile, and then said : "If there is anything so fierce and foul on earth, it were a noble deed to kill it. Where can I find the monster ?"

Then the strange lady smiled again, and said : "Not yet ; you are too young, and too unskilled ; for this is Medusa the Gorgon, the mother of a monstrous brood. Return to your home, and do the work which waits there for you. You must play the man in that before I can think you worthy to go in search of the Gorgon."

Then Perseus would have spoken, but the strange lady vanished, and he awoke ; and behold, it was a dream. But day and night Perseus saw before him the face of that dreadful woman, with the vipers writhing round her head.

So he returned home ; and when he came to Seriphos, the first thing which he heard was that his mother was a slave in the house of Polydectes.

Grinding his teeth with rage, he went out, and away to the king's palace, and through the men's rooms, and the women's rooms, and so through all the house (for no one dared stop him, so terrible and fair was he), till he found his mother sitting on the floor, turning the stone hand-mill, and weeping as she turned it. And he lifted her up, and kissed her, and bade her follow him forth. But before they could pass out of the room Polydectes came in, raging. And when Perseus saw him, he flew upon him as the mastiff flies on the boar. "Villain and tyrant !" he cried ; "is this your respect for the Gods, and thy mercy to strangers and widows ? You shall die !" And because he had no sword he caught up the

stone hand-mill, and lifted it to dash out Polydectes' brains.

But his mother clung to him, shrieking, "Oh, my son, we are strangers and helpless in the land ; and if you kill the king, all the people will fall on us, and we shall both die."

Good Dictys, too, who had come in, entreated him. "Remember that he is my brother. Remember how I have brought you up, and trained you as my own son, and spare him for my sake."

Then Perseus lowered his hand ; and Polydectes, who had been trembling all this while like a coward, because he knew that he was in the wrong, let Perseus and his mother pass.

Perseus took his mother to the temple of Athené, and there the priestess made her one of the temple-sweepers ; for there they knew she would be safe, and not even Polydectes would dare to drag her away from the altar. And there Perseus, and the good Dictys, and his wife, came to visit her every day ; while Polydectes, not being able to get what he wanted by force, cast about in his wicked heart how he might get it by cunning.

Now he was sure that he could never get back Danae as long as Perseus was in the island ; so he made a plot to rid himself of him. And first he pretended to have forgiven Perseus, and to have forgotten Danae ; so that, for a while, all went as smoothly as ever.,

Next he proclaimed a great feast, and invited to it all the chiefs, and land-owners, and the young men of the island, and among them Perseus, that they might all do him homage as their king, and eat of his banquet in his hall.

On the appointed day they all came ; and as the custom was then, each guest brought his present with him to the king : one a horse, another a shawl, or a ring, or a sword ; and those who had nothing better brought a basket of grapes, or of game ; but Perseus brought nothing, for he had nothing to bring, being but a poor sailor-lad.

He was ashamed, however, to go into the king's presence without his gift ; and he was too proud to ask Dictys to lend him one. So he stood at the door sorrowfully, watching the rich men go in ; and his face grew very red as they pointed at him, and smiled, and whispered, "What has that foundling to give ?"

Now this was what. Polydectes wanted ; and as soon as he heard that Perseus stood without, he bade them bring him in, and asked him scornfully before them all, "Am I not your king, Perseus, and have I not invited you to my feast ? Where is your present, then ?"

Perseus blushed and stammered, while all the proud men round laughed, and some of them began jeering him openly. "This fellow was thrown ashore here like a piece of weed or drift-wood, and yet he is too proud to bring a gift to the king."

"And though he does not know who his father is, he is vain enough to let the old women call him the son of Zeus."

And so forth, till poor Perseus grew mad with shame, and hardly knowing what he said, cried out,—"**A** present ! who are you who talk of presents ? See if I do not bring a nobler one than all of yours together !"

So he said boasting ; and yet he felt in his heart that he was braver than all those scoffers, and more able to do some glorious deed.

"Hear him ! Hear the boaster ! What is it to be ?" cried they all, laughing louder than ever.

Then his dream at Samos came into his mind, and he cried aloud. "The head of the Gorgon."

He was half afraid after he had said the words ; for all laughed louder than ever, and Polydectes loudest of all.

"You have promised to bring me the Gorgon's head ? Then never appear again in this island without it. Go !"

Perseus ground his teeth with rage, for he saw that he had fallen into a trap ; but his promise lay upon him, and he went out without a word.

Down to the cliffs he went, and looked across the broad blue sea ; and he wondered if his dream were true, and prayed in the bitterness of his soul.

"Pallas Athené, was my dream true ? and shall I slay the Gorgon ? If thou didst really show me her face, let me not come to shame as a liar and boastful. Rashly and angrily I promised ; but cunningly and patiently will I perform."

But there was no answer, nor sign ; neither thunder nor any appearance ; not even a cloud in the sky.

And three times Perseus called weeping, "Rashly and angrily I promised ; but cunningly and patiently will I perform."

Then he saw afar off above the sea a small white cloud, as bright as silver. And it came on, nearer and nearer, till its brightness dazzled his eyes. •

Perseus wondered at that strange cloud, for there was no other cloud all round the sky ; and he trembled as it touched the cliff below. And as it touched, it broke, and parted, and within it appeared Pallas Athené, as he had seen her at Samos in his dream, and beside her

a young man more light-limbed than the stag, whose eyes were like sparks of fire. By his side was a scimitar of diamond, all of one clear precious stone, and on his feet were golden sandals, from the heels of which grew living wings.

They looked upon Perseus keenly, and yet they never moved their eyes ; and they came up the cliffs towards him more swiftly than the sea-gull, and yet they never moved their feet, nor did the breeze stir the robes about their limbs ; only the wings of the youth's sandals quivered, like a hawk's when he hangs above the cliff. And Perseus fell down and worshipped, for he knew that they were more than man.

But Athené stood before him and spoke gently, and bid him have no fear. Then—

"Perseus," she said, "he who overcomes in one trial merits thereby a sharper trial still. You have braved Polydectes, and done manfully. Dare you brave Medusa the Gorgon ?"

And Perseus said, "Try me ; for since you spoke to me in Samos a new soul has come into my breast, and I should be ashamed not to dare any thing which I can do. Show me, then, how I can do this !"

"Perseus," said Athené, "think well before you attempt ; for this deed requires a seven-years' journey, in which you cannot repent or turn back nor escape ; but if your heart fails you, you must die in the Unshapen Land, where no man will ever find your bones."

"Better so than live here, useless and despised," said Perseus. "Tell me, then, oh tell me, fair and wise Goddess, of your great kindness and condescension, how I can do but this one thing, and then, if need be, die !"

Then Athené smiled and said—

“Be patient, and listen ; for if you forget my words, you will indeed die. You must go northward to the country of the Hyperboreans, who live beyond the pole, at the sources of the cold north wind, till you find the three Gray Sisters, who have but one eye and one tooth between them. You must ask them the way to the Nymphs, the daughters of the Evening Star, who dance about the golden tree, in the Atlantic island of the west. They will tell you the way to the Gorgon, that you may slay her, my enemy, the mother of monstrous beasts. Once she was a maiden as beautiful as morn, till in her pride she sinned a sin at which the sun hid his face ; and from that day, her hair was turned to vipers, and her hands to eagle’s claws ; and her heart was filled with shame and rage, and her lips with bitter venom ; and her eyes became so terrible that whosoever looks on them is turned to stone ; and her children are the winged horse and the giant of the golden sword ; and her grand-children are Echidna the witch-adder, and Geryon the three-headed tyrant, who feeds his herds beside the herds of hell. So she became this sister of the Gorgons, Stheino and Euryale the abhorred, the daughters of the Queen of the Sea. Touch them not, for they are immortal ; but bring me only Medusa’s head.”

“And I will bring it !” said Perseus ; “but how am I to escape her eyes ? Will she not freeze me too into stone. ?”

“You shall take this polished shield,” said Athené, “and when you come near her, look not at her herself, but at her image in the brass ; so you may strike her safely. And when you have struck off her head, wrap-

it, with your face turned away, in the folds of the goat-skin on which the shield hangs, the hide of Amaltheïé, the nurse of the Ægis-holder. So you will bring it safely back to me and win to yourself renown, and a place among the heroes who feast with the Immortals upon the peak where no winds blow."

Then Perseus said ; "I will go, though I die in going. But how shall I cross the seas without a ship ? And who will show me my way ? And when I find her, how shall I slay her, if her scales be iron and brass ?"

Then the young man spoke : "These sandals of mine will bear you across the seas, and over hill and dale like a bird, as they bear me all day long ; for I am Hermes, the far-famed Argus-slayer, the messenger of the Immortals who dwell on Olympus."

Then Perseus fell down and worshipped, while the young man spoke again :

"The sandals themselves will guide you on the road, for they are divine and cannot stray ; and this sword itself, the Argus-slayer, will kill her, for it is divine, and needs no second stroke. Arise, and gird them on, and go forth."

So Perseus arose, and girded on the sandals and the sword.

And Athené cried, "Now leap from the cliff and be gone."

But Perseus lingered.

"May I not bid farewell to my mother and to Dictys ? And may I not offer burnt-offerings to you, and to Hermes the far-famed Argus-slayer, and to Father Zeus above ?"

"You shall not bid farewell to your mother, lest your heart relent at her weeping. I will comfort her and Dictys until you return in peace. Nor shall you offer burnt-offerings to the Olympians; for your offering shall be Medusa's head. Leap, and trust in the armour of the Immortals."

Then Perseus looked down the cliff and shuddered; but he was ashamed to show his dread. Then he thought of Medusa and the renown before him, and he leaped into the empty air.

And behold, instead of falling he floated, and stood, and ran along the sky. He looked back, but Athené had vanished, and Hermes; and the sandals led him on northward ever, like a crane who follows the spring toward the Ister fens.

HOW PERSEUS SLEW THE GORGON.

SO Perseus started on his journey, going dry-shod over land and sea; and his heart was high and joyful, for the winged sandals bore him each day a seven-days' journey.

And he went by Cythnus, and by Ceos, and the pleasant Cyclades to Attica; and past Athens and Thebes, and the Copaic lake, and up the vale of Cephissus, and past the peaks of Cæta and Pindus, and over the rich Thessalian plains, till the sunny hills of Greece were behind him, and before him were the wilds of the north. Then he passed the Thracian mountains, and many a barbarous tribe, Pæons and Dardans and Triballi, till he came to the Ister stream, and the dreary

Scythian plains. And he walked across the Ister dry-shod, and away through the moors and fens, day and night, toward the bleak north-west, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, till he came to the Unshapen Land, and the place which has no name.

And seven days he walked through it, on a path which few can tell ; for those who have trodden it like least to speak of it, and those who go there again in dreams are glad enough when they awake ; till he came to the edge of the everlasting night, where the air was full of feathers, and the soil was hard with ice ; and there at last he found the three Grey Sisters, by the shore of the freezing sea, nodding upon a white log of drift-wood, beneath the cold white winter moon ; and they chaunted a low song together, "Why the old times were better than the new."

There was no living thing around them, not a fly, not a moss upon the rocks. Neither seal nor sea-gull dare come near, lest the ice should clutch them in its clays. The surge broke up in foam, but it fell again in flakes of snow ; and it frosted the hair of the three Grey Sisters, and the bones in the ice-cliff above their heads. They passed the eye from one to the other, but for all that they could not see ; and they passed the tooth from one to the other, but for all that they could not eat ; and they sat in the full glare of the moon, but they were none the warmer for her beams. And Perseus pitied the three Grey Sisters ; but they did not pity themselves.

So he said : "Oh, venerable mothers, wisdom is the daughter of old age. You therefore should know many things. Tell me, if you can, the path to the Gorgon."

“Then one cried, “Who is this who reproaches us with old age ?” And another, “This is the voice of one of the children of men.”

Perseus said, “I do not reproach, but honour your old age, and I am one of the sons of men and of the heroes. The rulers of Olympus have sent me to you to ask the way to the Gorgon.”

Then one, “There are new rulers in Olympus, and all new things are bad.” And another, “We hate your rulers, and the heroes, and all the children of men. We are the kindred of the Titans, and the Giants, and the Gorgons, and the ancient monsters of the deep.” And another, “Who is this rash and insolent man who pushes unbidden into our world ?” And the first, “There never was such a world as ours, nor will be ; if we let him see it, he will spoil it all.”

Then one cried, “Give me the eye, that I may see him,” and another, “Give me the tooth, that I may bite him.” But Perseus, when he saw that they were foolish and proud, and did not love the children of men, left off pitying them, and said to himself, “Hungry men must needs be hasty ; if I stay making many words here, I shall be starved.” Then he stepped close to them, and watched till they passed the eye from hand to hand. And as they groped about between themselves, he held out his own hand gently, till one of them put the eye into it, fancying that it was the hand of her sister. Then he sprang back, and laughed, and cried—

“Cruel and proud old women, I have your eye ; and I will throw it into the sea, unless you tell me the path to the Gorgon, and swear to me that you tell me right.”

Then they wept, and chattered, and scolded ; but in vain. They were forced to tell the truth, though, when they told it, Perseus could hardly make out the road.

"Yon must go," they said, "foolish boy, to the southward, into the ugly, glare of the sun, till you come to Atlas the Giant, who holds the heaven and the earth apart. And you must ask his daughters, the Hesperides, who are young and foolish like yourself. And now give us back our eye, for we have forgotten all the rest."

So Perseus gave them back their eye ; but instead of using it, they nodded and fell fast asleep, and were turned into blocks of ice, till the tide came up and washed them all away. And now they float up and down like icebergs for ever, weeping whenever they meet the sunshine, and the fruitful summer, and the warm south wind, which fill young hearts with joy.

But Perseus leaped away to the southward, leaving the snow and the ice behind : past the isle of the Hyperboreans, and the tin isles, and the long Iberian shore, while the sun rose higher day by day upon a bright blue summer sea. And the terns and the sea-gulls swept laughing round his head, and called to him to stop and play, and the dolphins gambolled up as he passed, and offered to carry him on their backs. And all night long the sea-nymphs sang sweetly, and Tritons blew upon their conches, as they played round Galatea their queen, in her car of pearled shells. Day by day the sun rose higher, and leaped more swiftly into the sea at night, and more swiftly out of the sea at dawn ; while Perseus skimmed over the billows like a sea-gull, and his feet were never wetted ; and leapt on from wave to wave,

and his limbs were never weary, till he saw far away a mighty mountain, all rose-red in the setting sun. Its feet were wrapped in forests, and its head in wreaths of cloud ; and Perseus knew that it was Atlas, who holds the heavens and the earth apart.

He came to the mountain, and leapt on shore, and wandered upward, among pleasant valleys and waterfalls and tall trees and strange ferns and flowers ; but there was no smoke rising from any glen, nor house, nor sign of man

At last he heard sweet voices singing ; and he guessed that he was come to the garden of the Nymphs, the daughters of the Evening Star. •

They sang like nightingales among the thickets, and Perseus stopped to hear their song ; but the words which they spoke he could not understand ; no, nor no man after him for many a hundred years. So he stepped forward and saw them dancing, hand in hand around the charmed tree, which bent under its golden fruit ; and round the tree-foot was coiled the dragon, old Ladon the sleepless snake, who lies there for ever, listening to the song of the maidens, blinking and watching with dry bright eyes.

Then Perseus stopped, not because he feared the dragon, but because he was bashful before those fair maids ; but when they saw him, they too stopped, and called to him with trembling voices—

“Who are you ? Are you Heracles the mighty, who will come to rob our garden, and carry off our golden fruit ?” And he answered—

“I am not Heracles the mighty, and I want none of your golden fruit. Tell me, fair Nymphs, the way which

leads to the Gorgon, that I may go on my way and slay her."

"Not yet, not yet, fair boy; come, dance with us around the tree in the garden which knows no winter, the home of the south wind and the sun. Come hither and play with us awhile; we have danced along here for a thousand years, and our hearts are weary with longing for a playfellow. So come, come, come!"

"I cannot dance with you, fair maidens; for I must do the errand of the Immortals. So tell me the way to the Gorgon, lest I wander and perish in the waves."

Then they sighed and wept; and answered—

"The Gorgon! she will freeze you into stone."

"It is better to die like a hero than to live like an ox in a stall. The Immortals have lent me weapons, and they will give me wit to use them."

Then they sighed again and answered: "Fair boy, if you are bent on your own ruin, be it so. We know not the way to the Gorgon; but we will ask the giant Atlas, above upon the mountain peak, the brother of our father, the silver Evening Star. He sits aloft and sees across the ocean, and far away into the Unshapen Land."

So they went up the mountain to Atlas their uncle, and Perseus went up with them. And they found the giant kneeling, as he held the heavens and the earth apart.

They asked him, and he answered mildly, pointing to the sea-board with his mighty hand, "I can see the Gorgons lying on an island far away, but this youth can never come near them, unless he has the hat of darkness, which whosoever wears cannot be seen."

Then cried Perseus, "Where is that hat, that I may find it?"

But the giant smiled. "No living mortal can find that hat, for it lies in the depths of Hades, in the regions of the dead. But my nieces are immortal, and they shall fetch it for you, if you will promise me one thing and keep your faith."

Then Perseus promised; and the giant said, "When you come back with the head of Medusa, you shall show me the beautiful horror, that I may lose my feeling and my breathing, and become a stone for ever; for it is weary labour for me to hold the heavens and the earth apart."

Then Perseus promised, and the eldest of the Nymphs went down, and into a dark cavern among the ciffs. out of which came smoke and thunder, for it was one of the mouths of Hell.

And Perseus and the Nymphs sat down seven days, and waited trembling, till the Nymph came up again; and her face was pale, and her eyes dazzled with the light, for she had been long in the dreary darkness; but in her hand was the magic hat.

Then all the Nymphs kissed Perseus, and wept over him a long while; but he was only impatient to be gone. And at last they put the hat upon his head, and he vanished out of their sight.

But Perseus went on boldly, past many an ugly sight, far away into the heart of the Unshapen Land, beyond the streams of Ocean, to the isles where no ship cruises, where is neither night nor day, where nothing is in its right place, and nothing has a name; till he heard the rustle of the Gorgons' wings and saw the glitter of their brazen

talons ; and then he knew that it was time to halt, lest Medusa should freeze him into stone.

He thought awhile within himself, and remembered Athéne's words. He rose aloft into the air, and held the mirror of the shield above his head, and looked up into it that he might see all that was below him.

And he saw the three Gorgons sleeping, as huge as elephants. He knew that they could not see him, because the hat of darkness hid him ; and yet he trembled as he sank down near them, so terrible were those brazen claws.

Two of the Gorgons were foul as swine, and lay sleeping heavily, as swine sleep, with their mighty wings outspread ; but Medusa tossed to and fro restlessly, and as she tossed Perseus pitied her, she looked so fair and sad. Her plumage was like the rainbow, and her face was like the face of a nymph, only her eyebrows were knit, and her lips clenched, with everlasting care and pain : and her long neck gleamed so white in the mirror that Perseus had not the heart to strike, and said, "Ah, that it had been either of her sisters !"

But as he looked, from among her tresses the vipers' heads awoke, and peeped up with their bright day eyes, and showed their fangs and hissed ; and Medusa, as she tossed, threw back her wings and showed her brazen claws ; and Perseus saw that, for all her beauty, she was as foul and venomous as the rest.

Then he came down and stepped to her boldly, and looked steadfastly on his mirror, and struck with Harpe stoutly once ; and he did not need to strike again.

Then he wrapped the head in the goat-skin turning away his eyes, and sprang into the air aloft faster than he ever sprang before.

For Medusa's wings and talons rattled as she sank dead upon the rocks ; and her two foul sisters woke, and saw her lying dead.

Into the air they sprang yelling, and looked for him who had done the deed. Thrice they swung round and round, like hawks who beat for a partridge : and thrice they snuffed round and round, like hounds who draw upon a deer. At last they struck upon the scent of the blood, and they checked for a moment to make sure ; and then on they rushed with a fearful howl, while the wind rattled hoarse in their wings.

On they rushed, sweeping and flapping, like eagles after a hare ; and Perseus' blood ran cold, for all his courage, as he saw them come howling on his track ; and he cried, "Bear me well now, brave sandals, for the hounds of Death are at my heels !"

And well the brave sandals bore him, aloft through cloud and sunshine, across the shoreless sea ; and fast followed the hounds of Death, as the roar of their wings came down the wind. But the roar came down fainter and fainter, and the howl of their voices died away ; for the sandals were too swift, even for Gorgons, and by nightfall they were far behind, two black specks in the southern sky, till the sun sank and he saw them no more.

Then he came again to Atlas, and the garden of the Nymphs ; and when the giant heard him coming, he groaned, and said, "Fulfil thy promise to me." Then Perseus held up to him the Gorgon's head, and he had

rest from all his toil ; for he became a crag of stone, which sleeps for ever far above the clouds.

Then he thanked the Nymphs, and asked them "By what road shall I go homeward again, for I wandered far around in coming hither?"

And they wept and cried, "Go home no more, but stay and play with us, the lonely maidens, who dwell for ever far away from Gods and men."

But he refused, and they told him his road, and said, "Take with you this magic fruit, which, if you eat once, you will not hunger for seven days. For you must go eastward and eastward ever, over the doleful Libyan shore, which Poseidon gave to the Father Zeus, when he burst open the Bosphorus and the Hellespont, and drowned the fair Lætonian land. And Zeus took that land in exchange, a fair bargain, much bad ground for a little good, and to this day it lies waste and desert, with shingle, and rock, and sand."

Then they kissed Perseus, and wept over him, and he leapt down the mountain, and went on, lessening and lessening like a sea-gull, away and out to sea.





THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
ROBINSON CRUSOE

I WAS born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull : he got a good estate by merchandise, and, leaving off his trade, lived afterwards at York, from whence he had married my mother, whose relations were named Robinson, a very good family in that country, and from whom I was called Robinson Kreutznaer ; but, by the usual corruption of words in England, we are now called, nay, we call ourselves, and write our name Crusoe, and so my companions always called me.

I had two elder brothers, one of which was Lieutenant-colonel to an English regiment of foot in Flanders, formerly commanded by the famous Colonel Lockhart, and was killed at the battle near Dunkirk against the Spaniards : what became of my second brother I never knew, any more than my father or mother did know what was become of me.

Being the third son of the family, and not bred to any trade, my head began to be filled very early with rambling thoughts. My father, who was advanced in years had given me a competent share of learning, as far as house education and a country free school generally goes, and designed

me for the law ; but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea, and my inclination to this led me so strongly against the will, nay, the commands of my father, and against all the entreaties and persuasions of my mother and other friends, that there seemed to be something fatal in that propensity of nature tending directly to the life of misery which was to befall me.

My father, a wise and grave man, gave me serious and excellent counsel against what he foresaw was my design. He called me one morning into his chamber, where he was confined by the gout, and expostulated very warmly with me upon this subject. He asked me what reasons more than a wandering inclination I had for leaving my father's house and my native country, where I might be well introduced, and had a prospect of raising my fortune by application and industry, with a life of ease and pleasure. He told me it was for men of desperate fortunes on one hand, or of aspiring, superior fortunes on the other, who went abroad upon adventures, to rise by enterprise, and make themselves famous in undertakings of a nature out of the common road ; that these things were all either too far above me, or too far below me ; that mine was the middle state, or what might be called the upper station of low life, which he had found by long experience was the best state in the world, the most suited to human happiness, not exposed to the miseries and hardships, the labour and sufferings of the mechanic part of mankind, and not embarrassed with the pride, luxury, ambition, and envy of the upper part of mankind. He told me I might judge of the happiness of this state by this one thing—namely, that this was the state of life which all other people

envied ; that kings have frequently lamented the miserable consequences of being born to great things, and wish they had been placed in the middle of the two extremes,—between the mean and the great ; that the wise man gave his testimony to this as the just standard of true felicity, when he prayed to have neither poverty nor riches.

He bid me observe it, and I should always find, that the calamities of life were shared among the upper and lower part of mankind; but that the middle station had the fewest disasters, and was not exposed to so many vicissitudes as the higher or lower part of mankind; nay, they were not subjected to so many distempers and uneasinesses either of body or mind, as those were who, by vicious living, luxury, and extravagances on one hand, or by hard labour, want of necessaries, and mean or insufficient diet on the other hand, bring distempers upon themselves by the natural consequences of their way of living; that the middle station of life was calculated for all kind of virtues and all kind of enjoyments ; that peace and plenty were the handmaids of a middle fortune ; that temperance, moderation, quietness, health, society, all agreeable diversions, and all desirable pleasures, were the blessings attending the middle station of life ; that this way men went silently and smoothly through the world, and comfortably out of it, not embarrassed with the labours of the hands or of the head, not sold to the life of slavery for daily bread, or harassed with perplexed circumstances, which rob the soul of peace and the body of rest ; not enraged with the passion of envy, or secret burning lust of ambition for great things ; but in easy circumstances, sliding gently through the world, and sensibly tasting the

sweets of living, without the bitter ; feeling that they are happy, and learning by every day's experience to know it more sensibly.

After this, he pressed me earnestly, and in the most affectionate manner, not to play the young man, not to precipitate myself into miseries which nature and the station of life I was born in seemed to have provided against ; that I was under no necessity of seeking my bread ; that he would do well for me, and endeavour to enter me fairly into the station of life which he had been just recommending to me ; and that if I was not very easy and happy in the world, it must be my mere fate or fault that must hinder it, and that he should have nothing to answer for, having thus discharged his duty in warning me against measures which he knew would be to my hurt. In a word, that as he would do very kind things for me if I would stay and settle at home, as he directed, so he would not have so much hand in my misfortunes, as to give me any encouragement to go away. And, to close all, he told me I had my elder brother for an example, to whom he had used the same earnest persuasions to keep him from going into the Low Country wars, but could not prevail, his young desires prompting him to run into the army where he was killed ; and though, he said, he would not cease to pray for me, yet he would venture to say to me that, if I did take this foolish step, God would not bless me, and I would have leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his counsel when there might be none to assist in my recovery.

I observed in this last part of his discourse, which was truly prophetic, though I suppose my father did not know

it to be so himself, I say I observed the tears run down his face very plentifully, and especially when he spoke of my brother who was killed ; and that when he spoke of my having leisure to repent, and none to assist me, he was so moved that he broke off the discourse, and told me his heart was so full he could say no more to me.

I was sincerely affected with this discourse—as indeed who could be otherwise?—and I resolved not to think of going abroad any more, but to settle at home according to my father's desire. But, alas ! a few days wore it all off : and, in short, to prevent any of my father's further importunities, in a few weeks after I resolved to run quite away from him. However, I did not act so hastily, neither as my first heat of resolution prompted ; but I took my mother, at a time when I thought her a little pleasanter than ordinary, and told her that my thoughts were so entirely bent upon seeing the world, that I should never settle to anything with resolution enough with it, and my father had better give me his consent than force me to go without it ; that I was now eighteen years old, which was too late to go apprentice to a trade, or clerk to an attorney ; that I was sure if I did, I should never serve out my time, and I should certainly run away from my master before my time was out, and go to sea ; and if she would speak to my father to let me go one voyage abroad, if I came home again and did not like it, I would go no more, and I would promise by a double diligence to recover what time I had lost.

This put my mother into a great passion. She told me she knew it would be to no purpose to speak to my father upon any such subject ; that he knew too well what was my interest to give his consent to any such thing.

so much for my hurt, and that she wondered how I could think of any such thing, after such a discourse as I had had with my father, and such kind and tender expressions as she knew my father had used to me ; and that, in short if I would ruin myself, there was no help for me ; but I might depend I should never have their consent to it. That, for her part, she would not have so much hand in my destruction ; and I should never have it to say that my mother was willing when my father was not.

Though my mother refused to move it to my father, yet, as I have heard afterwards, she reported all the discourse to him, and that my father, after showing a great concern at it, said to her with a sigh—"That boy might be happy if he would stay at home ; but if he goes abroad he will be the most miserable wretch that was ever born. I can give no consent to it."

It was not till almost a year after this that I broke loose, though in the meantime I continued obstinately deaf to all proposals of settling to business, and frequently expostulating with my father and mother about their being so positively determined against what they knew my inclinations prompted me to. But being one day at Hull, where I went casually, and without any purpose of making an elopement that time ; and I say, being there, and one of my companions who was going to sea to London in his father's ship, prompting me to go with them, with the common allurements of seafaring men—namely, that it should cost me nothing for my passage—I consulted neither father nor mother any more, nor so much as sent them word of it ; but, leaving them to hear of it as they might, without asking God's blessing, or my father's ; without any consideration of circumstances or consequences, and in an ill hour,

God knows, on the 1st of September, 1651, I went on board a ship bound for London. Never any young adventurer's misfortunes, I believe, began sooner, or continued longer than mine. The ship was no sooner gotten out of the Humber but the wind began to blow, and the waves to rise in a most frightful manner ; and as I had never been at sea before, I was most inexpressibly sick in body, and terrified in my mind. I began now seriously to reflect upon what I had done, and how justly I was overtaken by the judgment of Heaven for my wicked leaving my father's house, and abandoning my duty : all the good counsel of my parents, my father's tears and my mother's entreaties came now fresh into my mind ; and my conscience, which was not yet come to the pitch of hardness to which it has been since, reproached me with the contempt of advice, and the breach of my duty to God and my father.

All this while the storm increased, and the sea, which I had never been upon before, went very high, though nothing like what I have seen many times since ; no, nor like what I saw a few days after. But it was enough to affect me then, who was but a young sailor and had never known anything of the matter. I expected every wave would have swallowed us up, and that every time the ship fell down, as I thought, in the trough or hollow of the sea, we should never rise more ; and in this agony of mind I made many vows and resolutions, that if it would please God here to spare my life this one voyage, if ever I got once my foot upon dry land again, I would go directly home to my father, and never set it into a ship again while I lived ; that I would take his advice, and never run myself into such miseries as these any more. Now I saw plainly the goodness of his observations about the ;

middle station of life ; how easy, how comfortably he had lived all his days, and never had been exposed to tempests at sea, or troubles on shore ; and I resolved that I would, like a true repenting prodigal, go home to my father.

These wise and sober thoughts continued all the while the storm continued, and indeed some time after ; but the next day the wind was abated and the sea calmer, and I began to be a little inured to it. However, I was very grave for all that day, being also a little sea-sick still ; but towards night the weather cleared up, the wind was quite over, and a charming fine evening followed ; the sun went down perfectly clear, and rose so the next morning ; and having little or no wind, and a smooth sea ; the sun shining upon it, the sight was, as I thought, the most delightful that I ever saw.

I had slept well in the night, and was now no more sea-sick but very cheerful, looking with wonder upon the sea that was so rough and terrible the day before, and could be so calm and so pleasant in so little time after. And now, lest my good resolutions should continue, my companion, who had indeed enticed me away, comes to me—"Well, Bob," says he, clapping me on the shoulder, "how do you do after it? I warrant you were frightened, wa'n't you, last night, when it blew but a capful of wind?"—"A capful, d'you call it?" said I ; "'twas a terrible storm."—"A storm, you fool you!" replies he ; "do you call that a storm? Why, it was nothing at all ! Give us but a good ship and sea-room, and we think nothing of such a squall of wind as that. But you're but a fresh-water sailor, Bob. Come, let us make a bowl of punch, and we'll forget all that. D'ye see what charming weather

'tis now?" To make short this sad part of my story, we went the old way of all sailors. The punch was made, and I was made drunk with it. And in that one night's wickedness I drowned all my repentance, all my reflections upon my past conduct, and all my resolutions for my future. In a word, as the sea returned to its smoothness of surface and settled calmness by the abatement of that storm, so—the hurry of my thoughts being over, my fears and apprehensions of being swallowed up by the sea being forgotten, and the current of my former desires returned—I entirely forgot the vows and promises that I made in my distress. I found, indeed, some intervals of reflection, and the serious thoughts did, as it were, endeavour to return again sometimes; but I shook them off, and roused myself from them as it were from a distemper, and applying myself to drinking and company, soon mastered the return of those fits—for so I called them—and I had in five or six days got as complete a victory over conscience as any young fellow, that resolved not to be troubled with it, could desire. But I was to have another trial for it still; and Providence, as in such cases generally it does, resolved to leave me entirely without excuse. For if I would not take this for a deliverance, the next was to be such a one as the worst and most hardened wretch among us would confess both the danger and the mercy.

The sixth day of our being at sea we came into Yarmouth Roads; the wind having been contrary and the weather calm, we had made but little way since the storm. Here we were obliged to come to an anchor, and here we lay, the wind continuing contrary—namely, at south-west—for seven or eight days, during which time a great many ships from Newcastle came into the same roads, as

the common harbour where the ships might wait for a wind for the river.

We had not, however, rid here so long, but we should have tided it up the river, but that the wind blew too fresh ; and after we had lain four or five days, blew very hard. However, the roads being reckoned as good as a harbour, the anchorage good, and our ground-tackle very strong, our men were unconcerned, and not in the least apprehensive of danger, but spent the time in rest and mirth, after the manner of the sea ; but the eighth day, in the morning, the wind increased, and we had all hands at work to strike our top-masts, and make everything snug and close, that the ship might ride as easy as possible. By noon the sea went very high indeed, and our ship rid forecastle in, shipped several seas, and we thought once, or twice our anchor had come home, upon which our master ordered out the sheet-anchor ; so that we rode with two anchors ahead, and the cables veered out to the better end.

By this time it blew a terrible storm indeed, and now I began to see terror and amazement in the faces even of the seamen themselves. The master, though vigilant in the business of preserving the ship, yet, as he went in and out of his cabin by me, I could hear him softly to himself say several times, "Lord, be merciful to us ; we shall be all lost, we shall be all undone," and the like. During these first hurries I was stupid, lying still in my cabin, which was in the steerage, and cannot describe my temper. I could ill reassume the first penitence, which I had so apparently trampled upon and hardened myself against. I thought the bitterness of death had been past, and that this would be nothing, too, like the first. But when the

master himself came by me, as I said just now, and said we should be all lost, I was dreadfully frightened. I got up out of my cabin and looked out ; but such a dismal sight I never saw. The sea went mountains high and broke upon us every three or four minutes. When I could look about, I could see nothing but distress round us. Two ships that rid near us, we found had cut their masts by the board, being deep laden ; and our men cried out that a ship which rid about a mile ahead of us was foundered. Two more ships, being driven from their anchors, were run out of the roads to sea at all adventures, and that with not a mast standing. The light ships fared the best, as not so much labouring in the sea ; but two or three of them drove, and came close by us, running away with only their sprit-sail out before the wind.

Towards evening the mate and boatswain begged the master of our ship to let them cut away the foremast, which he was very unwilling to ; but the boatswain protesting to him that if he did not the ship would founder, he consented ; and when they had cut away the foremast, the main-mast stood so loose and shook the ship so much, that they were obliged to cut her away also, and make a clear deck.

Any one may judge what a condition I must be in at all this, who was but a young sailor, and who had been in such a fright before at but a little. But if I can express at this distance the thoughts I had about me at that time, I was in tenfold more horror of mind on account of my former convictions, and the having returned from them to the resolutions I had wickedly taken at first, than I was at death itself ; and these, added to the terror of the storm, put me into such a condition that I can by no

words describe it. But the worst was not come yet. The storm continued with such fury, that the seamen themselves acknowledged they had never known a worse. We had a good ship ; but she was deep laden and wallowed in the sea, that the seamen every now and then cried out she would founder. It was my advantage in one respect that I did not know what they meant by founder till I enquired. However, the storm was so violent, that I saw what is not often seen—the master, the boatswain, and some others more sensible than the rest, at their prayers, and expecting every moment when the ship would go to the bottom. In the middle of the night, and under all the rest of our distresses one of the men that had been down on purpose to see, cried out we had sprung a leak ; another said there was four feet water in the hold.

Then all hands were called to the pump. At that very word my heart, as I thought, died within me, and I fell backwards upon the side of my bed where I sat, into the cabin. However, the men roused me, and told me that I that was able to do nothing before was as well able to pump as another, at which I stirred up and went to the pump, and worked very heartily. While this was doing, the master, seeing some light colliers, who, not able to ride out the storm, were obliged to slip and run away to sea, and would come near us, ordered to fire a gun as a signal of distress. I, who knew nothing what that meant, was so surprised, that I thought the ship had broke, or some dreadful thing had happened. In a word, I was so surprised, that I fell down in a swoon. As this was a time when everyboby had his own life to think of, nobody minded me, or what was become of me ; but another man stepped up to the pump, and thrusting me aside with his foot, let

me lie, thinking I had been dead ; and it was a great while before I came to myself.

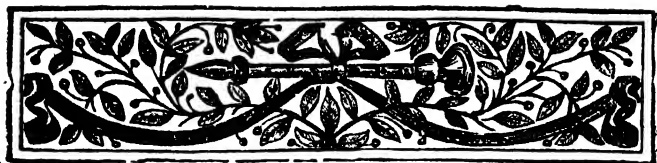
We worked on ; but the water increasing in the hold, it was apparent that the ship would founder ; and though the storm began to abate a little, yet, as it was not possible she could swim till we might run into a port, so the master continued firing guns for help, and a light ship, who had rid it out just ahead of us, ventured a boat out to help us. It was with the utmost hazard the boat came near us ; but it was impossible for us to get on board, or for the boat to lie near the ship's side, till at last, the men rowing very heartily, and venturing their lives to save ours, our men cast them a rope over the stern with a buoy to it, and then veered it out a great length, which they, after great labour and hazard, took hold of, and we hauled them close under our stern, and got all into their boat. It was to no purpose for them after we were in the boat to think of reaching to their own ship, so all agreed to let her drive, and only to pull her in towards shore as much as we could ; and our master promised them, that if the boat was staved upon shore, he would make it good to their master ; so, partly rowing and partly driving, our boat went away to the northward, sloping the shore almost as far as Winterton Ness.

We were not much more than a quarter of an hour out of our ship when we saw her sink, and then I understood for the first time what was meant by a ship foundering in the sea. I must acknowledge I had hardly eyes to look up when the seamen told me she was sinking ; for from that moment they rather put me into the boat than that I might be said to go in. My heart was, as it were, dead

within me, partly with fright, partly with horror of mind and the thoughts of what was yet before me.

While we were in this condition, the men yet labouring at the oar to bring the boat near the shore, we could see, when our boat, mounting the waves, we were able to see the shore, a great many people running along the shore to assist us when we should come near ; but we made but slow way towards the shore, nor were we able to reach the shore, till, being past the lighthouse at Winterton, the shore falls off to the westward towards Cromer, and so the land broke off a little the violence of the wind. Here we got in, and though not without much difficulty, got all safe on shore, and walked afterwards on foot to Yarmouth, where, as unfortunate men, we were used with great humanity, as well by the magistrates of the town, who assigned us good quarters, as by particular merchants and owners of ships, and had money given us sufficient to carry us either to London or back to Hull, as we thought fit.





THE ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE STORY OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

HIS FIRST VOYAGE.

MY father left me a considerable estate, most part of which I spent in debauches, during my youth ; but I perceived my error, and called to mind that riches were perishable ; I soon saw that by my irregular way of living, I wretchedly misspent my time, which is the most valuable thing in the world. I remembered the saying of the great Solomon, which I frequently heard from my father, That death is more tolerable than poverty. Being struck with those reflections, I gathered together the ruins of my estate; and sold all my moveables in the public market to the highest bidder. Then I entered into a contract with some merchants that traded by sea ; I took the advice of such as I thought most capable to give it to me ; and resolving to improve what money I had, I went to Balsora, a port on the Persian Gulf, and embarked with several merchants, who joined me to fit out a ship on purpose.

We set sail, and steered our course towards the East Indies, through the Persian Gulf, which is formed by

the coasts of Arabia on the right, and those of Persia on the left, and according to common account, is seventy leagues in the broadest place. The eastern sea, as well as that of the Indies, is very spacious. It is bounded on one side by the coasts of Abyssinia, and is 4,500 leagues in length to the isles of Vakvak (Japan). At first I was troubled with sea-sickness but speedily recovered my health, and was not afterwards troubled with that disease.

In our voyage we touched at several islands, where we sold or exchanged our goods. One day, whilst under sail, we were becalmed near a little island, even almost with the surface of the water, which resembled a green meadow. The captain ordered his sails to be furled, and suffered such persons as had a mind, to land upon the island, amongst whom I was one.

But while we were diverting ourselves with eating and drinking, and refreshing ourselves from the fatigue of the sea, the island trembled all of a sudden, and shook us terribly.

They perceived the trembling of the island on board the ship, and called to us to reembark speedily, or we should all be lost; for what we took for an island was only the back of a whale. The nimblest got into the sloop, others betook themselves to swimming; but, for my part, I was still upon the back of the whale, when he dived into the sea, and had time only to catch hold of a piece of wood that we had brought out of the ship to make a fire. Meanwhile the captain, having received those on board who were in the sloop, and taken up some of those that swam, resolved to improve the favourable gale that was just risen, and hoisting his sails, pursued his voyage, so that it was impossible for me to recover the ship.

Thus was I exposed to the mercy of the waves, and struggled for my life all the rest of the day and the following night. Next morning I found my strength gone, and despaired of saving my life, when a wave threw me happily against an island. The bank was high and rugged, so that I should scarcely have got up, had it not been for some roots of trees, which fortune seemed to have preserved in this place for my safety. Having got up, I laid down upon the ground half dead, until such time as the sun appeared. Then, though I was very feeble, both by reason of my hard labour and want of victuals, I crept along to see for some herbs fit to eat, and had not only the good luck to find some, but likewise a spring of excellent water, which contributed much to recover me. After this I advanced farther into the island, and came at last into a fine plain, where I perceived a horse feeding at a great distance. I went towards him between hope and fear, not knowing whether I was going to lose my life, or to save it. When I came near, I perceived it to be a very fine mare, tied to a stake. While I looked upon her, I heard the voice of a man from under ground, who immediately appeared to me, and asked who I was. I gave him an account of my adventure; after which, taking me by the hand, he led me into a cave, where there were several other people, no less amazed to see me than I was to see them.

I ate some victuals which they offered me; and then, having asked them what they did in such a desert place, they answered that they were grooms to King Mibrage, sovereign of the island; and that every year, at the same season, they brought hither the king's mares. They added, that they were to get home on the morrow; and had I been one day later, I must have perished, because the

Inhabited part of the island was at a great distance, and it would have been impossible for me to have got thither without a guide.

Next morning they returned with their mares to the capital of the island, took me with them, and presented me to King Mihrage. He asked me who I was ; by what adventure I came into his dominions ; and after I had satisfied him, he told me he was much concerned for my misfortune, and at the same time ordered that I should want nothing ; which his officers were so generous and careful as to see exactly fulfilled.

Being a merchant, I frequented men of my own profession, and particularly inquired of those who were strangers, if perhaps I might hear any news from Bagdad, or find an opportunity to return thither. For King Mihrage's capital was situated on the bank of the sea, and had a fine harbour, where ships arrived daily from the different quarters of the world. I frequented also the society of the learned Indians, and took delight to hear them discourse ; but withal, I took care to make my court regularly to the king, and conversed with the governors and petty kings, his tributaries, that were about him. They asked me a thousand questions about my country ; and I, being willing to inform myself as to their laws and customs, asked them everything which I thought worth knowing,

There belonged to this king an island named Cassel ; they assured me that every night a noise of drums was heard there. I had a great mind to see this wonderful place ; and in my way thither saw fishes a hundred and two hundred cubits long, that occasioned more fear than harm ; for they were so timid, that they would flee upon the

rattling of two sticks or boards. I saw likewise other fishes about a cubit in length, that had heads like owls.

As I was one day at the port, after my return, a ship arrived ; and as soon as she cast anchor, they began to unload her, and the merchants on board ordered their goods to be carried into the magazine. As I cast my eye upon some bales, and looked to the name, I found my own, and perceived the bales to be the same that I had embarked at Balsora. I also knew the captain ; but being persuaded that he believed me to be drowned, I went and asked him whose bales these were. He replied, that they belonged to a merchant of Bagdad, named Sindbad, who came to sea with him ; but one day, being near an island, as we thought, he went ashore with several other passengers upon this supposed island, which was only a monstrous whale that lay asleep upon the surface of the water. But as soon as he felt the heat of the fire they had kindled on his back to dress some victuals, he began to move, and dived under water ; most of the persons who were upon him perished, and among them unfortunate Sindbad. Those bales belonged to him, and he was resolved to trade with them until he met with some of his family, to whom he might return the profit. "Captain," said I, "I am that Sindbad whom you thought to be dead ; those bales are mine."

When the captain heard me speak thus, "O Heaven," said he, "whom can we ever trust now-a-days ? there is no faith left among men. I saw Sindbad perish with mine own eyes, and the passengers on board saw it as well as I ; and yet you tell me that you are that Sindbad. What impudence is this ! to look on you, one would take you for a man of probity ; and yet you tell a horrible

falsehood, in order to possess yourself of what does not belong to you." "Have patience, captain," replied I ; "do me the favour to hear what I have to say." "Very well," said he, "speak : I am ready to hear you." Then I told him how I escaped, and by what adventure I met with the grooms of King Mihrage, who brought me to his court.

He began to abate of his confidence upon my discourse, and was soon persuaded that I was no cheat ; for there came people from his ship, who knew me, made me great compliments, and testified a great deal of joy to see me alive. At last he knew me himself, and embracing me, "Heaven be praised," said he, "for your happy escape ! I cannot enough express my joy for it : there are your goods, take and do with them what you will." I thanked him, acknowledged his probity and, in requital, offered him part of my goods as a present, which he generously refused.

I took out what was most valuable in my bales, and presented it to King Mihrage, who, knowing my misfortune, asked me how I came by such rarities. I acquainted him with the whole story. He was mightily pleased at my good luck, accepted my presents, and gave me one much more considerable in return. Upon this, I took leave of him, and went aboard the same ship, after I had exchanged my goods for the commodities of the country. I carried with me the wood of aloes, sanders, camphire, nutmegs, cloves, pepper, and ginger. We passed by several islands, and at last arrived at Balsora, from whence I came to this city, with the value of one hundred thousand sequins. My family and I received one another with all the transports that can happen from true and sincere friendship. I bought slaves of

both sexes, fine lands, and built me a great house. And thus I settled myself, resolving to forget the miseries I had suffered, and to enjoy the pleasures of life.

SECOND VOYAGE OF SINBAD THE SAILOR.

I DESIGNED, after my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days at Bagdad, as I had the honour to tell you yesterday ; but it was not long ere I grew weary of a quiet life. My inclination to trade revived. I bought goods proper for the commerce I designed, and put to sea a second time with merchants of known probity. We embarked on board a good ship, and, after recommending ourselves to God, set sail. We traded from island to island, and exchanged commodities with great profit. One day we landed on an isle covered with several sorts of fruit-trees, but so dreary that we could neither see man nor horse upon it. We went to take a little fresh air in the meadows, and along the streams that watered them. Whilst some diverted themselves with gathering flowers, and others with gathering fruits, I took my provisions, and sat down by a stream betwixt two great trees, which formed a curious shade. I made a very good meal, and afterwards fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept ; but when I awoke the ship was gone.

I was very much surprised to find the ship gone ; I got up, looked about everywhere, and could not see one of the merchants who landed with me. At last I percei-

ved the ship under sail, but at such a distance that I lost sight of her in a very little time.

I leave you to guess at my melancholy reflections in this sad condition. I was like to die of grief ; I cried out sadly ; I beat my head and breast, and threw myself down upon the ground, where I lay some time in a terrible agony, one afflicting thought being succeeded by another still more afflicting. I upbraided myself a hundred times, for not being content with the product of my first voyage, that might very well have served me all my life. But all this was in vain and my repentance out of season.

At last I resigned myself to the will of God ; and not knowing what to do, I climbed up to the top of a great tree, from whence I looked about on all sides to see if there was anything that could give me hopes. When I looked towards the sea, I could see nothing but sky and water ; but looking towards the land I saw something white ; and coming down from the tree, I took up what provision I had left, and went towards it, the distance being so great that I could not distinguish what it was.

When I came nearer, I thought it to be a white bowl, of a prodigious height and bigness, and when I came up to it, I touched it and found it to be very smooth. I went round to see if it was open on any side, but saw it was not, and that there was no climbing up to the top,—it was at least fifty paces round.

By this time the sun was ready to set, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was much astonished at this sudden darkness, but much more when I found it occasioned by a bird of monstrous size, that came flying towards me. I remembered a fowl, called roc, that I had often

heard mariners speak of ; and conceived that the great bowl, which I so much admired, must needs be its egg. In short, the bird lighted, and sat over the egg to hatch it. As I perceived her coming, I crept close to the egg so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, that was as big as the trunk of a tree ; I tied myself strongly to it with the cloth that went round my turban in hopes that when the roc flew away next morning, she would carry me with her out of this desert island : and after having passed the night in this condition, the bird actually flew away next morning as soon as it was day, and carried me so high, that I could not see the earth ; she afterwards descended all of a sudden, with so much rapidity, that I lost my senses. But when the roc was sat, and I found myself on the ground, I speedily untied the knot, and had scarcely done so, when the bird, having taken up a serpent of a monstrous length in her bill, flew straight away.

The place where the roc left me was a very deep valley, encompassed on all sides with mountains . so high that they seemed to reach above the clouds, and so full of steep rocks, that there was no possibility to get out of the valley. This was a new perplexity upon me ; so that when I compared this place with the desert island the roc brought me from, I found that I had gained nothing by the change.

As I walked through the valley, I perceived it was strewn with diamonds, some of which were of a surprising bigness. I took a great deal of pleasure in looking upon them ; but speedily saw at a distance such objects as very much diminished my satisfaction, and which I could not look upon without terror ; that was a great

number of serpents, so big, and so long that the least of them was capable of swallowing an elephant. They retired in the day-time to their dens, where they hid themselves from the roc, their enemy, and did not come out but in the night-time.

I spent the day in walking about the valley, resting myself at times in such places as I thought most commodious. When night came on, I went into a cave, where I thought I might be in safety ; I stopped the mouth of it, which was low and strait, with a great stone, to preserve me from the serpents ; but not so exactly fitted as to hinder light from coming in. I supped on part of my provisions ; but the serpents, which began to appear, hissing about in the meantime put me in such extreme fear, that you may easily imagine I did not sleep. When day appeared, the serpents retired, and I came out of the cave trembling ; I can justly say, that I walked a long time upon diamonds, without having a mind to touch any of them. At last I sat down, and notwithstanding my uneasiness, not having shut my eyes during the night, I fell asleep, after having eaten a little more of my provisions. But I had scarce shut my eyes, when something that fell by me with a great noise, awoke me, and that was a great piece of fresh meat ; and at the same time I saw several others fall down from the rocks in different places.

I always looked upon it to be a fable, when I heard mariners and others discourse of the Valley of Diamonds, and of the stratagems made use of by some merchants to get jewels from thence ; but then I found it to be true. For, in reality, those merchants come to the neighbourhood of this valley when the eagles have young ones, and

throwing great joints into this valley, diamonds, upon whose points they fall, stick to them : the eagles, which are stronger in this country than anywhere else, fall down with greater force upon those pieces of meat, and carry them off to their nests upon the top of the rocks to feed their young eagles with ; at which time the merchants running to their nests, frighten the eagles by their noise, and take away the diamonds that stick to the meat. And this stratagem they made use of to get the diamonds out of the valley, which is surrounded with such precipices that nobody can enter it.

I believed till then, that it was not possible for me to get out of this abyss, which I looked upon as my grave ; but then I changed my mind ; for the falling in of those pieces of meat put me in hopes of a way of saving my life.

I began to gather together the greatest diamonds that I could see, and put them into the leather-bag where I used to carry my provisions. I afterwards took the largest piece of meat I could find, tied it close round me with the cloth of my turban, and then laid myself upon the ground with my face downward, the bag of diamonds being tied fast to my girdle, so that it could not possibly drop off.

I had scarce laid me down when the eagles came ; each of them seized a piece of meat, and one of the strongest having taken me up, with the piece of meat on my back, carried me to his nest on the top of the mountain. The merchants fell straightway a-shouting to frighten the eagles ; and when they had obliged them to quit their prey one of them came to the nest where I was : he was very much afraid when he saw me ; but, recovering himself, instead of inquiring how I came thither, he began to quarrel with me, and asked why I stole his goods. "You.

will treat me," replied I, "with more civility, when you know me better. Do not trouble yourself : I have diamonds enough for you and me too, more than all the other merchants together. If they have any, it is by chance ; but I chose myself in the bottom of the valley all those which you see in this bag ; and having spoken these words, I showed them to him. I had scarce done speaking, when the other merchants came trooping about us, very much astonished to see me ; but they were much more surprised when I told them my story ; yet, they did not so much admire my stratagem to save myself, as my courage to attempt it."

They carried me to a place where they stayed all together, and there, having opened my bag, they were surprised at the largeness of my diamonds, and confessed that, in all the courts where they had been, they never saw any that came near them. I prayed the merchant, to whom the nest belonged, whither I was carried, (for every merchant had his own,) to take as many for his share as he pleased : he contented himself with one, and that too the least of them ; and when I pressed him to take more, without fear of doing me any injury, he said "No, I am very well satisfied with this, which is valuable enough to save me the trouble of making any more voyages, and to raise as great a fortune as I desire."

I spent the night with those merchants, to whom I told my story a second time, for the satisfaction of those who had not heard it. I could not moderate my joy, when I found myself delivered from the danger I have mentioned ; I thought myself to be in a dream, and could scarce believe myself to be out of danger. . *

The merchants had thrown their pieces of meat into the valley for several days ; and each of them being satisfied with the diamonds that had fallen to his lot, we left the place the next morning all together, and travelled near high mountains, where there were serpents of a prodigious length, which we had the good fortune to escape. We took the first port we came at, and came to the Isle of Ropha, where trees grow that yield camphire. This tree is so large, and its branches so thick, that a hundred men may sit under its shade. The juice, of which the camphire is made, runs out from a hole bored in the upper part of the tree, is received in a vessel where it grows to a consistency, and becomes what we call camphire ; and when the juice is thus drawn out, the tree withers and dies.

There is in this island the rhinoceros, a creature less than the elephant, but greater than the buffalo : they have a horn upon their nose, about a cubit long : this horn is solid, and cleft in the middle from one end to the other, and there are upon it white markings, representing the figure of a man. The rhinoceros fights with the elephant, runs his horn into his belly, and carries him off upon his head ; but the blood and the fat of the elephant running into his eyes, and making him blind, he falls to the ground ; and that which is most astonishing is, that the roc comes and carries them both away in her claws, to be meat for her young ones.

I pass over many other things peculiar to this island lest I should be troublesome to you. Here I exchanged some of my diamonds for good merchandise. From thence we went to other isles, and at last, having touched at several trading towns of the firm land, we landed at

Balsora ; from whence I went to Bagdad. There I immediately gave great alms to the poor, and lived honourably upon the vast riches I had brought, and gained with so much fatigue.

THIRD VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

THE pleasures of the life which I then led, soon made me forget the risks I had run in my two former voyages ; but being then in the flower of my age, I grew weary of living without business, and hardening myself against the thought of any danger I might incur, I went from Bagdad with the richest commodities of the country to Balsora. There I embarked again with other merchants. We made a long navigation, and touched at several ports, where we drove a considerable commerce. One day, being out in the main ocean, we were attacked by a horrible tempest, which made us lose our course. The tempest continued several days, and brought us before the port of an island, where the captain was very unwilling to enter ; but we were obliged to cast anchor there. When we had furled our sails, the captain told us that this and some other neighbouring islands were inhabited by hairy savages, who would speedily attack us ; and though they were but dwarfs, yet our misfortune was such, that we must make no resistance, for they were more in number than the locusts ; and if we happened to kill one of them, they would all fall upon us, and destroy us,

This discourse of the captain put the whole equipage into a great consternation, and we found very soon, to our cost, that what he had told us was but too true ; an

innumerable multitude of frightful savages, covered all over with red hair, and about two feet high, came swimming towards us, and encompassed our ship in a little time. They spoke to us as they came near, but we understood not their language; they climbed up the sides of the ship with so much agility as surprised us. We beheld all this with a mortal fear, without daring to offer at defending ourselves. or to speak one word to divert them from their mischievous design. In short, they took down our sails, cut the cable, and hauling to the shore, made us all get out, and afterwards carried the ship into another island, from whence they came. All travellers carefully avoided that island where they left us, it being very dangerous to stay there, for a reason you shall hear anon: but we were forced to bear our affliction with patience.

We went forward into the island. where we found some fruits and herbs to prolong our lives as long as we could; but we expected nothing but death. As we went on, we perceived at a distance a great pile of building, and made towards it. We found it to be a palace, well built and very high, with a gate of ebony, of two leaves, which we thrust open. We entered the court, where we saw before us a vast apartment, with a porch, having on one side a heap of men's bones, and on the other side a vast number of roasting spits. We trembled at this spectacle and being weary with travelling, our legs failed under us; we fell to the ground, being seized with a mortal fear, and lay a long time immoveable.

The sun was set, and whilst we were in the lamentable condition just mentioned, the gate of the apartment opened with a great noise, and there came out the horrible figure of a black man, as high as a palm tree. He had but

one eye, and that in the middle of his forehead, where it looked as red as a burning coal. His fore-teeth were very long and sharp, and came without his mouth, which was as deep as that of a horse. His under lip hung down upon his breast. His ears resembled those of an elephant, and covered his shoulders ; and his nails were as long and crooked as the talons of the greatest bird. At the sight of so frightful a giant, we lost all sense, and lay like dead men.

At last we came to ourselves, and saw him sitting in the porch looking at us. When he had considered us well, he advanced towards us, and laying his hand upon me, he took me up by the nape of my neck, and turned me round as a butcher would do a sheep's head : after having viewed me well, and perceiving me to be so lean that I had nothing but skin and bone, he let me go. He took up all the rest one by one, viewed them in the same manner : and the captain being the fattest, he held him with one hand, as I would do a sparrow, and thrusting a spit through him kindled a great fire, roasted and ate him in his apartment for his supper ; which being done, he returned to his porch, where he lay and fell asleep, snoring louder than thunder. He slept thus till morning ; for our part, it was not possible for us to enjoy any rest, so that we passed the night in the most cruel fear that could be imagined. Day being come, the giant awoke, got up, went out, and left us in the palace.

When we thought him at a distance, we broke the melancholy silence we had kept all night ; and every one grieving more than another, we made the palace resound with our complaints and groans. Though there were a great many of us, and we had but one enemy, we

had not at first the presence of mind to think of delivering ourselves from him by his death. This enterprise, however, though hard to put into execution, was the only design we ought naturally to have formed.

We thought upon several other things, but determined nothing ; so that, submitting to what it should please God to order concerning us, we spent the day in running about the island for fruits and herbs to sustain our lives. When evening came, we sought for a place to lie in, but found none ; so that we were forced, whether we would or not, to return to the palace.

The giant failed not to come back, and supped once more upon one of our companions ; after which he slept, and snored till day, and then went out and left us as formerly. Our condition was so very terrible, that several of my comrades designed to throw themselves into the sea rather than die so strange a death ; and those who were of this mind argued with the rest to follow their example. Upon which one of the company answered, that we were forbidden to destroy ourselves ; but, allowing it to be lawful, it was more reasonable to think of a way to rid ourselves of the barbarous tyrant, who designed so cruel a death for us.

Having thought of a project for that end, I communicated the same to my comrades, who approved it. "Brethren," said I, "you know there is a great deal of timber floating upon the coast ; if you will be advised by me, let us make several floats of it that may carry us, and when they are done, leave them there till we think fit to make use of them." In the meantime, we will execute the design to deliver ourselves from the giant ; and if it succeed, we may stay here with patience till some-

ship pass by, that may carry us out of this fatal island ; but if it happen to miscarry, we will speedily get to our floats and put to sea. I confess, that by exposing ourselves to the fury of the waves, we run a risk of losing our lives ; but if we do, is it not better to be buried in the sea than in the entrails of this monster, who has already devoured two of us ? My advice was relished, and we made floats capable of carrying three persons each.

We returned to the palace towards the evening, and the giant arrived a little while after. We were forced to see another of our comrades roasted. But at last we revenged ourselves on the brutish giant thus : After he had made an end of his cursed supper, he laid down on his back, and fell asleep. As soon as we heard him snore according to his custom, nine of the boldest among us, and myself, took each of us a spit, and putting the points of them into the fire till they were burning hot, we thrust them into his eye all at once, and blinded him. The pain occasioned him to make a frightful cry, and to get up and stretch out his hands, in order to sacrifice some of us to his rage ; but we ran to such places that he could not find us ; and after having sought for us in vain, he groped for the gate, and went out, howling dreadfully.

We went out of the palace after the giant, and came to the shore, where we had left our floats, and put them immediately into the sea. We waited till day, in order to get upon them in case the giant came towards us with any guide of his own species ; but we hoped, if he did not appear by sun-rising, and gave over his howling, which we still heard, that he would die ; and if that happened, we resolved to stay in that island, and not risk our lives

upon the floats ; but day had scarce appeared, when we perceived our cruel enemy, accompanied with two others almost of the same size, leading him ; and a great number more coming before him with a very quick pace.

When we saw this, we made no delay, but got immediately upon our floats, and rowed off from the shore. The giants, who perceived this, took up great stones, and running to the shore, entered the water up to the middle, and threw so exactly, that they sank all the floats but that I was upon, and all my companions, except the two with me, were drowned. We rowed with all our might and got out of the reach of the giants. But when we got out to sea, we were exposed to the mercy of the waves and winds, and tossed about sometimes on one side and sometimes on another, and spent that night and the following day under a cruel uncertainty as to our fate ; but next morning we had the good luck to be thrown upon an island, where we landed with much joy. We found excellent fruits there, that gave us great relief, so that we pretty well recovered our strength. In the evening we fell asleep on the bank of the sea, but were awakened by the noise of a serpent as long as a palm-tree, whose scales made a rustling as he crept along. He swallowed up one of my comrades, notwithstanding his loud cries, and the efforts he made to rid himself of the serpent, which, shaking him several times against the ground, crushed him ; and we could hear him gnaw and tear the poor wretch's bones when we had fled to a great distance from him. Next day we saw the serpent again, to our great terror : when I cried out, "O heaven, to what dangers are we exposed ! We rejoiced yesterday at our having escaped from the cruelty of a giant, and the rage

of the waves ; and now we are fallen into another danger altogether as terrible !”

As we walked about, we saw a large tall tree, upon which we designed to pass the following night, for our security ; and having satisfied our hunger with fruits, we mounted it accordingly. A little while after, the serpent came hissing to the root of the tree, raised itself up against the trunk of it, and meeting with my comrade, who sat lower than I, swallowed him at once, and went off.

I stayed upon the tree till it was day, and then came down more like a dead man than one alive, expecting the same fate with my two companions. This filled me with horror, so that I was going to throw myself into the sea ; but nature prompting us to a desire to live as long as we can, I withstood this temptation to despair, and submitted myself to the will of God, who disposes of our lives at His pleasure.

In the meantime, I gathered together a great quantity of small wood, brambles, and dry thorns, and making them up into faggots, made a great circle with them round the tree, and also tied some of them to the branches over my head. Having done this, when the evening came, I shut myself up within this circle, with this melancholy piece of satisfaction, that I had neglected nothing which could preserve me from the cruel destiny with which I was threatened. The serpent failed not to come at the usual hour, and went round the tree, seeking for an opportunity to devour me, but was prevented by the rampart I had made ; so that he sat till day, like a cat watching in vain for a mouse that has retired to a place of safety. When day appeared, he retired, but I dared not to leave my fort until the sun arose.

I was fatigued with the toil he had put me to, and suffered so much by his poisonous breath, that death seemed more eligible to me than the horror of such a condition. I came down from the tree ; and, not thinking on the resignation I had made to the will of God the preceding day, I ran towards the sea, with a design to throw myself into it headlong. God took compassion on my desperate state ; for just as I was going to throw myself into the sea, I perceived a ship at a considerable distance. I called as loud as I could, and taking the linen from my turban, displayed it, that they might observe me. This had the desired effect : all the crew perceived me, and the captain sent me his boat. As soon as I came aboard, the merchants and seamen flocked about me, to know how I came into that desert island ; and after I had told them all that befell me, the oldest among them said to me, they had several times heard of the giants that dwelt in that island ; that they were cannibals, and ate men raw as well as roasted ; and as to the serpents, they added, that there were abundance in the isle, that hid themselves by day, and came abroad by night. After having testified their joy at my escaping so many dangers, they brought me the best of what they had to eat ; and the captain, seeing that I was all in rags, was so generous as to give me one of his own suits. We were at sea for some time, touched at several islands, and at last landed at that of Salabat, where there grows sanders, a wood of great use in physic. We entered the port, and came to an anchor. The merchants began to unload their goods, in order to sell or exchange them. In the meantime, the captain came to me, and said, "Brother, I have here a parcel of goods that belonged to a merchant

who sailed some time on board this ship ; and he being dead, I design to dispose of them for the benefit of his heirs, when I know them." The bales he spoke of lay on the deck ; and showing them to me, he said, "There are the goods ; I hope you will take care to sell them, and you shall have factorage." I thanked him that he gave me an opportunity to employ myself, because I hated to be idle.

The clerk of the ship took an account of all the bales, with the names of the merchants to whom they belonged. And when he asked the captain in whose name he should enter those he gave me the charge of, "Enter them," said the captain, "in the name of Sindbad the sailor." I could not hear myself named without some emotion : and looking steadfastly on the captain, I knew him to be the person who, in my second voyage, had left me in the island when I fell asleep by a brook, and set sail without me, or sending to seek for me. But I could not remember him at first,—he was so much altered since I saw him.

And as for him, who believed me to be dead, I could not wonder at his not knowing me. "But captain," said I, "was the merchant's name to whom those bales belonged, Sindbad ?" "Yes," replied he, "that was his name ; he came from Bagdad, and embarked on board my ship at Balsora. One day, when we landed at an island to take water and other refreshments, I know not by what mistake, I set sail without observing that he did not re-embark with us : neither I nor the merchants perceived it till four hours after. We had the wind in our stern, and so fresh a gale, that it was not then possible for us to tack about for him." "You believe him then to be dead ?" said I. "Certainly," answered he. "No, captain," said I ; "look upon me, and you may know that I am Sindbad, whom you left in that

desert island ; I fell asleep by a brook, and when I awoke I found all the company gone." At these words the captain looked steadfastly upon me : and having considered me attentively, knew me at last, embraced me, and said, "God be praised that fortune has supplied my defect. There are your goods, which I always took care to preserve, and to make the best of them at every port where I touched. I restore them to you with the profit I have made of them." I took them from him, and at the same time acknowledged how much I owed to him.

From the isle of Salabat we went to another, where I furnished myself with cloves, cinnamon, and other spices. As we sailed from that island, we saw a tortoise that was twenty cubits in length and breadth. We observed also a fish which looked like a cow, and gave milk ; and its skin was so hard, that they usually made bucklers of it. I saw another which had the shape and colour of a camel. In short, after a long voyage, I arrived at Balsora, and from thence returned to the city of Bagdad, with so much riches, that I knew not what I had. I gave a great deal to the poor, and bought another great estate besides what I had already.

FOURTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

THE pleasure I enjoyed after my third voyage, had not charms enough to divert me from another. I was again prevailed upon by my passion for traffic, and curiosity to see new things. I therefore put my affairs in order ; and having provided a stock of goods fit for the places where I designed to trade, I set out on my journey. I took the way of Persia, of which I travelled several provinces, and then arrived at a port, where I

embarked. We set sail, and having touched at several ports of Terra Firma, and some of the Easter Islands, we put out to sea, and were overtaken by such a sudden gust of wind as obliged the captain to furl his sails, and to take all other necessary precautions to prevent the danger that threatened us : but all was in vain ; our endeavours took no effect ; the sails were torn in a thousand pieces, and the ship was stranded, so that a great many of the merchants and seamen were drowned, and the cargo lost.

I had the good fortune, with several of the merchants, and mariners, to get a plank ; and we were carried by the current to an island which lay before us. There we found fruits and spring-water, which preserved our lives. We stayed all night near the place where the sea cast us ashore, without consulting what we should do, our misfortune had dispirited us so much.

Next morning, as soon as the sun was up, we walked from the shore, and, advancing into the island, saw some houses, to which we went ; and as soon as we came thither we were encompassed by a great number of blacks, who seized us, shared us among them, and carried us to their respective habitations.

I and five of my comrades were carried to one place : they made us sit down immediately, and gave us a certain herb, which they made signs to us to eat. My comrades, not taking notice that the blacks ate none of it themselves, consulted only the satisfying of their own hunger, and fell to eating with greediness. But I, suspecting some trick, would not so much as taste it, which happened well for me ; for in a little time after I perceived my companions had lost their senses, and that, when they spoke to me, they knew not what they said,

The blacks filled us afterwards with rice, prepared with oil of cocoas ; and my comrades who had lost their reason, ate of it greedily, I ate of it also, but very sparingly. The blacks gave us that herb at first on purpose to deprive us of our senses, that we might not be aware of the sad destiny prepared for us ; and they gave us rice on purpose to fatten us ; for, being cannibals, their design was to eat us as soon as we grew fat. They did accordingly eat my comrades, who were not sensible of their condition ; but my senses being entire, you may easily guess, gentlemen, that instead of growing fat, as the rest did, I grew leaner every day. The fear of death, under which I laboured turned all my food into poison, I fell into a languishing distemper, which proved my safety ; for the blacks, having killed and eaten up my companions, seeing me to be withered, lean, and sick, deferred my death till another time.

Meanwhile I had a great deal of liberty, so that there was scarce any notice taken of what I did ; and this gave me an opportunity one day to get at a distance from the houses, and to make my escape. An old man, who saw me, and suspected my design, called to me as loud as he could to return : but, instead of obeying him, I redoubled my pace, and quickly got out of sight. At that time there was none but the old man about the houses, the rest being abroad, and not to come home till night, which was pretty usual with them. Therefore, being sure that they could not come early enough to pursue me, I went on till night, when I stopped to rest a little, and to eat some of the provisions I had taken care for ; but I speedily set forward again, and travelled seven days, avoiding those places which seemed to be inhabited, and lived for the

the most part upon cocoa-nuts, which served me both for meat and drink. On the eighth day I came near the sea, and saw all of a sudden white people like myself gathering pepper, of which there was great plenty in that place. This I took to be a good omen, and went to them without any scruple.

The people who gathered pepper came to meet me. As soon as they saw me, and asked in Arabic who I was and whence I came, I was overjoyed to hear them speak in my own language, and willingly satisfied their curiosity, by giving them an account of my shipwreck, and how I fell into the hands of the blacks. "Those blacks", replied they, "eat men ; and by what miracle did you escape their cruelty ?" I told them the same story I have just told you, at which they were wonderfully surprised.

I stayed with them till they had gathered their quantity of pepper, and then sailed with them to the island from whence they came. They presented me to their king who was a good prince : he had the patience to hear the relation of my adventures, which surprised him ; and he afterwards gave me clothes, and commanded his men to take care of me.

The island was very well peopled, plentiful of everything, and the capital was a place of great trade. This agreeable place of retreat was very comfortable to me after my misfortune ; and the kindness of this generous prince towards me completed my satisfaction. In a word, there was not a person more in favour with him than myself, and by consequence every man in court and city sought how to oblige me ; so that in a very little time I was looked upon rather as a native than a stranger.

I observed one thing which to me looked very extraordinary : all the people, the king himself not excepted rode their horses without bridle or stirrups. This made me one day take the liberty to ask the king how that came to pass. His majesty answered, that I talked to him of things which nobody knew the use of in his dominions.

I went immediately to a workman, and gave him a model for making the stock of a saddle. When that was done, I covered it myself with velvet and leather, and embroidered it with gold. I afterwards went to a locksmith, who made me a bridle according to the pattern I showed him, and then he also made me some stirrups. When I had all things completed, I presented them to the king, and put them upon one of his horses. His majesty mounted immediately, and was so mightily pleased with them, that he testified his satisfaction by large presents to me. I could not avoid making several others for his ministers and the principal officers of his household, who all of them made me presents that enriched me in a little time. I also made some for the people of best quality in the city, which gained me great reputation and regard from everybody.

As I made my court very exactly to the king, he said to me one day, "Sindbad, I love thee ; and all my subjects who know thee, treat thee according to my example. I have one thing to demand of thee, which thou must grant." "Sir, answered I, "there is nothing but what I will do, as a mark of my obedience to your majesty, whose power over me is absolute." "I have a mind thou shouldst marry," replied he, "that so thou mayst stay in my dominions, and think no more of thy own country." I dared not resist

the prince's will, and he gave me one of the ladies of his court, a noble, beautiful, chaste, and rich lady. The ceremonies of marriage being over, I went and dwelt with the lady, and for some time we lived in perfect harmony. I was not, however, very well satisfied with my condition, and therefore designed to make my escape on the first occasion, and return to Bagdad, which my present settlement, however advantageous, could not make me forget.

While I was thinking on this, the wife of one of my neighbours, with whom I had contracted a very strict friendship, fell sick and died. I went to see and comfort him in his affliction ; and finding him swallowed up with sorrow, I said to him as soon as I saw him, "God preserve you, and grant you a long life". "Alas !" replied he, "how do you think I should obtain that favour you wish me ? I have not above an hour to live". "Pray", said I, "do not entertain such a melancholy thought ; I hope it will not be so, but that I shall enjoy your company for many years". "I wish you", said he, "a long life ; but for me, my days are at an end, for I must be buried this day with my wife. This is a law which our ancestors established in this island, and always observed it inviolably. The living husband is interred with the dead wife, and the living wife with the dead husband. Nothing can save me ; every one must submit to this law".

While he was entertaining me with an account of this barbarous custom, the very hearing of which frightened me cruelly, his kindred, friends, and neighbours came in a body to assist at the funeral. They put on the corpse the woman's richest apparel, as if it had been her wedding-day, and dressed her with all her jewels ; then they put her into an open coffin, and lifting it up, began their

march to the place of burial. The husband walked at the head of the company, and followed the corpse, They went up to a high mountain, and when they came thither, took up a great stone which covered the mouth of a very deep pit, and let down the corpse with all its apparel and jewels. Then the husband, embracing his kindred and friends, suffered himself to be put into another open coffin without resistance, with a pot of water and seven little loaves, and was let down in the same manner as they let down his wife. The mountain was pretty long, and reached to the sea. The ceremony being over, they covered the hole again with the stone, and returned.

It is needless, gentlemen, for me to tell you that I was the only melancholy spectator of this funeral : whereas the rest were scarcely moved at it, the thing was so customary to them. I could not forbear speaking my thoughts of this matter to the king. "Sir," said I, "I cannot enough wonder at the strange custom in this country of burying the living with the dead. I have been a great traveller, and seen many countries, but never heard of so cruel a law." "What do you mean, Sindbad ?" said the king : it is a common law ; I shall be interred with the queen my wife, if she die first. "But, sir," said I, may I presume to demand of your majesty, if strangers are obliged to observe this law ? "Without doubt," replied the king (smiling at the occasion of my question), "they are not exempted, if they be married in this island."

I went home very melancholy at this answer ; for the fear of my wife dying first, and that I should be interred alive, occasioned me to have very mortifying reflections. But there was no remedy ; I must have patience, and submit to the will of God. I trembled, however, of every

little indisposition of my wife ; but, alas ! in a little time my fears came upon me all at once ; for she fell sick and died in a few days.

You may judge of my sorrow : to be interred alive seemed to me as deplorable an end as to be devoured by cannibals. But I must submit ; the king and all his court would honour the funeral with their presence, and the most considerable people of the city did the like. When all was ready for the ceremony, the corpse was put into a coffin with all her jewels and magnificent apparel. The cavalcade was begun and, as second actor in this doleful tragedy, I went next the corpse, with my eyes full of tears, bewailing my deplorable fate. Before I came to the mountain, I made an essay on the minds of the spectators : I addressed myself to the king in the first place, and then to all those who were around me ; and bowing before them to the earth, to kiss the border of their garments, I prayed them to have compassion upon me. "Consider," said I, "that I am a stranger, and ought not to be subject to this rigorous law, and that I have another wife and children in my own country. It was to no purpose for me to speak thus ; no soul was moved at it : on the contrary, they made haste to let down my wife's corpse into the pit, and put me down the next moment in an open coffin, with a vessel full of water and seven loaves. In short, the fatal ceremony being performed, they covered up the mouth of the pit, notwithstanding the excess of my grief, and my lamentable cries."

As I came near the bottom, I discovered, by help of the light that came from above, the nature of this subterranean place : it was a vast long cave, and might be about fifty fathoms deep. I immediately smelled an insufferable stench, proceeding from the multitude of

dead corpses which I saw on the right and left ; nay, I fancied that I heard some of them sigh out their last. However, when I got down, I immediately left my coffin, and getting at a distance from the corpse, held my nose, and laid down upon the ground, where I stayed a long time bathed in tears. Then reflecting on my sad lot, "It is true," said I, "that God disposes all things according to the decrees of his providence ; but, poor Sindbad, art not thou thyself the cause of thy being brought to die so strange a death ? Would to God thou hadst perished in some of those tempests which thou hast escaped ! Then thy death had not been so lingering and terrible in all its circumstances. But thou hast drawn all this upon thyself by thy cursed avarice. Ah, unfortunate wretch ; Shouldst thou not rather have stayed at home, and quietly enjoyed the fruits of thy labour ?"

Such were the vain complaints with which I made the cave to echo, beating my head and stomach out of rage and despair, and abandoning myself to the most afflicting thoughts. Nevertheless, I must tell you, that, instead of calling death to my assistance in that miserable condition, I felt still an inclination to live, and to do all I could to prolong my days. I went groping about, with my nose stopped, for the bread and water that was in my coffin, and took some of it. Though the darkness of the cave was so great that I could not distinguish day and night, yet I always found my coffin again, and the cave seemed to be more spacious and fuller of corpses than it appeared to me at first. I lived for some days upon my bread and water ; which being all spent, at last I prepared for death.

The next day, however, I heard something walking, and blowing or panting as it walked. I advanced

towards that side from whence I heard the noise ; and upon my approach, the thing puffed and blew harder, as if it had been running away from me : I followed the noise, and the thing seemed to stop sometimes, but always fled and blew as I approached. I followed it so long, and so far, till at last I perceived a light, resembling a star : I went on towards that light, and sometimes lost sight of it, but always found it again ; and at last discovered that it came through a hole in the rock, large enough for a man to get out of.

Upon this, I stopped some time to rest myself, being much fatigued with pursuing this discovery so fast. Afterwards coming up to the hole, I went out of it, and found myself upon the banks of the sea. I leave you to guess at the excess of my joy ; it was such, that I could scarce persuade myself of its being real.

But when I was recovered from my surprise, and convinced of the truth of the matter, I found the thing which I had followed, and heard puff and blow, to be a creature which came out of the sea, and was accustomed to enter at that hole to feed upon the dead carcasses.

I considered the mountain, and perceived it to be situated betwixt the sea and the town, but without any passage or way to communicate with the latter, the rocks on the side of the sea were so rugged and steep. I fell down upon the shore to thank God for this mercy, and afterwards entered the cave again to fetch bread and water, which I did eat by daylight with a better appetite than I had done since my interment in the dark hole.

I returned thither again, and groped about among the biers for all the diamonds, rubies, gold bracelets, and rich stuffs I could find : these I brought to the shore, and tying

them up neatly into bales with the cords that let down the coffins, I laid them together upon the bank, waiting till some ship passed by, without any fear of rain, for it was not then the season.

After two or three days, I perceived a ship that had but just come out of the harbour, and passed near the place where I was. I made a sign with the linen of my turban, and called to them as loud as I could : they heard me, and sent a boat to bring me on board. When the mariners asked by what misfortune I came thither, I told them that I had suffered shipwreck two days ago, and made shift to get ashore with the goods they saw. It was happy for me that those people did not consider the place where I was, nor inquire into the probability of what I told them, but without any more ado took me on board with my goods. When I came to the ship, the captain was so well pleased to have saved me, and so much taken up with his own affairs, that he also took the story of my pretended shipwreck upon trust, and generously refused some jewels which I offered him.

We passed by several islands, and, among others, that called the Isle of Bells, about ten days' sail from Serendib (now Ceylon), with a regular wind, and six from that of Kela, where we landed. This island produced lead, Indian canes and excellent camphire.

The king of the Isle of Bells, which is about two days' journey in extent, is also subject to the king of Serendib. The inhabitants are so barbarous that they still eat human flesh. After we had finished our commerce in that island, we put to sea again, and touched at several other ports ; at last I arrived happily at Bagdad, with infinite riches, of which it is needless to trouble you

with the detail, Out of thankfulness to God for His mercies, I gave great alms for the entertainment of many mosques, and for the subsistence of the poor, and employed myself wholly in enjoying my kindred and friends, and making good cheer with them.





ANECDOTES OF HUMANITY AND BENEFICENCE.

SWIFT.

DEAN Swift, standing one morning at the window of his study, observed an old woman offer a paper to one of his servants, which the fellow at first refused, in an insolent and surly manner. The woman, however, pressed her suit with all the energy of distress, and in the end prevailed. The Dean, whose very soul was compassion, saw, felt, and was determined to alleviate her misery. He waited most anxiously for the servant to bring the paper; but, to his surprise and indignation, an hour elapsed, and the man did not present it. The Dean again looked out. The day was cold and wet, and the wretched petitioner still retained her situation, with many an eloquent and anxious look at the house. The benevolent divine lost all patience, and was going to ring the bell, when he observed the servant cross the street, and return the paper with the utmost *sang froid* and indifference. The Dean could bear no longer; he threw up the sash, and loudly demanded what the paper contained. "It is a petition, please your Reverence," replied the woman. "Bring it up, rascal!" cried the enraged Dean. The servant, surprised

and petrified, obeyed. With Swift, to know distress was to pity : to pity, to relieve. The poor woman was instantly made happy, and the servant almost as instantly turned out of doors, with the following written testimonial of his conduct :—"The bearer lived two years in my service, in which time he was frequently drunk and negligent of his duty : which conceiving him to be honest, I excused ; but, at last, detecting him in a flagrant instance of cruelty I discharge him." Such were the consequences of this paper, that, for seven years, the fellow was an itinerant beggar ; after which, the Dean forgave him, and in consequence of another paper equally singular, he was hired by Mr. Pope, with whom he lived till death removed him.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

In the battle of Zutphen, fought in the cause of liberty against the tyrant Philip of Spain, Sir Philip Sidney displayed the most undaunted and enterprising courage. He had two horses killed under him, and, whilst mounting a third, was wounded by a musket-shot out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He had to walk about a mile and a half to the camp ; and, being faint with loss of blood, and parched with thirst, he called for drink, which was instantly brought him : but, as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried by him at that instant, looked at it with wistful eyes. The gallant and generous Sidney took the bottle from his mouth without drinking, and, delivering it to the soldier, said, "Thy necessity is greater than mine". Sixteen days after, the virtuous Sidney breathed his last, in the thirty-second year of his age.

QUEEN CAROLINE.

Queen Caroline, consort of George II., being informed that her eldest daughter (afterwards Princess of Orange) was accustomed, on going to rest, to employ one of the ladies of the Court in reading aloud to her till she should drop asleep; and that, on one occasion, the Princess suffered the lady, who was indisposed, to continue the fatiguing duty until she fell down in a swoon, determined to inculcate on her daughter a lesson of humanity. The next night, the Queen, when in bed, sent for the Princess, and commanded her to read aloud. After some time, Her Royal Highness began to be tired of standing, and paused, in hopes of receiving an order to be seated. 'Proceed,' said her Majesty. In a short time, a second pause seemed to plead for rest. "Read on," said the Queen again. The Princess again stopped and again received an order to proceed; till, at last, faint and breathless, she was forced to complain. "Then," said this excellent parent, "If *you* thus feel the pain of this exercise for one evening only, what must your attendants feel, who do it every night? Hence learn, my daughter, never to indulge your own ease, while you suffer your attendants to endure painful toil and fatigue."

THE REV. ROWLAND HILL.

The Rev. Rowland Hill, travelling alone, was once accosted by a foot-pad, who, by the agitation of his voice and manner, appeared to be young in his profession. After delivering to the man his money and his watch, curiosity prompted him to question him on the motives which had urged him to so desperate a course. The man candidly confessed that, being out of employment, with

a wife and children who were perishing for want, despair had forced him to turn robber ; but that this was the first act of the kind in which he had engaged. Mr. Hill, struck with the apparent sincerity of the man, and feeling for his distress, communicated his name and address, and told him to call upon him the next day. The man did so, and was immediately taken into the service of this humane divine, where he continued until his death. Nor did Mr. Hill ever divulge the circumstance, until he related it in the funeral sermon which he preached on the death of his domestic.

The same gentleman, being called upon, one evening, to visit a sick man, found a poor emaciated creature in a wretched bed, without anything to alleviate his miserable condition. Looking more narrowly, he observed that the man was actually without a shirt ; on which Mr. Hill, instantly stripped himself, and forced his own upon the reluctant, but surprised and grateful, object of his charity ; then, buttoning himself up closely, he hastened homewards, sent everything that was necessary for the destitute being he had just left, provided medical aid, and had the satisfaction of restoring a fellow-creature to his family, and of placing him in a situation to provide for its support.

TRUE COURAGE.

THE LOSS OF THE *BIRKENHEAD*.

The wreck of the *Birkenhead* off the coast of Africa on the 27th of February, 1852, affords a memorable illustration of the chivalrous spirit of common men acting in this nineteenth century, of which any age might be proud. The vessel was steaming along the African coast with 472 men and 166 women and children on board.

The men belonged to several regiments then serving at the Cape, and consisted principally of recruits who had been only a short time in the service. At two o'clock in the morning, while all were asleep below, the ship struck with violence upon a hidden rock which penetrated her bottom ; and it was at once felt that she must go down. The roll of the drums called the soldiers to arms on the upper deck, and the men mustered as if on parade. The word was passed to *save the women and children* ; and the helpless creatures were brought from below, mostly undressed, and handed silently into the boats. When they had all left the ship's side, the commander of the vessel thoughtlessly called out, "All those that can swim, jump overboard and make for the boats." But Captain Wright of the 91st Highlanders, said "No ! if you do that, *the boats with the women must be swamped* ;" and the brave men stood motionless. There was no boat remaining, and no hope of safety ; but not a heart quailed ; no one flinched from his duty in that trying moment. "There was not a murmur nor a cry amongst them," said Captain Wright, a survivor, "until the vessel made her final plunge." Down went the ship, and down went the heroic band, firing a *feu de joie* as they sank beneath the waves. Glory and honour to the gentle and the brave ! The examples of such men never die, but, like their memories, are immortal.





MATRICULATION PROSE READINGS.

PART II.

LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

MACBETH.

WHEN Duncan the Meek reigned King of Scotland, there lived a great Thane, or Lord, called Macbeth. This Macbeth was a near kinsman to the king, and in great esteem at court for his valour and conduct in the wars—an example of which he had lately given in defeating a rebel army assisted by the troops of Norway in terrible numbers.

The two Scottish Generals, Macbeth and Banquo, returning victorious from this great battle, their way lay over a blasted heath, where they were stopped by the strange appearance of three figures like women, except that they had beards, and their withered skins and wild attire made them look not like any earthly creatures. Macbeth first addressed them, when they, seemingly offended, laid each one her choppy fingers upon her skinny lips, in token of silence; and the first of them saluted Macbeth with the title of Thane of Glamis. The General was not a little startled to find himself

known by such creatures ; but how much more, when the Second of them followed up that salute by giving him the title of Thane of Cawdor, to which honour he had no pretensions ; and again the Third bid him "All hail ! King that shalt be hereafter !" Such a prophetic greeting might well amaze him, who knew that, while the King's sons lived, he could not hope to succeed to the throne. Then, turning to Banquo, they pronounced him, in a sort of riddling terms, to be *lesser than Macbeth, and greater ! not so happy, but much happier !* and prophesied that, though he should never reign, yet his sons after him should be kings in Scotland. They then turned into air and vanished, by which the Generals knew them to be Weird Sisters, or Witches.

While they stood pondering on the strangeness of this adventure, there arrived certain messengers from the King, who were empowered by him to confer upon Macbeth the dignity of Thane of Cawdor. An event so miraculously corresponding with the prediction of the Witches, astonished Macbeth and he stood wrapped in amazement, unable to make any reply to the messengers ; and, in that point of time, swelling hopes arose in his mind that the prediction of the third Witch might in like manner have its accomplishment, and that he should one day reign king in Scotland.

Turning to Banquo, he said, "Do you not hope that your children shall be kings, when what the witches promised to me has so wonderfully come to pass ?"

"That hope," answered the General, "might enkindle you to aim at the throne ; but oftentimes these ministers of darkness tell us truths in little things, to betray us into deeds of greatest consequence."

But the wicked suggestion of the witches had sunk too deep into the mind of Macbeth to allow him to attend to the warnings of the good Banquo. From that time he bent all his thoughts how to compass the throne of Scotland.

Macbeth had a wife, to whom he communicated the strange prediction of the Weird Sisters and its partial accomplishment. She was a bad, ambitious woman, and, so as her husband and herself could arrive at greatness, she cared not much by what means. She spurred on the reluctant purpose of Macbeth (who felt compunction at the thoughts of blood) and did not cease to represent the murder of the king as a step absolutely necessary to the fulfilment of the flattering prophecy.

It happened at this time that the King, who, out of his royal condescension, would oftentimes visit his principal nobility upon gracious terms, came to Macbeth's house, attended by his two sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, and a numerous train of Thanes and attendants, the more to honour Macbeth for the triumphal success of his wars.

The castle of Macbeth was pleasantly situated, and the air about it was sweet and wholesome, which appeared by the nests which the martlet, or swallow, had built under all the jutting friezes and buttresses of the building, wherever it found a place of advantage ; for, where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is observed to be delicate. The King entered, well pleased with the place, and not less so with the attentions and respects of his honoured hostess, Lady Macbeth, who had the art of covering treacherous purposes with smiles and could look like the innocent flower, while she was indeed the serpent under it.

The King, being tired with his journey, went early to bed, and, in his State-room, two grooms of his chamber (as was the custom) slept beside him. He had been unusually pleased with his reception and had made presents, before he retired, to his principal officers, and among the rest had sent a rich diamond to Lady Macbeth, greeting her by the name of his most kind hostess.

Now was the middle of night, when over half the world Nature seems dead and wicked dreams abuse men's minds asleep and none but the wolf and the murderer is abroad. This was the time when Lady Macbeth waked to plot the murder of the King. She would not have undertaken a deed so abhorrent to her sex, but that she feared her husband's nature, that it was too full of the milk of human kindness to do a contrived murder. She knew him to be ambitious, but withal to be scrupulous, and not yet prepared for that height of crime which commonly in the end accompanies inordinate ambition. She had won him to consent to the murder, but she doubted his resolution, and she feared that the natural tenderness of his disposition (more humane than her own) would come between and defeat the purpose. So, with her own hands armed with a dagger, she approached the King's bed, having taken care to ply the grooms of his chamber so with wine that they slept intoxicated and careless of their charge. There lay Duncan, in a sound sleep after the fatigues of his journey, and, as she viewed him earnestly, there was something in his face as he slept which resembled her own father, and she had not the courage to proceed.

She returned to confer with her husband. His resolution had begun to stagger. He considered that there were

strong reasons against the deed. In the first place, he was not only a subject, but a near kinsman to the King; and he had been his host and entertainer that day, whose duty, by the laws of hospitality, it was to shut the door against his murderers, not bear the knife himself. Then he considered how just and merciful a king this Duncan had been, how clear of offence to his subjects, how loving to his nobility, and in particular to him; that such kings are the peculiar care of Heaven, and their subjects, doubly bound to revenge their deaths. Besides, by the favours of the King, Macbeth stood high in the opinion of all sorts of men, and how would those honours be stained by the reputation of so foul a murder!

In these conflicts of the mind Lady Macbeth found her husband inclining to the better part and resolving to proceed no further. But she, being a woman not easily shaken in her evil purpose, began to pour in at his ears words, which infused a portion of her own spirit into his mind, assigning reason upon reason why he should not shrink from what he had undertaken; how easy the deed was; how soon it would be over; and how the action of one short night would give, to all their nights and days to come, sovereign sway and royalty! Then she threw contempt on his change of purpose and accused him of fickleness, cowardice and declared that she had given suck and knew how tender it was to love the babe that milked her; but she would, while it was smiling in her face, have plucked it from her breast and dashed its brains out, if she had so sworn to do it as he had sworn to perform that murder. Then she added how practicable it was to lay the guilt of the deed upon the drunken sleepy grooms. And with the valour of her tongue she so chastised his sluggish resolu-

tion that he once more summoned up courage to the bloody business.

So, taking the dagger in his hand, he softly stole in the dark to the room where Duncan lay ; and, as he went, he thought he saw another dagger in the air, with the handle towards him and on the blade and at the point of it drops of blood ; but, when he tried to grasp at it, it was nothing but air,—a mere phantasm proceeding from his own hot and oppressed brain and the business he had in hand.

Getting rid of this fear, he entered the King's room, whom he dispatched with one stroke of his dagger. Just as he had done the murder, one of the grooms, who slept in the chamber, laughed in his sleep and the other cried "Murder !" which woke them both ; but they said a short prayer ; one of them said, "God bless us !" and the other answered "Amen !" and addressed themselves to sleep again. Macbeth, who stood listening to them, tried to say "Amen" when the fellow said "God bless us !" but, though he had most need of a blessing, the word stuck in his throat, and he could not pronounce it.

Again he thought he heard a voice which cried, "Sleep no more ! Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep, that nourishes life." Still it cried, "Sleep no more !" to all the house : "Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more, Mambeth shall sleep no more."

With such horrible imaginations Macbeth returned to his listening wife, who began to think he had failed of his purpose and that the deed was somehow frustrated. He came in so distracted a state that she reproached him with his want of firmness and sent him to wash his hands of the blood which stained them, while she took his dagger.

with purpose to stain the cheeks of the grooms with blood, to make it seem their guilt.

Morning came, and with it the discovery of the murder, which could not be concealed ; and, though Macbeth and his lady made great show of grief, and the proofs against the grooms (the dagger being produced against them and their faces smeared with blood) were sufficiently strong, yet the entire suspicion fell upon Macbeth, whose inducements to such a deed were so much more forcible than such poor silly grooms could be supposed to have ; and Duncan's two sons fled, Malcolm, the eldest sought for refuge in the English court ; the younger, Donalbain, made his escape to Ireland.

The King's sons, who should have succeeded him, having thus vacated the throne, Macbeth as next heir was crowned king ; and thus the prediction of the weird sisters was literally accomplished.

Though placed so high, Macbeth and his Queen could not forget the prophecy of the weird sisters, that, though Macbeth should be king, yet not *his* children, but the children of *Banquo*, should be kings after him. The thought of this, and that they had defiled their hands with blood and done so great crimes, only to place the posterity of Banquo upon the throne, so rankled within them that they determined to put to death both Banquo and his son, to make void the predictions of the weird sisters, which, in their own case had been so remarkably brought to pass.

For this purpose they made a great supper, to which they invited all the chief thanes ; and, among the rest, with marks of particular respect, Banquo, and his son

Fleance, were invited. The way, by which Banquo was to pass to the palace at night, was beset by murderers appointed by Macbeth, who stabbed Banquo ; but, in the scuffle, Fleance escaped. From that Fleance descended a race of monarchs, who afterwards filled the Scottish throne, ending with James the Sixth of Scotland and the First of England, under whom the two crowns of England and Scotland were united.

At supper the Queen, whose manners were in the highest degree affable and royal, played the hostess with a gracefulness and attention which conciliated every one present, and Macbeth discoursed freely with his thanes and nobles, saying that all that was honourable in the country was under his roof, if he had but his good friend Banquo present, whom yet he hoped he should rather have to chide for neglect than to lament for any mischance. Just at these words, the ghost of Banquo, whom he had caused to be murdered, entered the room, and placed himself on the chair which Macbeth was about to occupy. Though Macbeth was a bold man, and one that could have faced the devil without trembling, at this horrible sight his cheeks turned white with fear, and he stood quite unmanned, with his eyes fixed upon the ghost.

His queen and all the nobles, who saw nothing, but perceived him gazing (as they thought) upon an empty chair, took it for a fit of distraction ; and she reproached him, whispering that it was but the same fancy which had made him see the dagger in the air when he was about to kill Duncan. But Macbeth continued to see the ghost and gave no heed to all they could say, while he addressed it with distracted words, yet so significant, that his queen, fearing the dreadful secret would be

disclosed, in great haste dismissed the guests, excusing the infirmity of Macbeth as a disorder he was often troubled with.

To such dreadful fancies Macbeth was subject. His queen and he had their sleep afflicted with terrible dreams, and the blood of Banquo troubled them not more than the escape of Fleance, whom they now looked upon as father of a line of kings, who should keep their posterity out of the throne. With these miserable thoughts they found no peace, and Macbeth determined once more to seek out the weird sisters and know from them the worst.

He sought them in a cave upon the heath, where they, who knew by foresight of his coming, were engaged in preparing their dreadful charms, by which they conjured up infernal spirits to reveal to them futurity. Their horrid ingredients were toads, bats, and serpents, the eye of a newt and the tongue of a dog, the leg of a lizard, the wing of the night-owl, the scale of a dragon, the tooth of a wolf, the maw of the ravenous salt-sea shark, the mummy of a witch, the root of the poisonous hemlock (this, to have effect, must be digged in the dark), the gall of a goat and the liver of a Jew, with slips of the yew-tree that roots itself in graves, and the finger of a dead child :—all these were set on to boil in great kettle or caldron, which, as fast as it grew too hot, was cooled with a baboon's blood : to these they poured in the blood of a sow that had eaten her young, and they threw into the flame the grease that had sweaten from a murderer's gibbet. By these charms they bound the infernal spirits to answer their questions.

It was demanded of Macbeth whether he would have his doubts solved by them, or by their masters—the spirits. He, nothing daunted by the dreadful ceremonies which he saw, boldly answered, “Where are they ? let me see them.”

And they called the spirits, which were three. And the first arose in the likeness of an armed head, and he called Macbeth by name, and bid him beware of the Thane of Fife ; for which caution Macbeth thanked him, for Macbeth had entertained a jealousy of Macduff, the Thane of Fife.

And the second spirit arose in the likeness of a bloody child, and he called Macbeth by name, and bid him have no fear but laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born should have power to hurt him, and he advised him to be bloody, bold, and resolute.

“Then live, Macduff!” cried the King ; “what need I fear of thee ? but yet I will make assurance doubly sure. Thou shalt not live, that I may tell pale-hearted Fear it lies, and sleep in spite of thunder.”

That spirit being dismissed, a third arose in the form of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand. He called Macbeth by name, and comforted him against conspiracies, saying that he should never be vanquished until the Wood of Birnam to Dunsinane Hill should come against him.

“Sweet bodements ! good !” cried Macbeth, “Who can unfix the forest and move it from its earth-bound roots ? I see I shall live the usual period of man’s life and not be cut off by a violent death. But my heart throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art can tell you so much, if Banquo’s issue shall ever reign in this kingdom.”

Here the caldron sank into the ground and a noise of music was heard, and eight shadows, like kings, passed by Macbeth ; and Banquo last, who bore a glass, which showed the figures of many more, and Banquo, all bloody, smiled upon Macbeth and pointed to them, by which Macbeth knew that these were the posterity of Banquo, who, should reign after him in Scotland ; and the Witches with a sound of soft music and with dancing making a show of duty and welcome to Macbeth, vanished. And from this time the thoughts of Macbeth were all bloody and dreadful.

The first thing he heard, when he got out of the witches' cave, was that Macduff, Thane of Fife, had fled to England, to join the army which was forming against him under Malcolm, the eldest son of the late King with intent to displace Macbeth and set Malcolm, the right heir, upon the throne. Macbeth, stung with rage, set upon the castle of Macduff and put his wife and children, whom the Thane had left behind, to the sword, and extended the slaughter to all who claimed the least relationship to Macduff.

These and such-like deeds alienated the minds of all his chief nobility from him. Such as could, fled, to join with Malcolm and Macduff, who were now approaching with a powerful army, which they had raised in England, and the rest secretly wished success to their arms, though, for fear of Macbeth, they could take no active part. His recruits went on slowly. Everybody hated the tyrant, nobody loved or honoured him, but all suspected him, and he began to envy the condition of Duncan, whom he had murdered, who slept soundly in his grave, against whom treason had done its worst ; steel nor poison, domestic malice nor foreign levies could hurt him any longer.

While these things were acting, the queen, who had been the sole partner in his wickedness, [and] in whose bosom he could sometimes seek a momentary repose from those terrible dreams which afflicted them both nightly, died, it is supposed, by her own hands unable to bear the remorse of guilt and public hate ; by which event he was left alone, without a soul to love or care for him, or a friend to whom he could confide his wicked purposes.

He grew careless of life, and wished for death ; but the near approach of Malcolm's army roused in him what remained of his ancient courage, and he determined to die (as he expressed it) "with armour on his back." Besides this, the hollow promises of the witches had filled him with false confidence, and he remembered the saying of the spirits,—that none of woman born was to hurt him, and that he was never to be vanquished till Birnam Wood should come to Dunsinane, which he thought could never be. So he shut himself up in his castle, whose impregnable strength was such as defied a siege ; here he sullenly waited the approach of Malcolm ; when upon a day there came a messenger to him, pale and shaking with fear, almost unable to report that which he had seen ; for he averred that, as he stood upon his watch on the hill, he looked towards Birnam, and to his thinking the wood began to move.

"Liar and slave !" cried Macbeth ; "If thou speakest false, thou shalt hang alive upon the next tree till famine end thee. If thy tale be true, I care not if thou dost as much by me," for Macbeth now began to faint in resolution and to doubt the equivocal speeches of the spirits :—he was not to fear till Birnam Wood should come to Dunsinane, and now a wood did move. "However," said

he, "if this, which he avouches, be true, let us arm and out. There is no flying hence, nor staying here. I begin to be weary of the sun, and wish my life at an end.

With these desperate speeches he sallied forth upon the besiegers, who had now come up to the castle.

The strange appearance, which had given the messenger an idea of a moving wood, is easily solved. When the besieging army marched through the wood of Birnam, Malcolm, like a skilful general, instructed his soldiers to hew down every one a bough, and bear it before him by way of concealing the true number of his hosts. This marching of the soldiers with boughs had, at a distance, the appearance which had frightened the messenger. Thus were the words of the spirit brought to pass, in a sense different from that in which Macbeth had understood them, and one great hold of his confidence was gone.

And now a severe skirmishing took place, in which Macbeth, though feebly supported by those, who called themselves his friends but in reality hated the tyrant and inclined to the party of Malcolm and Macduff, yet fought with the extreme of rage and valour, cutting to pieces all who were opposed to him, till he came to where Macduff was fighting. Seeing Macduff, and remembering the caution of the spirit, who had counselled him to avoid Macduff above all men, he would have turned, but Macduff, who had been seeking him through the whole fight, opposed his turning, and a fierce contest ensued, Macduff giving him many foul reproaches for the murder of his wife and children. Macbeth, whose soul was charged enough with blood of that family already, would still have declined the combat,

but Macduff still urged him to it, calling him tyrant, murderer, hell-hound, and villain.

Then Macbeth remembered the words of the spirit—how none of woman born should hurt him—and, smiling confidently, he said to Macduff, "Thou losest thy labour, Macduff. As easily thou mayest impress the air with thy sword as make me vulnerable. I bear a charmed life, which must not yield to one of woman born."

"Despair thy charm," said Macduff, "and let that lying spirit, whom thou hast served, tell thee that Macduff was never born of woman, never as the ordinary manner of men is to be born, but was untimely taken from his mother!"

"Accursed be the tongue which tells me so!" said the trembling Macbeth, who felt his last hold of confidence give way, "and let never man in future believe the lying equivocation of witches and juggling spirits, who deceive us in words which have double senses, and while they keep their promise literally, disappoint our hopes with a different meaning. I will not fight with thee."

"Then live!" said the scornful Macduff; "we will have a show of thee, as men show monsters, and a painted board, on which shall be written,—Here men may see the tyrant!"—

"Never!" said Macbeth, whose courage returned with despair; "I will not live to kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet and to be baited with the curses of the rabble. Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane, and thou opposed to me, who wast never born of woman, yet I will try try the last."

With these frantic words he threw himself upon Macduff, who, after a severe struggle, in the end overcame him, and, cutting off his head made a present of it to the young and lawful King Malcolm, who took upon him the government, which, by the machinations of the usurer, he had so long been deprived of, and ascended the throne of Duncan the Meek, amid the acclamations of the nobles and the people.





LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHYLOCK the Jew lived at Venice ; he was an usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice ; and Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress and would never take any interest for the money he lent ; therefore, there was great enmity between this covetous jew and the generous merchant Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange), he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings, which the jew would bear with seeming patience while he secretly meditated revenge.

Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best conditioned, and had the most unwearied spirit in doing courtesies ; indeed, he was one in whom the ancient Roman honour more appeared than in any that drew breath in Italy. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens ; but the friend, who was nearest and dearest to his heart, was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having a small patrimony, had nearly exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means, (as young men of high rank with

small fortunes are too apt to do). Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him ; and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

One day Bassanio came to Antonio and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father (that was lately dead) had left her sole heiress to a large estate ; and that, in her father's lifetime, he used to visit at her house, when he thought he had observed this lady had sometimes from her eyes sent speechless messages, that seemed to say he would be no unwelcome suitor ; but having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favours he had shown him by lending him three thousand ducats.

Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend, but, expecting soon to have some ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon any interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea.

On this Shylock thought within himself, "If I can once catch him on the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him : he hates our Jewish nation ; he lends out money *gratis* ; and among the merchants he rails at me and my well-earned bargains, which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him !"

Antonio, finding he was musing within himself and did not answer, and being impatient for the money, said, "Shylock, do you hear? will you lend the money?"

To this question the Jew replied, "Signior Antonio, on the Rialto many a time and oft you have railed at me about my monies and my usuries, and I have borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe; and then you have called me Unbeliever, Cut-throat Dog, and spit upon my Jewish garments, and spurned at me with your foot, as if I were a cur. Well then, it now appears you need my help; and you came to me and say, *Shylock! lend me monies*. Has a dog money? Is it possible a cur should lend three thousand ducats; Shall I bend low and say,—Fair Sir! you spit upon me on Wednesday last, another time you called me Dog, and for these courtesies I am to lend you monies?"

Antonio replied, "I am as like to call you so again, to spit on you again, and spurn you too. If you will lend me this money, lend it not to me as to a friend, but rather lend it to me as to an enemy, that if I break, you may with better face exact the penalty."

"Why, look you," said Shylock, "how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your love, I will forget the shames you have put upon me. I will supply your wants, and take no interest for my money."

This seemingly kind offer greatly surprised Antonio; and then, Shylock, still pretending kindness, and that all he did was to gain Antonio's love, again said he would lend him the three thousand ducats, and take no interest for his money—only Antonio should go with

him to a lawyer, and there sign in merry sport a bond, that, if he did not repay the money by a certain day, he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased.

"Content," said Antonio, "I will sign to this bond and say there is much kindness in the Jew."

Bassanio said Antonio should not sign to such a bond for him, but still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that, before the day of payment came, his ships would return, laden with many times the value of the money.

Shylock, hearing this debate, exclaimed, "O Father Abraham! what suspicious people these Christians are! Their own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others. I pray you, tell me this, Bassanio—if he should break his day, what should I gain by the exaction of the forfeiture? A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man, is not so estimable, nor profitable neither, as the flesh of mutton or of beef. I say, to buy his favour, I offer this friendship; if he will take it, so; if not, adieu."

At last, against the advice of Bassanio, (who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intentions, did not like his friend should run the hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake) Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really was (as the Jew said) merely in sport.

The rich heiress, that Bassanio wished to marry, lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont; her name was Portia, and, in the graces of her person and her mind, she was nothing inferior to that Portia, of whom we read, who was Cato's daughter and the wife of Brutus.

Bassanio being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont

with a splendid train, and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano.

Bassanio proving successful in his suit, Portia, in a short time, consented to accept of him for a husband.

Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry were all that he could boast of ; she, who loved him for his worthy qualities and had riches enough not to regard wealth in a husband, answered, with a graceful modesty, that she would wish herself a thousand times more fair, and ten thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him ; and then, the accomplished Portia prettily dispraised herself, and said she was an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised, yet not so old but that she could learn, and that she would commit her gentle spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things ; and she said, "Myself and what is mine, to you and yours is now converted. *But yesterday*, Bassanio, I was the Lady of this fair mansion, queen of myself, and Mistress over these servants ! *and now* this house, these servants, and myself are yours, my lord ; I give them with this ring,"—presenting a ring to Bassanio.

Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted of a man of his humble fortunes that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady, who so honoured him, by anything but broken words of love and thankfulness and, taking the ring, he vowed never to part with it.

Gratiano and Nerissa—Portia's waiting-maid—were in attendance upon their lord and lady, when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassa-

nio ; and Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time.

“With all my heart, Gratiano,” said Bassanio “if you can get a wife.”

Gratiano then said that he loved the Lady Portia’s fair, waiting gentlewoman, Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife, if her lady married Bassanio.

Portia asked Nerissa if this was true.

Nerissa replied, “Madam, it is so, if you approve of it.”

Portia willingly consenting, Bassanio pleasantly said, “Then our wedding-feast shall be much honoured by your marriage, Gratiano.”

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter, from Antonio, containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio’s letter, Portia feared it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale ; and, inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, he said, “O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper : gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my veins ; but I should have told you that I had less than nothing, being in debt.” Bassanio then told Portia, (what has been here related) (1) of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and (2) of Antonio’s procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and (3) of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day ; and then, Bassanio read Antonio’s letter, the words of which were—“*Sweet Bassanio,*” *my ships are all lost ; my bond to the Jew is forfeit*

ted ; and since, in paying, it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death ; notwithstanding ; use your pleasure : if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

"O my dear Love," said Portia, "dispatch all business and be gone : you shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault ; and, as you are so *dearly* bought, I will *dearly* love you."

Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money ; and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa ; and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try this shocking cause before the Duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

When Portia parted with her husband she spoke cheerfully to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned ; yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio ; and, when she was left alone, she began to think and consider within herself if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend ; and notwithstanding, when she wished to honour her Bassanio, she had said to him, with such a meek and wife-like grace, that she would submit in all things to be governed by his

superior wisdom, yet, being now called forth into action by the peril of her honoured husband's friend, she did nothing doubt her own powers, and, by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go, herself to Venice and speak in Antonio's defence.

Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law : to this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and, stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and that, with his advice, he would also send her the dress worn by a counsellor. When the messenger returned, he brought letters, from Bellario, of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa, in men's apparel, and, putting on the robes of a counsellor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk : and, setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the Duke and the Senators of Venice in the Senate house, when Portia entered this High Court of justice and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned Counsellor wrote to the Duke, saying he would have come himself to plead for Antonio but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young Doctor Balthasar (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the Duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and she saw the merciless Jew ; and she

saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in, gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform; and, first of all, she addressed herself to Shylock, and, allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy* as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's, saying that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath, and how mercy was a double blessing—it blessed him that gave and him that received it; and how it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God Himself, and that earthly power came nearest to God's in proportion as mercy tempered justice; and she bid Shylock remember that, as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy.

Shylock only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond.

“Is he not able to pay the money?” asked Portia.

Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire; which Shylock refusing, and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young Counsellor would endeavour to wrest the law a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading

in his favour, and he said, "A Daniel is come to judgment ! O wise young Judge, how I do honour you ! How much elder are you than your looks !"

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond, and, when she had read it, she said, "This bond is forfeited, and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest Antonio's heart." Then she said to Shylock ; "Be merciful : take the money, and bid me tear the bond."

But no mercy would the cruel Shylock show, and he said, "By my soul, I swear there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me."

"Why, then, Antonio," said Portia, "you must prepare your bosom for the knife," and, while Shylock was sharpening a long knife with great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio, "Have you anything to say ?"

Antonio, with a calm resignation, replied that he had but little to say, for that he had prepared his mind for death. Then he said to Bassanio, "Give me your hand, Bassanio. Fare you well. Grieve not that I am fallen into this misfortune for you. Commend me to your honourable wife, and tell her how I have loved you !"

Bassanio in the deepest affliction replied, "Antonio, I am married to a wife, who is as dear to me as life itself ; but life itself, my wife, and all the world, are not esteemed with me above your life. I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this devil here, to deliver you."

Portia, hearing this, though the kind-hearted lady was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in these

strong terms, yet could not help answering, "Your wife would give you little thanks, if she were present, to hear you make this offer."

And then, Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio's and he said, in Nerissa's hearing, who was writing in her clerk's dress by the side of Portia, "I have a wife, whom I protest I love ; I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this curriish Jew."

"It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house," said Nerissa.

Shylock now cried out impatiently, "We trifle time : I pray, pronounce the sentence."

And now all was awful expectation in the Court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio.

Portia asked if the scales were ready, to weigh the flesh ; and she said to the Jew, "Shylock : you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death." Shylock, whose whole intent was that Antonio *should* bleed to death, said, "It is not so named in the bond." Portia replied, "It is not so named in the bond, but what of that ? It were good you did so much for charity." To this all the answer, Shylock would make, was, "I cannot find it ; it is not in the bond." "Then," said Portia, "a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it and the Court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it, and the Court awards it." Again Shylock exclaimed, "O wise and upright Judge ! A Daniel is come to judgment !" And then he sharpened his long knife again, and, looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, "Come, prepare !" ,

"Tarry a little, Jew," said Portia ; "there is something else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood ; the words expressly are, 'a pound of flesh.' If, in the cutting off the pound of flesh, you shed one drop of Christian blood, your land and goods are by the law to be confiscated to the State of Venice."

Now, as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia's—that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond—saved the life of Antonio : and, all admiring the wonderful sagacity of the young Counsellor, who had so happily thought of the expedient, plaudits resounded from every part of the Senate-house, and Gratiano exclaimed, in the words which Shylock had used, "O wise and upright Judge ! mark, Jew, a Daniel is come to judgment !"

Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said, with a disappointed look, that he would take the money, and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio's unexpected deliverance, cried out, "Here is the money !"

But Portia stopped him, saying, "Softly ; there is no haste ; the Jew shall have nothing but the penalty ; therefore, prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh : but mind you shed no blood ; nor do not cut off more nor less than just a pound : be it more or less than by one poor scruple, nay, if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeited to the Senate."

"Give me my money, and let me go," said Shylock, "I have it ready," said Bassanio ; "here it is."

Shylock was going to take the money when Portia again stopped him, saying, "Tarry, Jew ; I have yet

another hold upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeited to the State for having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies at the mercy of the Duke ; therefore, down on your knees, and ask him to pardon you."

The Duke then said to Shylock, "That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it ; but half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the State."

The generous Antonio then said that he would give up his share of Shylock's wealth, if Shylock would sign a deed, to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband ; for Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter, who had lately been married against his consent to a young Christian, named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio's, which had so offended Shylock that he had disinherited her.

The Jew agreed to this, and, being thus disappointed in his revenge and despoiled of his riches, he said, "I am ill. Let me go home ; send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter."

"Get thee gone, then," said the Duke, "and sign it ; and, if you repent your cruelty and turn Christian, the State will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches."

The Duke now released Antonio and dismissed the court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young Counsellor and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied, "I humbly thank your Grace, but I must away directly." The Duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him, and, turning

to Antonio, he added, "Reward this gentleman, for in my mind, you are much indebted to him.

The Duke and his Senators left the court ; and then Bassanio said to Portia, "Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Antonio have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of the three thousand ducats due unto the Jew."

"And we shall stand indebted to you over and above," said Antonio, "in love and service evermore."

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money ; but, upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept of some reward, she said, "Give me your gloves ; I will wear them for your sake ;" and then, Bassanio taking off his gloves, she espied the ring, which she had given him, upon his finger. Now, it was the ring the wily lady wanted to get from him (to make a merry jest when she saw her Bassanio again) that made her ask him for his gloves ; and she said, when she saw the ring, "And, for your love, I will take this ring from you."

Bassanio was sadly distressed that the Counsellor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with ; and he replied, in great confusion, that he could not give him that ring, because it was his wife's gift, and he had vowed never to part with it ; but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation.

On this Portia affected to be affronted, and left the court, saying, "You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered."

"Dear Bassanio," said Antonio, "let me have the ring ; let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure."

Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia with the ring; and then the clerk Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, she begged his ring, and Gratiano (not chosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord) gave it to her. And there was laughing among these ladies, to think, when they got home, how they could tax their husbands with giving away their rings and swear that they had given them 'as a present to some woman.

Portia when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action; her cheerful spirits enjoyed everything she saw. The moon never seemed to shine so bright before; and, when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light, which she saw from her house at Belmont, as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa "That light we see is burning in my hall. How far that little candle throws its beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world." And, hearing the sound of music from her house, she said, "Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day."

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and, dressing themselves in their own apparel, they awaited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them with Antonio; and, Bassanio presenting his dear friend to the Lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings of that lady were hardly over, when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarrelling in a corner of the room.

"A quarrel already"; said Portia. "What is the matter?"

Gratiano replied, "Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's knife: "*Love me, and leave me not.*"

“What does the poetry or the value of the ring signify” said Nerissa. “You swore to me, when I gave it to you, that you would keep it until the hour of death ; and now you say you gave it to the lawyer’s clerk. I know you gave it to a woman.”

“By this hand,” replied Gratiano, “I gave it to a youth, a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy no higher than yourself ; he was clerk to the young Counsellor, that by his wise pleading saved Antonio’s life. This praiting boy begged it for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him.”

Portia said, “You were to blame, Gratiano, to part with your wife’s first gift. I gave my Lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure he would not part with it for all the world.”

Gratiano, in excuse for his fault, now said, “My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the Counsellor, and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, he begged my ring.”

Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring ; and she said, Nerissa had taught her what to believe and that she knew some woman had the ring.

Bassanio was very unhappy to have offended his dear lady, and he said, with earnestness, “No, by my honour, no woman had it, but a civil Doctor, who refused three thousand ducats of me, and begged the ring, which, when I denied him, he went displeased away. What could I do, sweet Portia ? I was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude that I was forced to send the ring after him. Pardon me, good lady ; had you been there, I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.”

"Ah !" said Antonio, "I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels."

Portia bid Antonio not to grieve at that, for that he was welcome notwithstanding ; and then Antonio said, "I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake ; and but for him to whom your husband gave the ring, I should have now been dead. I dare be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit, your lord will never more break his faith with you."

"Then you shall be his surety," said Portia ; "give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the other."

When Bassanio looked at this ring, he was strangely surprised to find it was the same that he gave away ; and then Portia told him, how she was the young Counsellor, and Nerissa was her clerk ; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

And then Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters, (which, by some chance, had fallen into her hands) which contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbour. So the tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued ; and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands that did not know their own wives ; Gratiano merrily swearing, in a sort of rhyming speech, that

"While he lived, he'd fear no other thing

So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring."



LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEMPEST.

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock : it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study ; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic ; a study at that time much affected by all learned men : and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him ; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban Prospero found in the

woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape ; he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak ; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful : therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices ; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire ; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild seawaves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her, was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See ! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls ! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter, Miranda," said Prospero ; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell ? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what ?" asked Prospero ; "by any other house or person ? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me ?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind ? Do you remember how you came here ?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything ; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom ;

this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us as he thought to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm."

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the king of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and fell fast asleep: for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company; and, though the spirits were always

invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terror of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea, and his father thought he saw this dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost.

"But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded sadly, lamenting the loss of the king his father whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince.

Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I eft them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed: but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling,"

"How now," said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgotten the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak: tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"Oh, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what farther he would have him do, and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture."

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

"Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong-bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were seated under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard expected nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give an account of herself when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island

as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water : shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns, shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword : but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle ? Have pity, sir ; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said her father, "one word more will make me chide you, girl ! What ! an advocate for an impostor ! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy ; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince, "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand ; and not knowing it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find he was so strangely compelled to follow Prospero ; looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream ; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell : he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe

task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. King's sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas !" said she, "do not work so hard ; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours : pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help, Miranda became a hinderance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told him, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any

more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not ; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish ; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah ! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he ; "I have overheard and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but my trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together, till he returned ; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples.

Ariel said, he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea ; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero : and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero : "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them ? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life ; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness ; and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother : and Prospero forgave them ; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too ;" and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand, playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder !" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are ! it must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid ?" said he ; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine ; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now : of him I have received new life : he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king : "but oh ! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero : "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness ; and said that a wise, overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak ; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the mean time," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords ; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order ; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit, who though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him

free, "I shall miss you ; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel ; but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit ; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live !" Here Ariel sung this pretty song :

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie :
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter Miranda and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples, at which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they after a pleasant voyage soon arrived.





LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, becoming a widow by the sudden death of king Hamlet, in less than two months after his death married his brother Claudius, which was noted by all people at the time for a strange act of indiscretion, or unfeelingness, or worse : for this Claudius did noways resemble her late husband in the qualities of his person or his mind, but was as contemptible in outward appearance, as he was base and unworthy in disposition ; and suspicions did not fail to arise in the minds of some, that he had privately made away with his brother, the late king, with the view of marrying his widow, and ascending the throne of Denmark, to the exclusion of young Hamlet, the son of the buried king, and lawful successor to the throne.

But upon no one did this unadvised action of the queen make such impression as upon this young prince, who loved and venerated the memory of his dead father almost to idolatry, and being of a nice sense of honour, and a most exquisite practiser of propriety himself, did sorely take to heart this unworthy conduct of his mother Gertrude : inso-much that, between grief for his father's death and shame for his mother's marriage, this young prince was overclouded with a deep melancholy, and lost all his mirth and all his good looks ; all his customary pleasure in books forsook him, his princely exercises and sports, proper to his youth, were no longer acceptable ; he grew weary of the world,

which seemed to him an unwedded garden, where all the wholesome flowers were choked up, and nothing but weeds could thrive. Not that the prospect of exclusion from the throne, his lawful inheritance, weighed so much upon his spirits, though that to a young and high-minded prince was a bitter wound and a sore indignity ; but what so galled him, and took away all his cheerful spirits, was, that his mother had shown herself so forgetful to his father's memory : and such a father ! who had been to her so loving and gentle a husband and then she always appeared as loving and obedient a wife to him, and would hang upon him as if her affection grew to him : and now within two months, or, as it seemed to young Hamlet, less than two months, she had married again, married his uncle, her dead husband's brother, in itself a highly improper and unlawful marriage, from the nearness of relationship, but made much more so by the indecent haste with which it was concluded, and the unkingly character of the man whom she had chosen to be the partner of her throne and bed. This it was, which, more than the loss of ten kingdoms, dashed the spirits, and brought a cloud over the mind of this honourable young prince.

In vain was all that his mother Gertrude or the king could do or contrive to divert him ; he still appeared in court in a suit of deep black, as mourning for the king his father's death, which mode of dress he had never laid aside not even in compliment to his mother upon the day she was married, nor could he be brought to join in any of the festivities or rejoicings of that (as appeared to him) disgraceful day.

What mostly troubled him was an uncertainty about the manner of his father's death. It was given out by

Claudius, that a serpent had stung him : but young Hamlet had shrewd suspicions that Claudius himself was the serpent ; in plain English, that he had murdered him for his crown, and that the serpent who stung his father did now sit on his throne.

How far he was right in this conjecture, and what he ought to think of his mother,—how far she was privy to this murder, and whether by her consent or knowledge, or without, it came to pass,—were the doubts which continually harassed and distracted him.

A rumour had reached the ear of young Hamlet, that an apparition exactly resembling the dead king his father, had been seen by the soldiers upon watch, on the platform before the palace at midnight, for two or three nights successively. The figure came constantly clad in the same suit of armour, from head to foot, which the dead king was known to have worn : and they who saw it (Hamlet's bosom-friend Horatio was one) agreed in their testimony as to the manner and time of its appearance : that it came just as the clock struck twelve ; that it looked pale, with a face more of sorrow than of anger ; that its beard was grisly, and the colour a *sable silvered*, as they had seen it in his lifetime ; that it made no answer when they spoke to it, yet once they thought it lifted up its head, and addressed itself to motion as if it were about to speak ; but in that moment the morning cock crew, and it shrunk in haste away, and vanished out of their sight.

The young prince, strangely amazed at their relation, which was too consistent and agreeing with itself to disbelieve, concluded that it was his father's ghost which they had been, and determined to take his watch with the soldiers that night, that he might have a chance of seeing

it : for he reasoned with himself, that such an appearance did not come for nothing, but that ghost had something to impart, and though it had been silent hitherto, yet it would speak to him. And he waited with impatience for the coming of night.

When night came he took his stand with Horatio and Marcellus, one of the guard, upon the platform, where this apparition was accustomed to walk : and it being a cold night, and the air unusually raw and nipping, Hamlet and Horatio and their companion fell into some talk about the coldness of the night which was suddenly broken off by Horatio announcing that the ghost was coming.

At the sight of his father's spirit, Hamlet was struck with a sudden surprise and fear. He at first called upon the angels and heavenly ministers to defend them, for he knew not whether it were a good spirit or bad : whether it came for good or for evil : but he gradually assumed more courage : and his father (as it seemed to him) looked upon him so piteously, and as it were desiring to have conversation with him, and did in all respects appear so like himself as he was when he lived, that Hamlet could not help addressing him : he called him by his name Hamlet, King, Father ! and conjured him that he would tell the reason why he had left his grave, where they had seen him quietly bestowed, to come again and visit the earth and the moonlight : and besought him, that he would let them if there was anything which they could do to give peace to his spirit. And the ghost beckoned to Hamlet, that he should go with him to some more removed place, where they might be alone : and Horatio and Marcellus would have dissuaded the young prince from following it, for they feared lest it should be some

evil spirit, who would tempt him to the neighbouring sea, or to the top of some dreadful cliff, and there put on some horrible shape which might deprive the prince of his reason. But their counsels and entreaties could not alter Hamlet's determination, who cared too little about life to fear the losing of it ; and as to his soul, he said, what could the spirit do to that, being a thing immortal as itself ? And he felt as hardy as a lion ; and bursting from them, who did all they could to hold him, he followed whithersoever the spirit led him.

And when they were alone together, the spirit broke silence, and told him that he was the ghost of Hamlet, his father, who had been cruelly murdered, and he told the manner of it ; that it was done by his own brother Claudius, Hamlet's uncle, as Hamlet had already but too much suspected, for the hope of succeeding to his bed and crown. That as he was sleeping in his garden, his custom always in the afternoon, this treasonous brother stole upon him in his sleep, and poured the juice of poisonous henbane into his ears, which has such an antipathy to the life of man, that swift as quicksilver it courses through all the veins of the body, baking up the blood, and spreading a crust-like leprosy all over the skin : thus sleeping, by a brother's hand he was cut off at once, from his crown, his queen, and his life : and he adjured Hamlet, if he did ever love his dear father, that he would revenge his foul murder. And the ghost lamented to his son, that his mother should so fall off from virtue, as to prove false, to the wedded love of her first husband, and to marry his murderer : but he cautioned Hamlet, howsoever he proceeded in his revenge against his wicked uncle, by no means to act any violence against the person of his mother.

but to leave her to Heaven, and to the stings and thorns of conscience. And Hamlet promised to observe the ghost's direction in all things, and the ghost vanished.

And when Hamlet was left alone, he took up a solemn resolution, that all he had in his memory, all that he had ever learned by books or observation, should be instantly forgotten by him, and nothing live in his brain but the memory of what the ghost had told him, and enjoined him to do. And Hamlet related the particulars of the conversation which had passed to none but his dear friend Horatio ; and he enjoined both to him and Marcellus the strictest secrecy as to what they had seen that night.

The terror which the sight of the ghost had left upon the senses of Hamlet, he being weak and dispirited before, almost unhinged his mind, and drove him beside his reason. And he, fearing that it would continue to have this effect, which might subject him to observation, and set his uncle upon his guard, if he suspected that he was meditating anything against him, or that Hamlet really knew more of his father's death than he professed, took up a strange resolution, from that time to counterfeit as if he were really and truly mad ; thinking that he would be less an object of suspicion when his uncle should believe him incapable of any serious project, and that his real perturbation of mind would be best covered and pass concealed under a disguise of pretended lunacy.

From this time Hamlet affected a certain wildness and strangeness in his apparel, his speech, and behaviour, and did so excellently counterfeit the madman, that the king and queen were both deceived, and not thinking his grief for his father's death a sufficient cause to produce such a distemper, for they knew not of the appearance of the

ghost, they concluded that his malady was love, and they thought they had found out the object.

Before Hamlet fell into the melancholy way which has been related, he had dearly loved a fair maid called Ophelia, the daughter of Polonius, the king's chief councillor in affairs of state. He had sent her letters and rings, and made many tenders of his affection to her, and importuned her with love in honourable fashion : and she had given belief to his vows and importunities. But the melancholy which he fell into latterly had made him neglect her, and from the time he conceived the project of counterfeiting madness, he affected to treat her with unkindness, and a sort of rudeness ; but she, good lady, rather than reproach him with being false to her, persuaded herself that it was nothing but the disease in his mind and no settled unkindness, which had made him less observant of her than formerly, and she compared the faculties of his once noble mind and excellent understanding, impaired as they were with the deep melancholy that oppressed him, to sweet bells which in themselves are capable of most excellent music, but when jangled out of tune, or rudely handled, produce only a harsh and displeasing sound.

Though the rough business which Hamlet had in hand, the revenging of his father's death upon his murderer, did not suit with the playful state of courtship, or admit of the society of so idle a passion as love now seemed to him, yet it could not hinder but that soft thoughts of his Ophelia would come between ; and in one of these moments, when he thought that his treatment of this gentle lady had been unreasonably harsh, he wrote her a letter full of wild starts of passion, and extravagant terms such

as agreed with his supposed madness, but mixed with some gentle touches of affection, which could not but show to this honoured lady, that a deep love for her yet lay at the bottom of his heart. He bade her to doubt the stars were fire, and to doubt that the sun did move, to doubt truth to be a liar, but never to doubt that he loved ; with more of such extravagant phrases. This letter Ophelia dutifully showed to her father, and the old man thought himself bound to communicate it to the king and queen, who from that time supposed that the true cause of Hamlet's madness was love. And the queen wished that the good beauties of Ophelia might be the happy cause of his wildness, for so she hoped that her virtues might happily restore him to his accustomed way again, to both their honours.

But Hamlet's malady lay deeper than she supposed, or than could be so cured. His father's ghost, which he had seen, still haunted his imagination, and the sacred injunction to revenge his murder gave him no rest till it was accomplished. Every hour of delay seemed to him a sin, and a violation of his father's commands. Yet how to compass the death of the king, surrounded as he constantly was with his guards, was no easy matter. Or if it had been, the presence of the queen, Hamlet's mother, who was generally with the king, was a restraint upon his purpose, which he could not break through. Besides, the very circumstance that the usurper was his mother's husband, filled him with some remorse, and still blunted the edge of his purpose. The mere act of putting a fellow-creature to death was in itself odious and terrible to a disposition naturally so gentle as Hamlet's was. His very melancholy, and the dejection of spirits he had so long been in, produced an irresoluteness

and wavering of purpose, which kept him from proceeding to extremities. Moreover, he could not help having some scruples upon his mind, whether the spirit which he had seen was indeed his father, or whether it might not be the devil, who he had heard has power to take any form he pleases, and who might have assumed his father's shape only to take advantage of his weakness and his melancholy, to drive him to the doing of so desperate an act as murder. And he determined that he would have more certain grounds to go upon than a vision, or apparition, which might be a delusion.

While he was in this irresolute mind, there came to the court certain players, in whom Hamlet formerly used to take delight, and particularly to hear one of them speak a tragical speech, describing the death of old Priam, king of Troy, with the grief of Hecuba, his queen. Hamlet welcomed his old friends, the players, and remembering how that speech had formerly given him pleasure, requested the player to repeat it; which he did in so lively a manner, setting forth the cruel murder of the feeble old king, with the destruction of his people and city by fire, and the mad grief of the old queen, running barefoot up and down the palace, with a poor clout upon that head where a crown had been, and with nothing but a blanket upon her loins, snatched up in haste, where she had worn a royal robe: that not only it drew tears from all that stood by, who thought they saw the real scene, so lively was it represented, but even the player himself delivered it with a broken voice and real tears. This put Hamlet upon thinking, if that player could so work himself up to passion by a mere fictitious speech, to weep for one that he had never seen, for Hecuba, that had been dead so many hundred years,

how dull was he, who having a real motive and cue for passion, a real king and a dear father murdered, was yet so little moved, that his revenge all this while had seemed to have slept in dull and muddy forgetfulness ! And while he meditated on actors and acting, and the powerful effects which a good play, represented to the life, has upon the spectator, he remembered the instance of some murderer, who seeing a murder on the stage, was by the mere force of the scene and resemblance of circumstances so affected, that on the spot he confessed the crime which he had committed. And he determined that these players should play something like the murder of his father before his uncle, and he would watch narrowly what effect it might have upon him, and from his looks he would be able to gather with more certainty if he were the murderer or not. To this effect he ordered a play to be prepared, to the representation of which he invited the king and queen.

The story of the play was of a murder done in Vienna upon a duke. The duke's name was Gonzago, his wife Baptista. The play showed how one Lucianus, a near relation to the duke, poisoned him in his garden for his estate, and how the murderer in a short time after got the love of Gonzago's wife.

At the representation of this play, the king, who did not know the trap which was laid for him, was present, with his queen and the whole court ; Hamlet sitting attentively near him to observe his looks. The play began with a conversation between Gonzago and his wife, in which the lady made many protestations of love, and of never marrying a second husband, if she should outlive Ganzago ; wishing she might be accursed if ever she took a second husband, and adding that no woman ever did so but those

wicked women who kill their first husbands. Hamlet observed the king, his uncle, change colour at this expression, and that it was as bad as wormwood both to him and to the queen. But when Lucianus, according to the story, came to poison Gonzago sleeping in the garden, the strong resemblance which it bore to his own wicked act upon the late king, his brother, whom he had poisoned in his garden, so struck upon the conscience of this usurper, that he was unable to sit out the rest of the play, but on a sudden calling for lights to his chamber, and affecting or partly feeling a sudden sickness, he abruptly left the theatre. The king having departed, the play was given over. Now Hamlet had seen enough to feel satisfied that the words of the ghost were true, and no illusion ; and in a fit of gaiety, like that which comes over a man who suddenly has some great doubt or scruple resolved, he swore to Horatio, that he would take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds. But before he could make up his resolution as to what measures of revenge he should take, now he was certainly informed that his uncle was his father's murderer, he was sent for by the queen, his mother, to a private conference in her closet.

It was by desire of the king that the queen sent for Hamlet, that she might signify to her son how much his late behaviour had displeased them both ; and the king, wishing to know all that passed at that conference, and thinking that the too partial report of a mother might let slip some part of Hamlet's words, which it might much import the king to know, Polonius, the old councillor of state, was ordered to plant himself behind the hangings in the queen's closet, where he might unseen hear all that passed. This artifice was particularly adapted to the dis-

position of Polonius, who was a man grown old in crooked maxims and policies of state, and delighted to get at the knowledge of matters in an indirect and cunning way.

Hamlet being come to his mother, she began to tax him in the roundest way with his actions and behaviour, and she told him that he had given great offence to *his father*, meaning the king, his uncle, whom, because he had married her, she called Hamlet's father. Hamlet, sorely indignant that she should give so dear and honoured a name as father seemed to him, to a wretch who was indeed no better than the murderer of his true father, with some sharpness replied, "Mother, *you* have much offended *my father*." The queen said that was but an idle answer. "As good as the question deserved," said Hamlet. The queen asked him if he had forgotten who it was he was speaking to? "Alas!" replied Hamlet, "I wish I could forget. You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife; and you are my mother; I wish you were not what you are." "Nay, then" said the queen, "if you show me so little respect, I will send those to you that can speak," and was going to send the king or Polonius to him. But Hamlet would not let her go, now he had her alone, till he had tried if his words could not bring her to some sense of her wicked life; and, taking her by the wrist, he held her fast, and made her sit down. She, affrighted at his earnest manner, and fearful lest in his lunacy he should do her a mischief cried out: and a voice was heard from behind the hangings, "Help, help the queen!" which Hamlet hearing, and verily thinking it was the king himself there concealed, he drew his sword, and stabbed at the place where the voice came from, as he would have stabbed a rat that run there, till the voice ceasing, he concluded the person to be dead. But when he

dragged forth the body, it was not the king, but Polonius: the old officious councillor, that had planted himself as a spy behind the hangings. "O me!" exclaimed the queen, "what a rash and bloody deed you have done!" "A bloody deed, mother," replied Hamlet, "but not so bad as yours, who killed a king, and married his brother." Hamlet had gone too far to leave off here. He was now in the humour to speak plainly to his mother, and he pursued it. And though the faults of parents are to be tenderly treated by their children, yet in the case of great crimes the son may have leave to speak even to his own mother with some harshness, so as that harshness is meant for her good, and to turn her from her wicked ways, and not done for the purpose of upbraiding. And now this virtuous prince did in moving terms represent to the queen the heinousness of her offence, in being so forgetful of the dead king, his father, as in so short a space of time to marry with his brother and reputed murderer: such an act as, after the vows which she had sworn to her first husband, was enough to make all vows of women suspected, and all virtue to be accounted hypocrisy, wedding contracts to be less than gamesters' oaths, and religion to be a mockery and a mere form of words. He said she had done such a deed, that the heavens blushed at it, and the earth was sick of her because of it. And he showed her two pictures, the one of the late king, her first husband, and the other of the present king, her second husband, and he bade her mark the difference: what a grace was on the brow of his father, how like a god he looked! the curls of Apollo, the forehead of Jupiter, the eye of Mars, and a posture like to Mercury newly alighted on some heaven-kissing hill: this man *had been* her husband. And then he showed her

whom she had got in his stead : how like a blight or a mildew he looked, for so he had blasted his wholesome brother. And the queen was sore ashamed that he should so turn her eyes inward upon her soul, which she now saw so black and deformed. And he asked her how she could continue to live with this man, and be a wife to him, who had murdered her first husband, and got the crown by as false means as a thief— And just as he spoke, the ghost of his father, such as he was in his lifetime, and such as he had lately seen it, entered the room, and Hamlet, in great terror, asked what it would have ; and the ghost said that it came to remind him of the revenge he had promised, which Hamlet seemed to have forgot : and the ghost bade him speak to his mother, for the grief and terror she was in would else kill her. It then vanished, and was seen by none but Hamlet, neither could he by pointing to where it stood, or by any description, make his mother perceive it, who was terribly frightened all this while to hear him conversing, as it seemed to her, with nothing : and she imputed it to the disorder of his mind. But Hamlet begged her not to flatter her wicked soul in such a manner as to think that it was his madness, and not her own offences which had brought his father's spirit again on the earth. And he bade her feel his pulse, how temperately it beat, not like a madman's. And he begged of her with tears, to confess herself to Heaven for what was passed, and for the future to avoid the company of the king, and be no more as a wife to him : and when she should show herself a mother to him, by respecting his father's memory, he would ask a blessing of her as a son. And she promising to observe his directions, the conference ended.

And now Hamlet was at leisure to consider who it was that in his unfortunate rashness he had killed : and when he came to see that it was Polonius, the father of the lady Ophelia, whom he so dearly loved, he drew apart the dead body, and, his spirits being a little quieter, he wept for what he had done.

This unfortunate death of Polonius gave the king a pretence for sending Hamlet out of the kingdom. He would willingly have put him to death, fearing him as dangerous ; but he dreaded the people, who loved Hamlet ; and the queen, who, with all her faults, doted upon the prince, her son. So this subtle king, under pretence of providing for Hamlet's safety, that he might not be called to account for Polonius's death, caused him to be conveyed on board a ship bound for England, under the care of two courtiers, by whom he despatched letters to the English court, which at that time was in subjection and paid tribute to Denmark, requiring, for special reasons there pretended, that Hamlet should be put to death as soon as he landed on English ground. Hamlet, suspecting some treachery, in the night time secretly got at the letters, and skilfully erasing his own name, he in the stead of it put in the names of those two courtiers, who had the charge of him to be put to death : then sealing up the letters, he put them into their place again. Soon after the ship was attacked by pirates, and a sea-fight commenced ; in the course of which Hamlet, desirous to show his valour, with sword in hand singly boarded the enemy's vessel ; while his own ship, in a cowardly manner, bore away, and leaving him to his fate, the two courtiers made the best of their way to England, charged with those letters the sense of which Hamlet had altered to their own deserved destruction.

The pirates, who had the prince in their power, showed themselves gentle enemies ; and knowing whom they had got prisoner, in the hope that the prince might do them a good turn at court in recompense for any favour they might show him, they set Hamlet on shore at the nearest port in Denmark. From that place Hamlet wrote to the king, acquainting him with the strange chance which had brought him back to his own country, and saying that on the next day he should present himself before his Majesty. When he got home a sad spectacle offered itself the first thing to his eyes.

This was the funeral of the young and beautiful Ophelia, his once dear mistress. The wits of this young lady had begun to turn ever since her poor father's death. That he should die a violent death, and by the hands of the prince whom she loved, so affected this tender young maid that in a little time she grew perfectly distracted, and would go about giving flowers away to the ladies of the court, and saying that they were for her father's burial, singing songs about love and about death, and sometimes such as had no meaning at all, as if she had no memory of what happened to her. There was a willow which grew slanting over a brook, and reflected its leaves in the stream. To this brook she came one day when she was unwatched, with garlands she had been making, mixed up of daisies and nettles, flowers and weeds together, and clambering up to hang her garland upon the boughs of the willow, a bough broke and precipitated this fair young maid, garland, and all that she had gathered, into the water, where her clothes bore her up for a while, during which she chanted scraps of old tunes, like one insensible to her own distress, or as if she were a creature natural to

that element : but long it was not, before her garments, heavy with the wet, pulled her in from her melodious singing to a muddy and miserable death. It was the funeral of this fair maid which her brother Laertes was celebrating, the king and queen and whole court being present, when Hamlet arrived. He knew not what all this show imported, but stood on one side, not inclining to interrupt the ceremony. He saw the flowers strewed upon her grave, as the custom was in maiden burials, which the queen herself threw in ; and as she threw them, she said, "Sweets to the sweet ! I thought to have decked thy bride bed, sweet maid, not to have strewed thy grave. Thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife." And he heard her brother wish that violets might spring from her grave : and he saw him leap into the grave all frantic with grief, and bid the attendants pile mountains of earth upon him, that he might be buried with her. And Hamlet's love for this fair maid came back to him, and he could not bear that a brother should show so much transport of grief, for he thought that he loved Ophelia better than forty thousand brothers. Then discovering himself, he leaped into the grave where Laertes was, all as frantic or more frantic than he, and Laertes knowing him to be Hamlet, who had been the cause of his father's and his sister's death, grappled him by the throat as an enemy, till the attendants parted them : and Hamlet, after the funeral, excused his hasty act in throwing himself into the grave as if to brave Laertes ; but he said he could not bear that any one should seem to outgo him in grief for the death of the fair Ophelia. And for the time these two noble youths seemed reconciled.

But out of the grief and anger of Laertes for the death of his father and Ophelia, the king, Hamlet's wicked uncle, contrived destruction for Hamlet. He set on Laertes under cover of peace and reconciliation, to challenge Hamlet to a friendly trial of skill at fencing, which Hamlet accepting, a day was appointed to try the match. At this match all the court was present, and Laertes, by direction of the king prepared a poisoned weapon. Upon this match great wagers were laid by the courtiers, as both Hamlet and Laertes were known to excel at this sword-play ; and Hamlet taking up the foils chose one, not at all suspecting the treachery of Laertes, or being careful to examine Laertes' weapon, who, instead of a foil or blunted sword, which the laws of fencing require, made use of one with a point, and poisoned. At first Laertes did but play with Hamlet, and suffered him to gain some advantages, which the dissembling king magnified and extolled beyond measure, drinking to Hamlet's success, and wagering rich bets upon the issue : but after a few passes, Laertes, growing warm, made a deadly thrust at Hamlet with his poisoned weapon, and gave him a mortal blow. Hamlet, incensed, but not knowing the whole of the treachery, in the scuffle exchanged his own innocent weapon for Laertes' deadly one, and with a thrust of Laertes' own sword repaid Laertes home, who was thus justly caught in his own treachery. In this instant the queen shrieked out that she was poisoned. She had inadvertently drunk out of a bowl which the king had prepared for Hamlet, in case that being warm in fencing he should call for drink : into this the treacherous king had infused a deadly poison, to make sure of Hamlet, if Laertes had failed. He had forgotten to warn the queen of the bowl, which she drank

of, and immediately died, exclaiming with her last breath that she was poisoned. Hamlet, suspecting some treachery, ordered the doors to be shut, while he sought it out. Laertes told him to seek no further, for he was the traitor ; and feeling his life go away with the wound which Hamlet had given him, he made confession of the treachery he had used, and how he had fallen a victim to it : and he told Hamlet of the envenomed point, and that Hamlet, had not half an hour to live, for no medicine could cure him ; and begging forgiveness of Hamlet, he died, with his last words accusing the king of being the contriver of the mischief. When Hamlet saw his end draw near, there being yet some venom left upon the sword, he suddenly turned upon his false uncle, and thrust the point of it to his heart, fulfilling the promise which he had made to his father's spirit, whose injunction was now accomplished and his foul murder revenged upon the murderer. Then Hamlet, feeling his breath fail and life departing, turned to his dear friend Horatio, who had been spectator of this fatal tragedy ; and with his dying breath requested him that he would live to tell his story to the world (for Horatio had made a motion as if he would slay himself to accompany the prince in death) ; and Horatio promised that he would make a true report, as one that was privy to all the circumstances. And, thus satisfied, the noble heart of Hamlet cracked : and Horatio and the bystanders with many tears commended the spirit of their sweet prince to the guardianship of angels. For Hamlet was a loving and a gentle prince, and greatly beloved for his many noble and princelike qualities ; and if he had lived, would no doubt have proved a most royal and complete king to Denmark.



THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD.

[*An Extract from "The Vicar of Wakefield."*]

I was ever of opinion that the honest man, who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarcely taken orders a year before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife, as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping, though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusement; in visiting our rich neighbours, and

relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo ; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us, to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation ; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by their claims of kindred ; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that, as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table : so that, if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us ; for this remark will hold good through life, that, the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated ; and, as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip or the wings of a butter-fly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any of our relations was found to be a person of a very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, at the time of his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding that he never came back to return them. By this means the house was cleared of such as we did not like, but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependent out of doors.

Thus we lived several years' in a state of much happiness ; not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by schoolboys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well-formed and healthy ; my sons, hardy and active ; my daughters, beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the support of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry the Second's progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children and presented them to his Sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In like manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel ; but my wife, who had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name ; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand god-mother, the girl was by her directions called Sophia ;

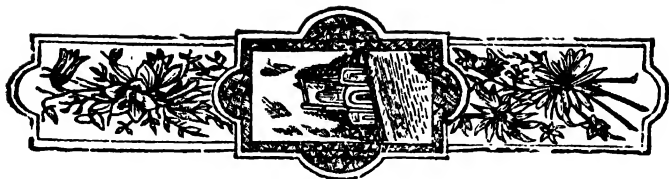
so that we had two romantic names in the family ; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and, after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me ; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitor would say, "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country."—"Ay, neighbour," she would answer, "they are as Heaven made them—handsome enough, if they be good enough ; for handsome is that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads ; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me that I should scarcely have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriance of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe—open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution, for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successively repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features ; at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia was often affected, from too great a desire to please ; Sophia even repressed excellence from her fear to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay ; the other, with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange

characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude, and a new set of ribands has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son, George, was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all ; and, properly speaking, they had but one character—that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.





RIP VAN WINKLE.

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky ; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where

the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace !), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man ; he was, moreover, a kind neighbour, and an obedient hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity ; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation ; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing ; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity, and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to any body's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm : it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country ; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces ; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages ; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else ; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do ; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment ; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had

but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a side-long glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a

long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions, that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary ; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junta were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree, so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent and angry puffs ; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds ; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly

break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and called the members all to naught ; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair ; and his only alternative, to escape from the labour of the farm and clamour of his wife, was to take a gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it ; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee !" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands,

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a loud growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a stranger figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin, strapped round the waist—several

pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving each other they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, towards which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence, for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages,

too, were peculiar : one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes ; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance ; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlour of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene, but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling ; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another ; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely" thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh that flagon ! that wicked flagon !" thought Rip—"What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle !"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of that clean well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain ; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip: "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it—leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done?—the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and his gun; he dreaded to meet his wife;

but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same—when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me !"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe ; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of

a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear. "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed,

and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas ! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place and a loyal subject of the king ; God bless him ?"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—"A tory ! a tory ! a spy ! a refugee ! hustle him ! away with him !" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order ; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking ? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

" Well—who are they ?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired. " Where's Nicholas Vedder ?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin piping voice, " Nicholas Vedder ! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years ! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

" Where's Brom Dutcher ?"

" Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war ; some say he was killed in the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stony Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in

the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool ; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him ; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask ; but he put it with a faltering voice :

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since ; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father !" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now !—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough ! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself !

Welcome home again, old neighbour—Why, where have you been these twenty long years ?”

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it ; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks : and the self important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Halfmoon ; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain ; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her ; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for her husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm ; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits ; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old time "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician ; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him ; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end ; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and

could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes ; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which, was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pines and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon. }





THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE
LATE DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

IN the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural port, which by some is called Greenburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a

quail or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighbouring country. A drowsy dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighbourhood abounds with local tales, haunted

spots, and twilight superstitions ; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the night-mare, with her whole nine-fold seems to make it the favourite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horse-back without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war ; and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper, having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head ; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows ; and the spectre is known at all the country firesides by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

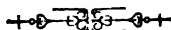
It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who

resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud ; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great state of New York, that population, manners and customs remain fixed : while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream ; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbour, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.



MACAULAY'S ESSAYS.



THE DEFENCE OF ARCOT.

CLIVE was now twenty-five years old. After hesitating for some time between a military and a commercial life, he had at length been placed in a post which partook of both characters, that of commissary to the troops, with the rank of captain. The present emergency called forth all his powers. He represented to his superiors that unless some vigorous effort were made, Trichinopoly would fall, the house of Anaverdy Khan would perish, and the French would become the real masters of the whole peninsula of India. It was absolutely necessary to strike some daring blow. If an attack were made on Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and the favourite residence of the Nababs, it was not impossible that the siege of Trichinopoly would be raised. The heads of the English settlements, now thoroughly alarmed by the success of Dupleix, and apprehensive that, in the event of a new war between France and Great Britain, Madras would be instantly taken and destroyed, approved of Clive's plan, and intrusted the execution of it to himself. The young captain

was put at the head of two hundred English soldiers, and three hundred sepoy's armed and disciplined after the European fashion, Of the eight officers who commanded this little force under him, only two had ever been in action, and four of the eight were factors of the company, whom Clive's example had induced to offer their services. The weather was stormy ; but Clive pushed on, through thunder, lightning, and rain, to the gates of Arcot. The garrison, in a panic, evacuated the fort, and the English entered it without a blow.

But Clive well knew that he should not be suffered to retain undisturbed possession of his conquest. He instantly began to collect provisions, to throw up works, and to make preparations for sustaining a siege. The garrison, which had fled at his approach, had now recovered from its dismay, and, having been swollen by large reinforcements from the neighbourhood to a force of three thousand men, encamped close to the town. At dead of night, Clive marched out of the fort, attacked the camp by surprise, slew great numbers, dispersed the rest, and returned to his quarters without having lost a single man.

The intelligence of these events was soon carried to Chund Sahib, who, with his French allies, was besieging Trichinopoly. He immediately detached four thousand men from his camp, and sent them to Arcot. They were speedily joined by the remains of the force which Clive had lately scattered. They were further strengthened by two thousand men from Vellore, and by a still more important reinforcement of a hundred and fifty French soldiers whom Dupleix despatched from Pondicherry. The whole of this army, amounting to about ten thousand

men, was under the command of Rajah Sahib, son of Chund Sahib.

Rajah Sahib proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred sepoy. Only four officers were left ; the stock of provisions was scanty ; and the commander, who had to conduct the defence under circumstances so discouraging, was a young man of five and twenty, who had been bred a book-keeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defence, with a firmness, vigilance, and ability, which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination ; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, colour, language, manners, and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed any thing that is related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoy came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching in-

stance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.

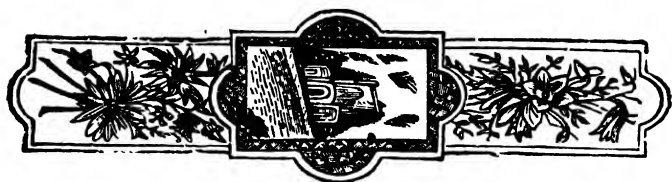
An attempt made by the government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Maharattas, half-soldiers, half-robbers, under the command of a chief named Murari Row, had been hired to assist Mahamed Ali; but thinking the French power irresistible, and the triumph of Chund Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defence of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Murari Row declared that he had never before believed the Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves. Rajah Sahib learned that the Maharattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed, that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort, and put every man in it to the sword. Clive told him in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was a usurper, that his army was a rabble and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was the great Mahamedan festival which is sacred to the memory of Hosein, the son of Ali. They believe that whoever, during this festival, falls in arms against the infidels, atones by his death for all the sins of his life, and passes at once to the garden of the Houries. It was at this time that Raja Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating

drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers, drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with bang, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and, exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket-balls than they turned round, and rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude which had urged them forward. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry, the assailants mounted with great boldness; but they were received with a fire so heavy and so well-directed, that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front rank supplied with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets, the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But when day broke, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition.



MATRICULATION PROSE READINGS.

PART III.

ADDISON'S SPECTATOR.

TEMPERANCE.

THERE is a story in the Arabian Nights Tales of a king who had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpose. At length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method : he took a hollow ball of wood, and filled it with several drugs ; after which he closed it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a mallet, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, he enclosed in them several drugs after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these rightly prepared instruments, till such time as he should sweat ; when, as the story goes, the virtue of the medicaments perspiring through the wood had so good an influence on the Sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition which all the composition he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eastern allegory is finely contrived to show us how beneficial bodily labour is to

health, and that exercise is the most effectual physic. I have described in my hundred and fifteenth paper, from the general structure and mechanism of a human body, how absolutely necessary exercise is for its preservation. I shall in this place recommend another great preservative of health, which in many cases produces the same effects as exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its place where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The preservative I am speaking of is temperance, which has these particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expense of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them ; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them ; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour ; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Physic for the most part is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health ; but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there could be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chase ; and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, bleeding, are seldom of

use but to the idle and intemperate ; as all those inward applications which are so much in practice among us, are of the most part nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. • The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the winter. It is said of Diogenes, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up the street and carried him to his own friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had not he prevented him. What would that philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal ? Would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour a fowl, fish and flesh ; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices ; throw down salads of twenty different herbs, sauces of a hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours ? What unnatural motions and counter-ferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body ? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gout and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way ; not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mush-room, can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another ; but there are few that had lived any

time in the world, who are not judges of their own constitutions, so far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patients, and to 'prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician. "Make your whole repast out of one dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing strong until you have finished your meal ; at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple." But because it is impossible for one who lives in the world to diet himself always in so philosophical a manner, I think every man should have his days of abstinence according as his constitution will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for struggling hunger and thirst whenever any distemper or duty of life may put her upon such difficulties ; and at the same time give her an opportunity of extricating herself from her oppressions, and recovering the several tones and spring of her distended vessels. Besides that, abstinence well timed often kills a sickness embryo, and destroys the first seeds of an indisposition. It is observed by two or three ancient authors, that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens during that great plague which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands ; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the times of this devouring pestilence, he never caught the least infection, which those writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an observation which I have often made upon reading the lives of the philosophers, and comparing them with any series of kings or great men of the same number. If we consider these ancient sages, a great part of whose philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious course of life, one would think the life a philosopher and the life of a man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of those wise men were nearer a hundred than sixty years of age, at the time of their respective deaths. But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book published by Lewis Cornaro the Venetian ; which I the rather mention, because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation, when he resided in England. Cornaro, who was the author of the little treatise I am mentioning, was of an infirm constitution, until about forty, when by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health ; insomuch that at fourscore he published his book, which has been translated into English under the title of *Sure and Certain Methods of Attaining a Long and Healthy Life*. He lived to give a third or fourth edition of it ; and after having passed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep. The treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of cheerfulness, religion, and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a discredit to it.



MACAULAY'S IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

ON the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster ; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus,—the hall, which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of *thirty* kings, — the hall, which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers—the hall, where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment,—the hall, where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-Arms. The judges in their vestments of State, attended, to give advice on points of law. Near a hund-

red and seventy Lords, three fourths of the Upper House, as the Upper House then was, walked, in solemn order, from their usual place of assembling to the Tribunal. The junior Baron present led the way, and the long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the Realm, by the great Dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey, old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together,—from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm—grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art.

The Sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the Court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect ; a high and intellectual fore head ; a brow pensive, but not gloomy : a mouth of inflexible decision ; a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the Council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens aqua in arduis* :—such was the aspect.

with which the great Proconsul presented himself to his Judges.

His Counsel accompanied him, men, all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession :—(1) the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench ; (2) the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas ; and (3) Plomer who, nearly twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same High Court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The Managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious Tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment ; his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a Public Prosecutor ; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished Members of the Lower House, the box, in which the Managers stood, contained an array of speakers, such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant indeed, or negligent of the art of adopting

his reasoning and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but, in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination, superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age—his form developed by every manly exercise—his face beaming with intelligence and spirit,—the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor though surrounded by such men, did the youngest Manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those, who distinguish themselves in life, are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting, that could set off to the height the splendid talents and the unblemished honour of the great man, who is now the sole representative of the great age that has passed away. But those, who have ever listened with delight to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles, Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the Clerk of the Court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction, which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic

Empire of Britain had originated ; and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration even from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out, smelling-bottles were handed round ; hysterical sobs and screams were heard : and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded, Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded,—“Therefore,” said he, “hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons’ House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all !”



OUR VILLAGE
BY MISS MITFORD.

DORA CRESWELL

FEW things are more delightful than to saunter along these green lanes of ours, in the busy harvest-time ; the deep verdure of the hedge-rows, and the strong shadow of the trees, contrasting so vividly with the fields, partly waving with golden corn, partly studded with regular piles of heavy wheat-sheaves ; the whole population abroad ; the whole earth teeming with fruitfulness, and the bright autumn sun careering overhead, amidst the deep blue sky, and the fleecy clouds of the most glowing, and least fickle of the seasons. Even a solitary walk loses its loneliness in the general cheerfulness of nature. The air is gay with bees and butterflies ; the robin twitters from amongst the ripening hazel-nuts ; and you cannot proceed a quarter of a mile, without encountering some merry group of leasers, or some long line of majestic wains, groaning under their rich burthen, brushing the close hedges on either side, and knocking their tall tops against the overhanging trees ; the very image of ponderous plenty.

Pleasant, however as such a procession is to look at, it is somewhat dangerous to meet especially in a narrow lane ; and I thought myself very fortunate one day last August, in being so near a five-barred gate, as to be ena-

bled to escape from a cortege of labourers, and harvest-waggons, sufficiently bulky and noisy to convoy half the wheat in the parish. On they went, men, women, and children, shouting, laughing, and singing in joyous expectation of the coming harvest-home ; the very waggons nodding from side to side, as if tipsy and threatening every moment to break down bank, and tree, and hedge, and crush every obstacle that opposed them. I blest my stars for my escape ; and after leaning on the friendly gate until the last gleaner had passed, a ragged rogue of seven years old, who, with hair as white as flax, a skin as brown as a berry, and features as grotesque as an Indian idol, was brandishing his tuft of wheat-ears, and shrieking forth, in a shrill childish voice, and with a most ludicrous gravity, the popular song of "Buy a broom"—after watching this young gentleman, (the urchin is of my acquaintance), as long as a curve in the lane would permit, I turned to examine in what spot chance had placed me, and found before my eyes another picture of rural life, but one as different from that which I had just witnessed, as the Arcadian peasants of Poussin from the Boors of Teniers, or weeds from flowers, or poetry from prose.

I had taken refuge in a harvest field belonging to my good neighbour, Farmer Creswell ; a beautiful child lay on the ground at some little distance, whilst a young girl, resting from the labour of reaping, was twisting a rustic wreath of enamelled corn-flower, brilliant poppies, snow-white lily-bines, and light fragile hare-bells, mingled with tufts of the richest wheat-ears, around its hat.

The young girl, Dora Creswell, was the orphan niece of one of the wealthiest yeomen in our part of the world, the only child of his only brother ; and having lost both

her parents whilst still an infant, had been reared by her widowed uncle as fondly and carefully as his own son Walter. He said that he loved her quite as well, perhaps he loved her better ; for though it was impossible for a father not to be proud of the bold handsome youth, who at eighteen had a man's strength, and a man's stature ; was the best ringer, the best cricketer, and the best shot in the country ; yet the fairy Dora, who, nearly ten years younger, was at once his handmaid, his housekeeper, his plaything, and his companion, was evidently the apple of his eye. Our good farmer vaunted her accomplishments, as men of his class are wont to boast of a high-bred horse, or a favourite greyhound.

She could make a shirt and a pudding, darn stockings, rear poultry, keep accounts, and read the newspaper : was as famous for gooseberry wine as Mrs. Primrose, and could compound a syllabub with any dairy-woman in the county. There was not so handy a little creature any where ; so thoughtful and trusty about the house, and yet out of doors as gay as a lark, and as wild as the wind ; nobody was like his Dora. So said, and so thought, Farmer Creswell : and before Dora was ten years old, he had resolved that in due time she should marry his son, Walter, and had informed both parties of his intention.

Now farmar Creswell's intentions were well known to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He was a fair specimen of an English yeoman, a tall, square-built, muscular man, stout and active, with a resolute countenance, a keen eye, and an intelligent smile ; his temper was boisterous and irascible, generous and kind to those whom he loved, but quick to take offence, and slow

to pardon, expecting and exacting implicit obedience from all about him. With all Dora's good gifts, the sweet and yielding nature of the gentle and submissive little girl, was undoubtedly the chief cause of her uncle's partiality. Above all, he was obstinate in the highest degree, had never been known to yield a point, or change a resolution ; and the fault was the more inveterate, because he called it firmness and accounted it a virtue. For the rest, he was a person of excellent principle, and perfect integrity, clear-headed, prudent, and sagacious ; fond of agricultural experiments, which he pursued cautiously, and successfully ; a good farmer, and a good man.

His son Walter, who was in person a handsome likeness of his father, resembled him also in many points of character, was equally obstinate, and far more fiery, hot, and bold. He loved his pretty cousin, much as he would have loved a favourite sister, and might very possibly, if let alone, have become attached to her as his father wished ; but to be dictated to, to be chained down to a distant engagement, to hold himself bound to a mere child : the very idea was absurd ; and restraining with difficulty an abrupt denial, he walked down into the village, predisposed, out of sheer contradiction, to fall in love with the first young woman who should come in his way ; and he did fall in love accordingly.

Mary Hay, the object of his ill-fated passion, was the daughter of the respectable mistress of a small endowed school at the other end of the parish. She was a delicate, interesting creature, with a slight, drooping figure, and a fair downcast face, like a snow-drop, forming such a contrast with her gay and gallant wooer, as Love, in his vagaries, is often pleased to bring together.

The courtship was secret and tedious, and prolonged from months to years ; for Mary shrank from the painful contest which she knew that an avowal of their attachment would occasion.* At length her mother died, and deprived of home, and maintenance, she reluctantly consented to a private marriage ; an immediate discovery ensued, and was followed by all the evils, and more than all, that her worst fears had anticipated. Her husband was turned from the house of his father, and in less than three months, his death, by an inflammatory fever, left her a desolate and penniless widow—unowned and unassisted by the stern parent, on whose unrelenting temper neither the death of his son, nor the birth of his grandson, seemed to make the slightest impression. But for the general sympathy excited by the deplorable situation and blameless demeanour of the widowed bride, she and her infant might have taken refuge in the workhouse. The whole neighbourhood was zealous to relieve, and to serve them ; but their most liberal benefactress, their most devoted friend, was poor Dora. Considering her uncle's partiality to herself as the primary cause of all this misery, she felt like a guilty creature ; and casting off at once her native timidity, and habitual submission, she had repeatedly braved his anger, by the most earnest supplications for mercy and for pardon ; and when this proved unavailing, she tried to mitigate their distresses by all the assistance that her small means would permit. Every shilling of her pocket-money she expended upon her poor cousins ; worked for them, begged for them, and transferred to them every present that was made to herself, from a silk frock to a penny tartlet. Every thing that was her own she gave, but nothing of her uncle's ; for,

though sorely tempted to transfer some of the plenty around her to those whose claims seemed so just, and whose need was so urgent, Dora felt that she was trusted, and that she must prove herself trustworthy.

Such was the posture of affairs at the time of my encounter with Dora, and little Walter, in the harvest-field ; the rest will be best told in the course of our dialogue.

“And so, madam ! I cannot bear to see my dear cousin Mary so sick, and so melancholy ; and the dear, dear child, that a king might be proud of,—only look at him !” exclaimed Dora, interrupting herself, as the beautiful child, sitting on the ground, in all the placid dignity of infancy, looked up at me and smiled in my face ; “only look at him,” continued she, “and think of that dear boy, and his dear mother living on charity, and they, my uncle’s lawful heirs, whilst I, who have no right whatever, no claim at all,—I, that, compared to them, am but a far off kinswoman, the mere creature of his bounty, should revel in comfort, and in plenty, and they starving ! I cannot bear it, and I will not. And then the wrong that he is doing himself, he that is really so good and kind, to be called a hard-hearted tyrant, by the whole country side. And he is unhappy himself too ; I know that he is ; so tired as he comes home, he will walk about his room half the night ; and often at meal-times he will drop his knife, and fork, and sigh so heavily. He may turn me out of doors, as he threatened ; or, what is worse, call me ungrateful, or undutiful ; but he shall see this boy.”

“He never has seen him, then ? and that is, the reason you are tricking him out so prettily.”—

"Yes, ma'am. Mind what I told you, Walter ! and hold up your hat, and say what I bid you."

"Gan papa's fowers !" stammered the pretty boy, in his sweet childish voice, the first words that I had ever heard him speak.

"Grand-papa's fowers !" said his zealous preceptress.

"Gan-papa's fowers !" echoed the boy.

"Shall you take the child to the house, Dora ?" asked I.

"No, ma'am, for I look for my uncle here every minute and this is the best place to ask a favour in, for the very sight of the great crop puts him in good humour ; not so much on account of the profits, but because the land never bore half so much before, and it's all owing to his management in dressing and drilling. I came reaping here to-day, on purpose to please him ; for though he says he does not wish me to work in the fields, I know he likes it ; and here he shall see little Walter. Do you think he can resist him, ma'am," continued Dora, leaning over her infant cousin, with the grace and fondness of a young Madonna ; "do you think he can resist him, poor child ! so helpless, so harmless ; his own blood too, and so like his father, no heart could be hard enough to hold out, and I am sure that he will not. Only," pursued Dora, relapsing into her girlish tone and attitude, as a cold fear crossed her enthusiastic hope,—“only I'm half afraid that Walter will cry. It's strange, when one wants anything to behave particularly well, how sure it is to be naughty ; my pets especially. I remember when my Lady Countess came on purpose to see our white peacock, that we got in a present from India ; the obstinate bird ran away behind a bean-stack, and would not spread his train, to show the dead white spots on his glossy white feathers, all we could

do. Her Ladyship was quite angry. And my red and yellow marvel of Peru, which used to blow at four in the afternoon, as regular as the clock struck, was not open the other day at five, when dear Miss Ellen came to paint it, though the sun was shining as bright as it does now. If Walter should scream and cry, for my uncle does sometimes look so stern ; and then it's Saturday, and he has such a beard ! if the child should be frightened !—Be sure, Walter you don' cry !” said Dora in great alarm.

“Gan-papa's fowers,” replied the smiling boy, holding up his hat ; and his young protectress was comforted.

At that moment the farmer was heard whistling to his dog in a neighbouring field, and fearful that my presence might injure the cause, I departed, my thoughts full of the noble little girl, and her generous purpose.

I had promised to call the next afternoon, to learn her success ; and passing the harvest-field in my way, I found a group assembled there, which instantly dissipated my anxiety. On the very spot where we had parted, I saw the good farmer himself, in his Sunday clothes, tossing little Walter in the air ; the child laughing and screaming with delight, and his grandfather apparently quite as much delighted as himself. A pale, slender young woman, in deep mourning, stood looking at their gambols with an air of intense thankfulness ; and Dora, the cause and sharer of all this happiness, was loitering behind, playing with the flowers in Walter's hat, which she was holding in her hand. Catching my eye, the sweet girl came to me instantly.

“I see how it is, my dear Dora ! and I give you joy from the bottom of my heart. Little Walter behaved well, then ?”

"Oh he behaved like an angel."

"Did he say, Gan-papa's fowers?"

"Nobody spoke a word. The moment the child took off his hat, and looked up, the truth seemed to flash on my uncle, and to melt his heart at once—the boy is so like his father. He knew him instantly, and caught him up in his arms, and hugged him just as he is hugging him now."

"And the beard, Dora?"

"Why, that seemed to take the child's fancy, he put up his little hands and stroked it; and laughed in his grandfather's face, and flung his chubby arms round his neck, and held out his sweet mouth to be kissed; and how uncle did kiss him! I thought he never would have done; and then he sat down on a wheat-sheaf and cried and I cried; too! Very strange that one should cry for happiness!" added Dora, as some large drops fell on the wreath which she was adjusting round Walter's hat; "Very strange," repeated she, looking up with a bright smile, and brushing away the tears from her rosy cheeks, with a bunch of corn-flowers; "very strange that I should cry, when I am the happiest creature alive, for Mary and Walter are to live with us; and my dear uncle, instead of being angry with me, says that he loves me better than ever. How very strange it is," said Dora, as the tears poured down, faster and faster, "that I should be so foolish as to cry!"



OUR VILLAGE.

BY MISS MITFORD.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

WOMEN, fortunately perhaps for their happiness and their virtue, have, as compared with men, so few opportunities of acquiring permanent, distinction that it is rare to find a female, unconnected with literature or with history, whose name is remembered after her monument is defaced, and the brass on her coffin-lid corroded. Such, however, was the case with Dame Eleanor, the widow of Sir Richard Lacy, whose name, at the end of three centuries, continued to be as freshly and as frequently spoken, as "familiar" a "household word," in the little village of Aberleigh, as if she had flourished there yesterday. Her memory was embalmed by a deed of charity and of goodness. She had founded and endowed a girls' school for "the instruction" (to use the words of the deed) "of twenty poor children, and the maintenance of one discreet and godly matron;" and the school still continued to be called after its foundress, and the very spot on which the school-house stood, to be known by the name of Lady Lacy's Green.

It was a spot worthy of its destination,—a spot of remarkable cheerfulness and beauty. The Green was small, of irregular shape, and situate at a confluence of shady lanes. Half the roads and paths of the parish met there, probably for the convenience of crossing in that place, by a stone bridge of one arch covered with ivy, the winding rivulet which intersected the whole village, and which, sweeping in a narrow channel round the school garden, widened into a stream of some consequence in the richly-wooded meadows beyond. The banks of the brook, as it wound its glittering course over the green, were set, here and there, with clumps of forest trees, chiefly bright green elms, and aspens with their quivering leaves and their pale shining bark, whilst a magnificent beech stood alone near the gate leading to the school, partly overshadowing the little court in which the house was placed. The building itself was a beautiful small structure, in the ornamented style of Elizabeth's day, with pointed roofs and pinnacles, and clustered chimneys, and casement windows; the whole house enwreathed and garlanded by a most luxuriant vine. The date of the erection, 1563, was cut in a stone inserted in the brick-work above the porch; but the foundress had, with an unostentatious modesty, withheld her name; leaving it, as she safely might, to the grateful recollection of the successive generations who profited by her benevolence. Altogether it was a most gratifying scene to the eye and to the heart. No one ever saw Lady Lacy's school-house without admiration, especially in the play-hour at noon, when the children, freed from "restraint that sweetens liberty," were clustered under the old beech-tree, revelling in their innocent freedom, running, jumping, shouting, and laugh-

ing with all their might ; the only sort of riot which it is pleasant to witness. The painter and the philanthropist might contemplate the scene with equal delight.

The right of appointing both the mistress and the scholars had been originally invested in the Lacy family, to whom nearly the whole of the parish had at one time belonged. But the estates, the manor, the hall-house, had long passed into other hands and other names, and this privilege of charity was now the only possession which the heirs of Lady Lacy retained in Aberleigh. Reserving to themselves the right of nominating the matron, her descendants had therefore delegated to the vicar and the parish officers the selection of the children, and the general regulation of the school—a sort of council of regency, which, for as simple and as peaceful as the government seems, a disputatious churchwarden or a sturdy overseer would sometimes contrive to render sufficiently stormy. I have known as much canvassing and almost as much ill-will in a contested election for one of Lady Lacy's scholarship as for a scholarship in grander places, or even for an M. P.-ship in the next borough ; and the great schism between the late Farmer Brookes and all his coadjutors, as to whether the original uniform of tittle green stuff gowns with white bids and aprons, tippetts and mob, should be commuted for modern cotton frocks and cottage bonnets, fairly set the parish by the ears. Owing to the good farmer's glorious obstinacy, (which I suppose he called firmness,) the green-gownians lost the day. I believe that as a matter of calculation, the man might be right, and that his costume was cheaper and more convenient ; but I am sure that I should have been against him.

right or wrong : the other dress was so pretty, so primitive, so neat, so becoming ; the little lasses looked like rose buds in the midst of their leaves : besides, it was the old traditionary dress—the dress contrived and approved by Lady Lacy. Oh ! it should never have been changed, never !

Since there was so much contention in the election of pupils, it was perhaps lucky for the vestry that the exercise of the more splendid piece of patronage, the appointment of a mistress, did not enter into its duties. Mr. Lacy, the representative of the foundress, a man of fortune in a distant country, generally bestowed the situation on some old dependant of his family. During the churchwardenship of Farmer Brookes, no less than three village gouvernantes arrived at Aberleigh—a quick succession ! It made more than half the business of our zealous and bustling man of office, an amateur in such matters, to instruct and overlook them. The first importation was Dame Whitaker, a person of no small importance, who had presided as head nurse over two generations of the Lacys, and was now, on the dispersion of the last set of her nurslings to their different schools, and an unlucky quarrel with a favourite lady's maid, promoted and banished to this distant government. Nobody could well be more unfit for her new station, or better suited to her old. She was a nurse from top to toe. Round, portly, smiling, with a coaxing voice, and an indolent manner ; much addicted to snuff and green tea, to sitting still, to telling long stories, and to humouring children. She spoiled every brat she came near, just as she had been used to spoil the little Master Edwards and Miss Julias of her ancient dominions. She could not have scolded if she

would—the gift was not in her. Under her misrule the school grew into sad disorder ; the girls not only learnt nothing, but unlearnt what they knew before ; work was lost—even the new shifts of the Vicar's lady ; books were torn ; and, for the climax of evil, no sampler was prepared to carry round at Christmas, from house—to house the first time such an omission had occurred within the memory of man. Farmer Brookes was at his wits' end. He visited the school six days in the week, to admonish and reprove ; he even went nigh to threaten that he would work a sampler himself ; and finally bestowed on the unfortunate ex-nurse the nickname of Queen Log, a piece of disrespect which, together with other grievances, proved so annoying to poor Dame Whitaker, that she found the air of Aberleigh disagree with her, patched up a peace with her old enemy the lady's maid, abdicated that unruly and rebellious principality the school, and retired with great delight to her quiet home in the deserted nursery, where as far as I know, she still remains.

The grief of the children on losing this most indulgent non-instructress, was not mitigated by the appearance or demeanour of her successor, who at first seemed a preceptress after Farmer Brookes's own heart, a perfect Queen Stork. Dame Banks was the widow of Mr. Lacy's gamekeeper ; a little thin woman, with a hooked nose, a sharp voice, and a prodigious activity of tongue. She scolded all day long ; and, for the first week, passed for a great teacher. After that time it began to be discovered that, in spite of her lessons, the children did not learn ; notwithstanding her rating they did not mind, and in the midst of a continual bustle nothing was ever done. Dame Banks was in fact a well-intentioned, worthy woman,

with a restless, irritable temper, a strong desire to do her duty, and a woeful ignorance how to set about it. She was rather too old to be taught either ; at least she required a gentler instructor than the good churchwarden ; and so much ill-will was springing up between them, that he had even been heard to regret the loss of Dame Whitaker's quietness, when very suddenly poor Dame Banks fell ill, and died. The sword had worn the scabbard ; a thoroughly well-meaning woman—grateful, pious, and charitable ; even our man of office admitted this.

The next in succession was one with whom my trifling pen, dearly as that light and fluttering instrument loves to dally and disport over the surface of things, must take no saucy freedom ; one of whom we all felt it impossible to speak or to think without respect ; one who made Farmer Brookes's office of adviser a sinecure, by putting the whole school, himself included, into its proper place, setting every-body in order, and keeping them so. I don't know how she managed, unless by good sense and good humour, and that happy art of government, which seems no art at all, because it is so perfect ; but the children were busy and happy, the vestry pleased, and the churchwarden contented. All went well under Mrs. Allen.

She was an elderly woman, nearer perhaps to seventy than to sixty, and of an exceedingly venerable and prepossessing appearance. Delicacy was her chief characteristic—a delicacy so complete that it pervaded her whole person, from her tall, slender figure, her fair, faded complexion, and her silver hair, to the exquisite nicety of dress by which, at all hours and seasons, from Sunday morning to Saturday night, she was invariably distinguish-

ed. The soil of the day was never seen on her apparel ; dust would not cling to her snowy caps and handkerchiefs such was the art magic of her neatness. Her very pins did their office in a different manner from those belonging to other people. Her manner was gentle, cheerful, and courteous, with a simplicity and propriety of expression that perplexed all listeners ; it seemed so exactly what belongs to the highest birth and the highest breeding. She was humble, very humble ; but her humility was evidently the result of a truly Christian spirit, and would equally have distinguished her in any station. The poor people, always nice judges of behaviour, felt, they did not know why, that she was their superior, the gentry of the neighbourhood suspected her to be their equal—some clergy-man's or officer's widow, reduced in circumstances ; and would have treated her as such, had she not, on discovering their mistake, eagerly undeceived them. She had been, she said, all her life a servant, the personal attendant of one dear mistress, on whose decease she had been recommended to Mr. Lacy ; and to his kindness, under Providence, was indebted for a home and a provision for her helpless age, and the still more helpless youth of a poor orphan, far dearer to her than herself. This avowal, although it changed the character of the respect paid to Mrs. Allen, was certainly not calculated to diminish its amount ; and the new mistress of Lady Lacy's school, and the beautiful order of her house and garden, continued to be the pride and admiration of Aberleigh.

The orphan of whom she spoke was a little girl about eleven years old, who lived with her, and whose black frock bespoke the recent death of some relative. She had lately, Mrs. Allen said, lost her grandmother—her only

remaining parent, and had now no friend but herself on earth : but there was One above who was a Father to the fatherless, and He would protect poor Jane ! And as she said this, there was a touch of emotion, a break of the voice, a tremor on the lip, very unlike the usual cheerfulness and self-command of her manner. The child was evidently very dear to her. Jane was, indeed, a most interesting creature : not pretty—a girl of that age seldom is ; the beauty of childhood is outgrown, that of youth not come ; and Jane could scarcely ever have had any other pretensions to prettiness, than the fine expression of her dark grey eyes, and the general sweetness of her countenance. She was pale, thin, and delicate ; serious and thoughtful far beyond her years ; averse from play, and shrinking from notice. Her fondness for Mrs. Allen, and her constant and unremitting attention to her health and comforts, were peculiarly remarkable. Every part of their small housewifery that her height and strength and skill would enable her to perform, she insisted on doing, and many things far beyond her power she attempted. Never was so industrious or so handy a little maiden. Old Nelly Chun, the char-woman, who went once a week to the house, to wash and bake and scour, declared that Jane did more than herself ; and to all who knew Nelly's opinion of her own doings, this praise appeared superlative.

In the school-room she was equally assiduous, not as a learner, but as a teacher. None so clever as Jane in superintending the different exercises of the needle, the spelling book, and the slate. From the little work-woman's first attempt to insert thread into a pocket handkerchief, the digging and ploughing of cambric, miscalled hemming,

up to the nice and delicate mysteries of stitching and button-holing ; from the easy junction of *a b*, *ab*, and *b a*, *ba*, to that tremendous sesquipedelian word *irrefragability*, at which even I tremble as I write ; from the Numeration Table to Practice ; nothing came amiss to her. In figures she was particularly quick. Generally speaking, her patience with the other children, however dull or tiresome or giddy they might be, was exemplary ; but a false accountant, a stupid arithmetician, would put her out of humour. The only time I ever heard her sweet, gentle voice raised a note above its natural key, was in reprimanding Susan Wheeler, a sturdy, square-made, rosy-cheeked lass, as big again as herself, the dunce and beauty of the school, who had three times cast up a sum of three figures, and three times made the total wrong. Jane ought to have admired the ingenuity evinced by such a variety of error ; but she did not ; it fairly put her in a passion. She herself was not only clever in figures, but fond of them to an extraordinary degree—luxuriated in Long Division, and revelled in the Rule-of-Three. Had she been a boy, she would probably have been a great mathematician and have won that fickle, fleeting, shadowy wreath, that crown made of the rainbow, that vainest of all earthly pleasures, but which yet *is* a pleasure—Fame.

Happier, far happier was the good, the lowly, the pious child, in her humble duties ! Grave and quiet as she seemed, she had many moments of intense and placid enjoyment, when the duties of the day were over, and she sat reading in the porch, by the side of Mrs. Allen, or walked with her in the meadows on a Sunday evening after church, Jane was certainly contented and happy ;

and yet every one that saw her, thought of her with that kind of interest which is akin to pity. There was a pale, fragile grace about her, such as we sometimes see in a rose which has blown in the shade ; or rather, to change the simile, the drooping and delicate look of a tender plant removed from a hothouse to the open air. We could not help feeling sure (notwithstanding our mistake with regard to Mrs. Allen) that *this* was indeed a transplanted flower ; and that the village school, however excellently her habits had become inured to her situation, was not her proper atmosphere.

Several circumstances corroborated our suspicions. My lively young friend Sophia Grey, standing with me one day at the gate of the school-house, where I had been talking with Mrs. Allen, remarked to me, in French, the sly, demure vanity with which Susan Wheeler, whose beauty had attracted her attention, was observing and returning her glances. The playful manner in which Sophia described Susan's "regard furtif," made me smile ; and looking accidentally at Jane, I saw that she was smiling too, clearly comprehending, and enjoying the full force of the pleasantry. She must understand French and when questioned, she confessed she did, and thankfully accepted the loan of books in that language. Another time, being sent on a message to the vicarage, and left for some minutes alone in the parlour, with a piano standing open in the room, she could not resist the temptation of touching the keys, and was discovered playing an air of Mozart, with great taste and execution. At this detection she blushed, as if caught in a crime, and hurried away in tears and without her message. It was clear that she had once learnt music. But the surest proof that

Jane's original station had been higher than that which she now filled, was the mixture of respect and fondness with which Mrs. Allen treated her, and the deep regret she sometimes testified at seeing her employed in any menial office.

At last, elicited by some warm praise of the charming child, our good schoolmistress disclosed her story. Jane Mowbray was the grand-daughter of the lady in whose service Mrs. Allen had passed her life. Her father had been a man of high family and splendid fortune ; had married beneath himself, as it was called, a friendless orphan, with no portion but beauty and virtue ; and, on her death, which followed shortly on the birth of her daughter, had plunged into every kind of vice and extravagance. What need to tell a tale of sin and suffering ? Mr. Mowbray had ruined himself, had ruined all belonging to him, and finally had joined our armies abroad as a volunteer, and had fallen undistinguished in his first battle. The news of his death was fatal to his indulgent mother ; and when she too died, Mrs. Allen blessed the Providence which, by throwing in her way a recommendation to Lady Lacy's school, had enabled her to support the dear object of her mistress's love and prayers. "Had Miss Mowbray no connexions ?" was the natural question. "Yes ; one very near—an aunt, the sister of her father, richly married in India. But Sir William was a proud and a stern man, upright in his own conduct, and implacable to error, Lady Ely was a sweet, gentle creature, and doubtless would be glad to extend a mother's protection to the orphan ; but Sir William—oh ! he was so unrelenting ! He had abjured Mr. Mowbray, and all connected with him. She had written to inform them where the

dear child was, but had no expectation of any answer from India."

Time verified this prediction. The only tidings from India, at all interesting to Jane Mowbray, were contained in the paragraph of a newspaper which announced Lady Ely's death, and put an end to all hopes of protection in that quarter. Years passed on, and found her still with Mrs. Allen at Lady Lacy's Green, more and more beloved and respected from day to day. She had now attained almost to womanhood. Strangers, I believe, called her plain; we, who knew her, thought her pretty. Her figure was tall and straight as a cypress, pliant and flexible as a willow, full of gentle grace, whether in repose or in motion. She had a profusion of light brown hair, a pale complexion, dark grey eyes, a smile of which the character was rather sweet than gay, and such a countenance! no one could look at her wishing her well, or without being sure that she deserved all good wishes. Her manners were modest and elegant, and she had much of the self-taught knowledge, which is, of all knowledge, the surest and the best, because acquired with most difficulty, and fixed in the memory by the repetition of effort. Everyone had assisted her to the extent of his power, and of her willingness to accept assistance; for both she and Mrs. Allen had a pride—call it independence—which rendered it impossible, even to the friends who were most honoured by their good opinion, to be as useful to them as they could have wished. To give Miss Mowbray time for improvement had, however, proved a powerful emollient to the pride of our dear schoolmistress; and that time had been so well employed, that her acquirements were considerable; whilst in mind

and character she was truly admirable ; mild, grateful, and affectionate, and imbued with a deep religious feeling, which influenced every action and pervaded every thought. So gifted, she was deemed by her constant friends, the vicar and his lady, perfectly competent to the care and education of children ; it was agreed that she should enter a neighbouring family, as a successor to their then governess, early in the ensuing spring ; and she, although sad at the prospect of leaving her aged protectress, acquiesced in their decision.

One fine Sunday in the October preceding this dreaded separation, as Miss Mowbray, with Mrs. Allen leaning on her arm, was slowly following the little train of Lady Lacy's scholars from church, an elderly gentleman, sickly-looking and emaciated, accosted a pretty young woman, who was loitering with some other girls at the church-yard gate, and asked her several questions respecting the school and its mistress. Susan Wheeler (for it happened to be our old acquaintance) was delighted to be singled out by so grand a gentleman, and being a kind-hearted creature in the main, spoke of the school-house and its inhabitants exactly as they deserved. "Mrs. Allen," she said, "was the best woman in the world—the very best, except just Miss Mowbray, who was better still,—only too particular about summing, which you know, Sir," added Susan, "people can't learn if they can't. She is going to be a governess in the spring," continued the loquacious damsel ; "and it's to be hoped the little ladies will take kindly to their tables, or it will be a sad grievance to Miss Jane."—"A governess ! Where can I make inquiries concerning Miss Mowbray ?"—"At the vicarage, Sir," answered Susan, dropping her little courtesy, and turning

away, well pleased with the gentleman's condescension, and with half-a-crown which he had given her in return for her intelligence. The stranger, meanwhile, walked straight to the vicarage, and in less than half an hour the vicar repaired with him to Lady Lacy's Green.

This stranger, so drooping, so sickly, so emaciated, was the proud Indian uncle, the stern Sir William Ely ! Sickness and death had been busy with him and with his. He had lost his health, his wife, and his children ; and softened by affliction, was returned to England a new man, anxious to forgive and to be forgiven, and, above all, desirous to repair his neglect and injustice toward the only remaining relative of the wife whom he had so fondly loved and so tenderly lamented. In this frame of mind, such a niece as Jane Mowbray was welcomed with no common joy. His delight in her, and his gratitude toward her protectress, were unbounded. He wished them both to accompany him home, and reside with him constantly. Jane promised to do so ; but Mrs. Allen, with her usual admirable feeling of propriety, clung to the spot which had been to her a "city of refuge," and refused to leave it in spite of all the entreaties of uncle and of niece. It was a happy decision for Aberleigh ; for what could Aberleigh have done without its good school-mistress !

She lives there still, its ornament and its pride ; and every year Jane Mowbray comes for a long visit, and makes a holiday in the school and in the whole place. Jane Mowbray, did I say ? No ! not Jane Mowbray now. She has changed that dear name for the only name that could be dearer :—she is married—married to the eldest son of Mr. Lacy, the lineal representative of Dame Eleanor Lacy, the honoured foundress of the school. It

was in a voice tremulous more from feeling than from age, that Mrs. Allen welcomed the young heir, when he brought his fair bride to Aberleigh ; and it was with a yet stronger and deeper emotion, that the bridegroom, with his own Jane in his hand, visited the asylum which she and her venerable guardian owed to the benevolence and the piety of his ancestress, whose good deeds had thus showered down blessings on her remote posterity.





LIFE OF NELSON.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

NELSON'S EARLY LIFE.

HORATIO, son of Edmund and Catherine Nelson, was born September 29, 1758, in the parsonage house of Burnham Thorpe, a village in the county of Norfolk, of which his father was rector. The maiden name of his mother was Suckling : her grandmother was an elder sister of Sir Robert Walpole, and this child was named after his godfather, the first Lord Walpole. Mrs. Nelson died in 1767, leaving eight, out of eleven, children. Her brother, Captain Maurice Suckling, of the navy, visited the widower upon this event, and promised to take care of one of the boys. Three years afterwards, when Horatio was only twelve years of age, being at home during the Christmas holidays, he read in the county newspaper that his uncle was appointed to the *Raisonnée*, of 64 guns. "Do, William," said he to a brother who was a year and a half older than himself, "write to my father, and tell him that I should like to go to sea with uncle Maurice." • Mr. Nelson was then at Bath, whither he

had gone for the recovery of his health : his circumstances were straitened, and he had no prospect of ever seeing them bettered : he knew that it was the wish of providing for himself by which Horatio was chiefly actuated, and did not oppose his resolution ; he understood also the boy's character, and had always said, that in whatever station he might be placed, he would climb, if possible, to the very top of the tree. Accordingly Captain Suckling was written to. "What," said he in his answer, "has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he above all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea ? But let him come, and the first time we go into action a cannon-ball may knock off his head, and provide for him at once."

It is manifest from these words, that Horatio was not the boy whom his uncle would have chosen to bring up in his own profession. He was never of a strong body ; and the ague, which at that time was one of the most common diseases in England, had greatly reduced his strength ; yet he had already proofs of that resolute heart and nobleness of mind, which, during his whole career of labour and of glory, so eminently distinguished him. When a mere child, he strayed a bird's-nesting from his grandmother's house in company with a cow-boy : the dinner-hour elapsed ; he was absent, and could not be found ; and the alarm of the family became very great, for they apprehended that he might have been carried off by the gipsies. At length, after search had been made for him in various directions, he was discovered alone, sitting composedly by the side of a brook, which he could not get over. "I wonder, child," said the old lady when she saw him, "that hunger and fear did not drive you home." "Fear ! grandmamma," replied the future hero,

“I never saw fear : what is it ?” Once, after the winter holidays, when he and his brother William had set off on horseback to return to school, they came back, because there had been a fall of snow ; and William, who did not much like the journey, said it was too deep for them to venture on. “If that be the case,” said the father, “you certainly shall not go ; but make another attempt, and I will leave it to your honour. If the road is dangerous, you may return : but remember, boys, I leave it to your honour.” The snow was deep enough to have afforded them a reasonable excuse ; but Horatio was not to be prevailed upon to turn back. “We must go on,” said he : “remember, brother, it was left to our honour !”

Early on a cold and dark spring morning Mr. Nelson's servant arrived at this school at North Walsham with the expected summons for Horatio to join his ship. The parting from his brother William, who had been for so many years his playmate and bed-fellow, was a painful effort, and was the beginning of those privations which are the sailor's lot through life. He accompanied his father to London. The *Raisonnable* was lying in the Medway. He was put into the Chatham stage, and on its arrival was set down with the rest of the passengers, and left to find his way on board as he could. After wandering about in the cold, without being able to reach the ship, an officer observed the forlorn appearance of the boy, questioned him, and happening to be acquainted with his uncle, took him home, and gave him some refreshments. When he got on board, Captain Suckling was not in the ship, nor had any person been apprised of the boy's coming. He paced the deck the whole remainder of the day, without being noticed by any one ; and it was not

till the second day that somebody, as he expressed it, "took compassion on him." The pain which is felt when we are first transplanted from our native soil—when the living branch is cut from the parent tree—is one of the most poignant which we have to endure through life. There are after-griefs which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced, which bruise the spirit, and sometimes break the heart: but never, never do we feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, and the sense of utter desertion, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life. Added to these feelings, the sea-boy has to endure physical hardships, and the privation of every comfort, even of sleep. Nelson had a feeble body and an affectionate heart, and he remembered through life his first days of wretchedness in the service.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

On the 9th, Nelson sent Collingwood what he called, in his diary, the "Nelson touch." The order of sailing was to be the order of battle; the fleet in two lines, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest sailing two-deckers. The second in command, having the entire direction of his line, was to break through the enemy, about the twelfth ship from their rear; he would lead through the centre, and the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four ahead of the centre. This plan was to be adapted to the strength of the enemy, so that they should always be one-fourth superior to those whom they out off. Nelson said, "That his Admirals and Captains, knowing his

precise object to be that of a close and decisive action, would supply any deficiency of signals, and act accordingly. In case signals cannot be seen, or clearly understood, no Captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy." One of the last orders of this admirable man was, that the name and family of every officer, seaman, and marine, who might be killed or wounded in action, should be, as soon as possible, returned to him, in order to be transmitted to the chairman of the Patriotic Fund, that the case might be taken into consideration, for the benefit of the sufferer, or his family.

2. About half-past nine in the morning of the 19th, the *Mars*, being the nearest to the fleet of the ships which formed the line of communication with the frigates inshore, repeated the signal that the enemy were coming out of port. The wind was at this time very light, with partial breezes, mostly from the S. S. W. Nelson ordered the signal to be made for a chase in the south-east quarter. About two the repeating ships announced that the enemy were at sea. All night the British fleet continued under all sail, steering to the south-east; at daybreak they were in the entrance of the Straits, but the enemy were not in sight. About seven one of the frigates made signal that the enemy were bearing north. Upon this the *Victory* hove to, and shortly afterwards Nelson made sail again to the northward. In the afternoon the wind blew fresh from the south-west, and the English began to fear that the foe might be forced to return to port. A little before sunset, however, Blackwood, in the *Euryalus*, telegraphed that they appeared determined to go to the westward. "And that," said the Admiral in his diary, "they shall not do, if it is in the power of Nelson and Bronte to prevent

them." Nelson had signified to Blackwood that he depended upon him to keep sight of the enemy. They were observed so well, that all their motions were made known to him ; and, as they wore twice, he inferred that they were aiming to keep the port of Cadiz open, and would retreat there as soon as they saw the British fleet. For this reason he was very careful not to approach near enough to be seen by them during the night. At daybreak the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the *Victory's* deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, and four frigates ; theirs of thirty-three, and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size and weight of metal than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board ; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships. Little did the Tyrolese and little did the Spaniards at that day imagine what horrors the wicked tyrant whom they served was preparing for their country.

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family, because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought*, with two other line-of-battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also ; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west, light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines and the fleet

set all sail. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee line of thirteen ships ; the *Victory* led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote the following prayer :

“May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it ; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet ! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him who made me ; and may His blessing light on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully ! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen ! Amen ! Amen !”

Blackwood went on board the *Victory* about six. He found him in good spirits, but very calm ; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen. He knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack, thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done ; and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman. His plan of defence was as well conceived, and as original, as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship, being about a cable's length to windward of

her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied, "I shall not be satisfied with anything short of twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer, that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory of England shall endure—Nelson's last signal—"ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed, and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

7. He wore that day, as usual, his Admiral's frock-coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy, were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships; and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other, and the Surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the

Chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public Secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars : but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honour I gained them," he had said, when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure, from speaking to him himself upon a subject in which the weal of England, as well as the life of Nelson, was concerned, but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him ; but both Blackwood, and his own Captain. Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible ; and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Téméraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged ; for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail, and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz. Our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the south-west. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy, and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable ; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendour of the spectacle ; and, in full confidence of

winning what they saw, remarked to each other what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead !

9 The French Admiral, from the *Bucentaure*, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing—Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line ; and pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed, that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across her bows, fired single guns at her, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood, and Captain Protyse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates, and on their way to tell all the Captains of the line- of -battle ships that he depended on their exertions ; and that if by the prescribed mode of attack they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied, "God bless you, Blackwood ; I shall never speak to you again."

10 Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz ; the lee line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign* as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's

line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Anna* three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the star-board side, "See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his Captain, and exclaimed, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!" Both these brave officers perhaps at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude, for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the Captains, having gone on board the *Victory* to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his Captain was, and was told in reply that they were not upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said Nelson; "good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham; led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying, "Look! yonder are the enemy," bade them shake hands like Englishmen.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory*, till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-topgallant sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks, and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The Admiral's Secretary

was one of the first who fell ; he was killed by a cannon-shot while conversing with Hardy. Capt. Adair, of the Marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott ; but he anxiously asked, " Is that poor Scott that's gone ? " and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, " Poor fellow ! " Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them, upon which Nelson immediately desired Capt. Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle, and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other ; each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said, " This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long. "

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun. Fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main topmast, with all her studding sails and her booms, shot away. Nelson declared that in all his battles he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships. Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied, " Take your choice, Hardy ; it does not signify much. " The Master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a

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broadside ; then instantly let down her lower-deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops. He had a strong dislike to the practice, not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander now and then be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

¹³ Captain Harvey, in the *Téméraire*, fell on board the *Redoutable* on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the *Téméraire* ; so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The Lieutenants of the *Victory*, seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through, and injure the *Téméraire*. And because there was danger that the *Redoutable* might take fire from the lower-deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides, her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad*.

¹⁴ It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoutable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent ;

for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which in the then situation of the two vessels was not more than fifteen yards, from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor Secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my backbone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the Midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the Chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the Surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful. "for," said

he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurraed, and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Capt. Hardy ; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me ? He must be killed ! He is surely dead !" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us ?" "Very well," replied Hardy ; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck." Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he ; "I am going fast ; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh no !" he replied ; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Capt. Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone ; and Nelson, having made the Surgeon ascertain this, said to him ; "You know I am gone, I know it. I feel something rising in my breast"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great, that he wished he was dead. "Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too !" Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned ; and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly ; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said : "Anchor, Hardy ; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed : "Do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard : " and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the King to order otherwise. "Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek : and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that ? " said Nelson ; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck ; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. His articulation now became difficult ; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty." These words he repeatedly pronounced ; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded, about fifty of the *Victory's* men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part, were not idle ; and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizen-top of the *Redoubtable*. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound : he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quartermaster had seen him fire ; and easily recognised him, because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quartermaster and two Midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the *Victory's* poop—the two Midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quartermaster, as he cried out, "That's he—that's he," and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth, and fell dead. Both the Midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizen-top, and found him dead, with one ball through his head, and another through his breast.

The *Redoubtable* struck within twenty minutes after the fatal shot had been fired from her. During that time she had been twice on fire—in her fore-chains and in her fore-castle. The French, as they had done in other battles, made use in this of fire-balls and other combustibles; implements of destruction which other nations from a sense of honour and humanity, have laid aside; which add to the sufferings of the wounded, without determining the issue of the combat; which none but the cruel would employ, and which never can be successful against the brave. Once they succeeded in setting fire, from the *Redoubtable*, to some ropes and canvas on the *Victory's* booms. The cry ran through the ship, and reached the cockpit; but even this dreadful cry produced no confusion: the men displayed that perfect self-possession in danger by which English seamen are characterized; they extinguished the flames on board their own ship, and then hastened to extinguish them in the enemy, by throwing buckets of water from the gangway. When the *Redoubtable* had struck, it was not practicable to board her from the *Victory*; for, though the two ships touched, the upper works of both fell in so much, that there was a great space between their gangways; and she could not be boarded from the lower or middle decks, because her ports were down. Some of our men went to Lieutenant Quilliam, and offered to swim under her bows, and get up there; but it was thought unfit to hazard brave lives in this manner.

What our men would have done from gallantry, some of the crew of the *Santissima Trinidad* did to save themselves. Unable to stand the tremendous fire of the *Victory*; whose larboard guns played against this great four-

decker, and not knowing how else to escape them, nor where else to betake themselves for protection, many of them leaped overboard, and swam to the *Victory* : and were actually helped up her sides by the English during the action. The Spaniards began the battle with less vivacity than their unworthy allies, but they continued it with greater firmness. The *Argonaula* and *Bahama* were defended till they had each lost about four hundred men ; the *San Juan Nepomuceno* lost three hundred and fifty. Often as the superiority of British courage has been proved against France upon the seas, it was never more conspicuous than in this decisive conflict. Five of our ships were engaged muzzle to muzzle with five of the French. In all five the Frenchmen lowered their lower-deck ports, and deserted their guns ; while our men continued deliberately to load and fire, till they had made the victory secure.

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that he were dead ; but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer—doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation, that joy, that triumph was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive ; and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired. The ships which were thus flying were four of the enemy's van, all French, under Rear-Admiral Dumanoir. They had borne no part in the action ; and now, when they were seeking safety in flight, they fired not only into the *Victory* and *Royal Sovereign* as they passed, but poured their broadsides into the Spanish captured ships ; and they were seen to back

their topsails, for the purpose of firing with more precision. The indignation of the Spaniards at this detestable cruelty from their allies, for whom they had fought so bravely, and so profusely bled, may well be conceived. It was such that when, two days after the action, seven of the ships which had escaped into Cadiz came out, in hopes of retaking some of the disabled prizes, the prisoners in the *Argonauta*, in a body, offered their services to the British prizemaster, to man the guns against any of the French ships, saying that if a Spanish ship came alongside, they would quietly go below; but they requested that they might be allowed to fight the French, in resentment for the murderous usage which they had suffered at their hands. Such was their earnestness, and such the implicit confidence which could be placed in Spanish honour, that the offer was accepted, and they were actually stationed at the lower-deck guns. Dumanoir and his squadron were not more fortunate than the fleet from whose destruction they fled. They fell in with Sir Richard Strachan, who was cruising for the Rochefort squadron, and were all taken. In the better days of France, if such a crime could then have been committed, it would have received an exemplary punishment from the French Government; under Buonaparte it was sure of impunity, and perhaps might be thought deserving of reward. But if the Spanish Court had been independent, it would have become us to have delivered Dumanoir and his Captains up to Spain, that they might have been brought to trial, and hanged in sight of the remains of the Spanish fleet.

The total British loss in the battle of Trafalgar amounted to one thousand five hundred and eighty-seven. Twenty of the enemy struck. But it was not possible to

anchor the fleet, as Nelson had enjoined ; a gale came on from the south-west. Some of the prizes went down, some went on shore ; one effected its escape into Cadiz ; others were destroyed. Four only were saved, and those by the greatest exertions. The wounded Spaniards were sent ashore, an assurance being given that they should not serve till regularly exchanged ; and the Spaniards, with a generous feeling which would not perhaps have been found in any other people, offered the use of their hospitals for our wounded, pledging the honour of Spain that they should be carefully attended there. When the storm, after the action, drove some of the prizes upon the coast, they declared that the English who were thus thrown into their hands should not be considered as prisoners of war ; and the Spanish soldiers gave up their own beds to their shipwrecked enemies. The Spanish Vice-Admiral, Alva, died of his wounds. Villeneuve was sent to England, and permitted to return to France. The French Government say that he destroyed himself on the way to Paris, dreading the consequences of a court-martial ; but there is every reason to believe that the tyrant, who never acknowledged the loss of the battle of Trafalgar, added Villeneuve to the numerous victims of his murderous policy.

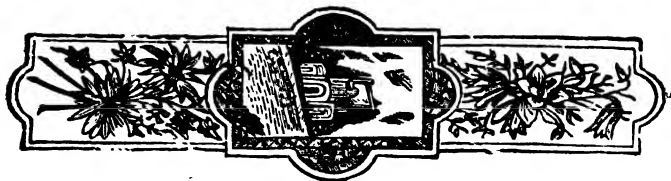
It is almost superfluous to add, that all the honours which a grateful country could bestow were heaped upon the memory of Nelson. His brother was made an earl, with a grant of £6,000 a year ; £10,000 were voted to each of his sisters ; and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. A public funeral was decreed, and a public monument ; statues and monuments also were voted by most of our principal cities. The leaden coffin in which he was brought

home was cut in pieces, which were distributed as relics of Saint Nelson—so the gunner of the *Victory* called them ; and when, at his interment, his flag was about to be lowered into the grave, the sailors who assisted at the ceremony with one accord rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while he lived.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity. Men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us ; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly indeed had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed. New navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him. The general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the King, the legislature, and the nation, would have alike delighted to honour ; whom every tongue would have blessed ; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from

their sports, to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney corner," to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated indeed with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy ; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas. And the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength ; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done ; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr ; the most awful that of the martyred patriot ; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory : and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England : a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.



READINGS FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE TALISMAN.

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red-cross, who had left his distant northern home, and joined the host of the Crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, or, as it is called, the Lake Asphaltites, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.

The warlike pilgrim had toiled among cliffs and precipices during the earlier part of the morning ; more lately, issuing from these rocky and dangerous defiles, he had entered upon that great plain, where the accursed cities provoked, in ancient days, the direct and dreadful vengeance of the Omnipotent.

The toil, the thirst, the dangers of the way, were forgotten, as the traveller recalled that fearful catastrophe, which had converted into an arid and dismal wilderness the fair and fertile valley of Siddim, once well watered.

even as the Garden of the Lord, now a parched and blighted waste, condemned to eternal sterility.

Crossing himself, as he viewed the dark mass of rolling waters, in colour as in quality unlike those of every other lake, the traveller shuddered as he remembered, that beneath these sluggish waves lay the once proud cities of the plain, whose grave was dug by the thunder of the heavens, or the eruption of subterraneous fire, and whose remains were hid, even by that sea which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff on its surface, and, as if its own dreadful bed were the only fit receptacle for its sullen waters, sends not, like other lakes, a tribute to the ocean. The whole land around, as in the days of Moses, was "brimstone and salt ; it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon ;" the land as well as the lake might be termed dead, as producing nothing having resemblance to vegetation, and even the very air was entirely devoid of its ordinary winged inhabitants, deterred probably by the odour of bitumen and sulphur, which the burning sun exhaled from the waters of the lake in steaming clouds, frequently assuming the appearance of waterspouts. Masses of the slimy and sulphurous substance called naphtha, which floated idly on the sluggish and sullen waves, supplied those rolling clouds with new vapours, and afforded awful testimony to the truth of the Mosaic history.

Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with almost intolerable splendour, and all living nature seemed to have hidden itself from the rays, excepting the solitary figure which moved through the flitting sand at a foot's pace, and appeared the sole breathing thing on the wide surface of the plain. The dress of the rider and the accoutrements

of his horse, were peculiarly unfit for the traveller in such a country. A coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate, had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armour ; there was also his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the head-piece. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets. A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The Knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards, and displayed its little pennoncelle, to dally with the faint breeze or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armour, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer. The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "I sleep—wake me not." An outline of the same device might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting. The flat top of his cumbrous cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest. In retaining their own unwieldy defensive armour, the northern Crusaders seemed to set at defiance the nature

of the climate and country to which they had come to war.

The accoutrements of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armour made to cover the loins. Then there was a steel axe, or hammer called a mace-of-arms, and which hung to the saddle-bow ; the reins were secured by chain-work and the front-stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short sharp pike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

But habit had made the endurance of this load of panoply a second nature, both to the knight and his gallant charger. Numbers, indeed, of the western warriors who hurried to Palestine, died ere they became inured to the burning climate ; but there were others to whom that climate became innocent and even friendly, and among this fortunate number was the solitary horseman who now traversed the border of the Dead Sea.

Nature, which cast his limbs in a mould of uncommon strength, fitted to wear his linked hauberk with as much ease as if the meshes had been formed of cobwebs, had endowed him with a constitution as strong as his limbs, and which bade defiance to almost all changes of climate, as well as to fatigue and privations of every kind. His disposition seemed, in some degree, to partake of the qualities of his bodily frame : and as the one possessed great strength and endurance, united with the power of violent exertion, the other, under a calm and undisturbed semblance, had much of the fiery and enthusiastic love of

glory which constituted the principal attribute of the renowned Norman line, and had rendered them sovereigns in every corner of Europe, when they had drawn their adventurous swords.

It was not, however, to all the race that fortune proposed such tempting rewards ; and those obtained by the solitary knight during two years' campaign in Palestine, had been only temporal fame, and, as he was taught to believe, spiritual privileges. Meantime, his slender stock of money had melted away, the rather that he did not pursue any of the ordinary modes by which the followers of the Crusade condescended to recruit their diminished resources, at the expense of the people of Palestine ; he exacted no gifts from the wretched natives for sparing their possessions when engaged in warfare with the Saracens, and he had not availed himself of any opportunity of enriching himself by the ransom of prisoners of consequence. The small train which had followed him from his native country had been gradually diminished, as the means of maintaining them disappeared, and his only remaining squire was at present on a sick-bed, and unable to attend his master, who travelled as we have seen, singly and alone. This was of little consequence to the Crusader, who was accustomed to consider his good sword as his safest escort and devout thoughts as his best companion.

Ntare had, however, her demands for refreshment and repose, even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard ; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm-trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his mid-day station. His good horse, too, which had plodded forward, with the

steady endurance of his master, now lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and quickened his pace, as if he snuffed afar off the living waters, which marked the place of repose and refreshment. But labour and danger were doomed to intervene ere the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm-trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier. "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The Crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb, as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe—perhaps, as a vowed champion of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs, and the inflection of his body, than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his

arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion ; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice round his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point ; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the Saracen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this elusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddlebow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head

of the Emir, for such and not less his enemy appeared. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head ; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprung from the ground, and calling on his horse which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him. But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force, while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill, that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armour, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within

his reach ! Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce. He approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, in the *Lingua Franca* commonly used for the purpose of communication with the Crusaders ; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me ?—Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard ; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce ?"

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the Emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The Crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mahommed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not

chery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach." .

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent ; and the late foes, without angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm-trees.

CHAPTER SECOND.

TIMES of danger have always, and in a peculiar degree, their seasons of good-will and of security ; and this was particularly so in the ancient fendal ages, in which, as the manners of the period had assigned war to be the chief and most worthy occupation of mankind, the intervals of peace, or rather of truce, were highly relished by those warriors to whom they were seldom granted, and endeared by the very circumstances which rendered them transitory. It is not worth while preserving any permanent enmity against a foe whom a champion has fought with to-day and may again stand in bloody opposition to on the next morning. The time and situation afforded so much room for the ebullition of violent passions, that men, unless when peculiarly opposed to each other, or provoked by the recollection of private and individual wrongs, cheerfully enjoyed in each other's society the brief intervals of pacific intercourse which a warlike life admitted.

The distinction of religions, nay, the fanatical zeal which animated the followers of the Cross and of the Crescent against each other, was much softened by a feel-

ing so natural to generous combatants and especially cherished by the spirit of chivalry. This last strong impulse had extended itself gradually from the Christians to their mortal enemies, the Saracens, both of Spain and of Palestine. The latter were indeed no longer the fanatical savages who had burst from the centre of Arabian deserts, with the sabre in one hand and the Koran in the other, to inflict death or the faith of Mahommed, or at the best, slavery and tribute, upon all who dared to oppose the belief of the prophet of Mecca. These alternatives indeed had been offered to the unwarlike Greeks and Syrians ; but in contending with the western Christians, animated by a zeal as fiery as their own, and possessed of as unconquerable courage, address, and success in arms, the Saracens gradually caught a part of their manners, and especially of those chivalrous observances which were so well calculated to charm the minds of a proud and conquering people. They had their tournaments and games of chivalry ; they had even their knights, or some rank analogous ; and above all, the Saracens observed their plighted faith with an accuracy which might sometimes put to shame those who owned a better religion. Their truces, whether national or betwixt individuals, were faithfully observed : and thus it was, that war, in itself perhaps the greatest of evils, yet gave occasion for display of good faith, generosity, clemency, and even kindly affections, which less frequently occur in more tranquil periods, where the passions of men, experiencing wrongs or entertaining quarrels which cannot be brought to instant decision, are apt to smoulder for a length of time in the bosoms of those who are so unhappy as to be their prev.

It was under the influence of these milder feelings, which soften the horrors of warfare, that the Christian and Saracen who had so lately done their best for each other's mutual destruction, rode at a slow pace towards the fountain of palm trees, to which the Knight of the Couchant Leopard had been tending when interrupted in mid-passage by his fleet and dangerous adversary. Each was wrapt for some time in his own reflections, and took breath after an encounter which had threatened to be fatal to one or both ; and their good horses seemed no less to enjoy the interval of repose. That of the Saracen, however, though he had been forced into much the more violent and extended sphere of motion, appeared to have suffered less from fatigue than the charger of the European knight. The sweat hung still clammy on the limbs of the last when those of the noble Arab were completely dried by the interval of tranquil exercise, all saving the foam-flakes which were still visible on his bridle and housings. The loose soil on which he trod so much augmented the distress of the Christian's horse, heavily loaded by his own armour and the weight of his rider, that the latter jumped from his saddle, and led his charger along the deep dust of the loamy soil, which was burnt in the sun into a substance more impalpable than the finest sand, and thus gave the faithful horse refreshment at the expense of his own additional toil ; for, ironsheathed as he was, he sunk over the mailed shoes at every step which he placed on surface so light and unresisting.

"You are right," said the Saracen ; and it was the first word that either had spoken since their truce was concluded,—“your strong horse deserves your care ; but what do you in the desert with an animal, which sinks over

the fetlock at every step, as if he would plant each foot deep as the root of a date-tree ?”

“Thou speakest rightly, Saracen,” said the Christian knight, not delighted at the tone, with which the infidel criticised his favourite horse,—“rightly, according to thy knowledge and observation. But my good horse hath ere now borne me, in mine own land, over as wide a lake as thou seest yonder spread out behind us, yet not wet one hair above his hoof.”

The Saracen looked at him with as much surprise as his manners permitted him to testify, which was only expressed by a slight approach to a disdainful smile, that hardly curled perceptibly the broad thick moustache which enveloped his upper lip.

“It is justly spoken,” he said, instantly composing himself to his usual serene gravity,—“list to a Frank, and hear a fable.”

“Thou art not courteous, misbeliever,” replied the Crusader, “to doubt the word of a dubbed knight ; and were it not that thou speakest in ignorance, and not in malice, our truce had its ending ere it is well begun. Thinkest thou I tell thee an untruth when I say, that I, one of five hundred horsemen, armed in complete mail, have ridden—ay, and ridden for miles, upon water as solid as the crystal, and ten times less brittle !”

“What wouldst thou tell me ?” answered the Moslem ; “yonder inland sea thou dost point at is peculiar in this, that by the special curse of God, it suffereth nothing to sink in its waves, but wafts them away, and casts them on its margin ; but neither the Dead Sea, nor any of the seven oceans which environ the earth, will endure on their surface the pressure of a horse’s foot, more than the

Red Sea endured to sustain the advance of Pharaoh and his host."

"You speak truth after your knowledge, Saracen," said the Christian knight: "and yet, trust me, I fable not, according to mine. Heat, in this climate, converts the soil into something almost as unstable as water; and in my land cold often converts the water itself into a substance as hard as rock. Let us speak of this no longer; for the thoughts of the calm, clear, blue refulgence of a winter's lake, glimmering to stars and moonbeam, aggravate the horrors of this fiery desert, where, methinks, the very air which we breathe is like the vapour of a fiery furnace seven times heated."

The Saracen looked on him with some attention, as if to discover in what sense he was to understand words, which, to him, must have appeared either to contain something of mystery or of imposition. At length he seemed determined in what manner to receive the language of his new companion.

"You are," he said, "of a nation that loves to laugh, and you make sport with yourselves and with others, by telling what is impossible, and reporting what never chanced. Thou art one of the knights of France, who hold it for glee and pastime to *gab**, as they term it, of exploits that are beyond human power. I were wrong to challenge, for the time, the privilege of thy speech, since boasting is more natural to thee than truth."

* *Gaber*. This French word signified a sort of sport much used among the French chivalry, which consisted in vying with each other in making the most romantic gasconades. The verb and the meaning are retained in Scotch.

"I am not of their land, neither of their fashion," said the Knight, "which is, as thou well sayest, to *gab* of that which they dare not undertake, or undertaking cannot perfect. But in this I have imitated their folly, brave Saracen, that in talking to thee of what thou canst not comprehend, I have, even in speaking most simple truth, fully incurred the character of a braggart in thine eyes ; so, I pray you, let my words pass."

They had now arrived at the knot of plam-trees and the fountain which welled out from beneath their shade in sparkling profusion.

We have spoken of a moment of truce in the midst of war ; and this, a spot of beauty in the midst of a sterile desert, was scarce less dear to the imagination. It was a scene which, perhaps, would elsewhere have deserved little notice ; but as the single speck, in a boundless horizon, which promised the refreshment of shade and living water, these blessings, held cheap where they are common, rendered the fountain and its neighbourhood a little paradise. Some generous or charitable hand, ere yet the evil days of Palestine began, had walled in and arched over the fountain, to preserve it from being absorbed in the earth, or choked by the flitting clouds of dust with which the least breath of wind covered the desert. The arch was now broken, and partly ruinous ; but it still so far projected over, and covered in the fountain, that it excluded the sun in a great measure from its waters, which, hardly touched by a straggling beam, while all around was blazing, lay in a steady repose, alike delightful to the eye and the imagination. Stealing from under the arch, they were first received in a marble basin, much defaced indeed, but still cheering the eye, by showing that the place was anciently considered as a station, that

the hand of man had been there, and that man's accommodation had been in some measure attended to. The thirsty and weary traveller was reminded by these signs that others had suffered similar difficulties, reposed in the same spot, and, doubtless, found their way insafely to a more fertile country. Again, the scarce visible current which escaped from the basin, served to nourish the few trees which surrounded the fountain, and where it sunk into the ground and disappeared, its refreshing presence was acknowledged by a carpet of velvet verdure.

In this delightful spot the two warriors halted, and each, after his own fashion, proceeded to relieve his horse from saddle, bit, and rein, and permitted the animals to drink at the basin ere they refreshed themselves from the fountain head which arose under the vault. They then suffered the steeds to go loose, confident that their interest, as well as their domesticated habits, would prevent their straying from the pure water and fresh grass.

Christian and Saracen next sat down together on the turf, and produced each the small allowance of store which they carried for their own refreshment. Yet, ere they severally proceeded to their scanty meal, they eyed each other with that curiosity which the close and doubtful conflict in which they had been so lately engaged was calculated to inspire. Each was desirous to measure the strength, and form some estimate of the character, of an adversary so formidable; and each was compelled to acknowledge that, had he fallen in the conflict, it had been by a noble hand.

The champions formed a striking contrast to each other in person and features, and might have formed no inaccurate representatives of their different nations. The Frank seemed a powerful man, built after the ancient Gothic cast of

form, with light brown hair, which, on the removal of his helmet, was seen to curl thick and profusely over his head. His features had acquired from the hot climate a hue much darker than those parts of his neck which were less frequently exposed to view, or than was warranted by his full and well opened blue eye, the colour of his hair, and of the moustaches which thickly shaded his upper lip, while his chin was carefully divested of beard, after the Norman fashion. His nose was Grecian and well formed; his mouth a little large in proportion, but filled with well-set, strong, and beautifully white teeth; his head small and set upon the neck with much grace. His age could not exceed thirty, but if the effects of toil and climate were allowed for, might be three or four years under that period. His form was tall, powerful, and athletic, like that of a man whose strength might, in later life, become unwieldy, but which was hitherto united with lightness and activity. His hands, when he withdrew the mailed gloves, were long, fair, and well proportioned; the wrist-bones peculiarly large and strong; and the arms themselves remarkably well-shaped and brawny. A military hardihood and careless frankness of expression characterised his language and his motions; and his voice had the tone of one more accustomed to command, than to obey, and who was in the habit of expressing his sentiments aloud and boldly, whenever he was called upon to announce them.

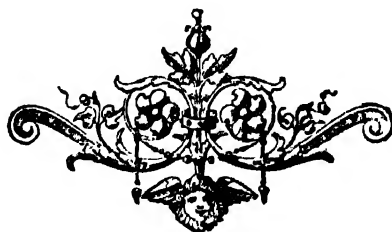
The Saracen Fmir formed a marked and striking contrast with the western Crusader. His stature was indeed above the middle size, but he was at least three inches shorter than the European, whose size approached the gigantic. His slender limbs and long spare hands

and arms, though well proportioned to his person and suited to the style of his countenance, did not at first aspect promise the display of vigour and elasticity which the Emir had lately exhibited. But on looking more closely, his limbs, where exposed to view, seemed divested of all that was fleshy or cumbersome ; so that nothing being left but bone, brawn, and sinew, it was a frame fitted for exertion and fatigue, far beyond that of a bulky champion whose strength and size are counterbalanced by weight, and who is exhausted by his own exertions. The countenance of the Saracen naturally bore a general national resemblance to the Eastern tribe from whom he descended and was as unlike as possible to the exaggerated terms in which the minstrels of the day were wont to represent the infidel champions, and the fabulous description which a sister art still presents as the Saracen's head upon signposts. His features were small, well formed, and delicate, though deeply embrowned by the Eastern sun, and terminated by a flowing and curled black beard, which seemed trimmed with peculiar care. The nose was straight and regular, the eyes keen, deep-set, black, and glowing, and his teeth equalled in beauty the ivory of his deserts. The person and proportions of the Saracen, in short, stretched on the turf near to his powerful antagonist, might have been compared to his sheeny and crescent-formed sabre, with its narrow and light, but bright and keen Damascus blade, contrasted with the long and ponderous Gothic war-sword which was flung unbuckled on the same sod. The Emir was in the very flower of his age, and might perhaps have been termed eminently beautiful, but for the narrowness of his forehead, and something of too much thinness and sharpness of feature,

or at least what might have seemed such in a European estimate of beauty.

The manners of the Eastern warrior were grave, graceful, and decorous ; indicating, however, in some particulars, the habitual restraint which men of warm and choleric tempers often set as a guard upon their native impetuosity of disposition, and at the same time a sense of his own dignity which seemed to impose a certain formality of behaviour on him who entertained it.

The haughty feeling of superiority was perhaps equally entertained by his new European acquaintance, but the effect was different ; and the same feeling, which dictated to the Christian knight a bold, blunt and somewhat careless bearing, as one too conscious of his own importance to be anxious about the opinions of others, appeared to prescribe to the Saracen a style of courtesy more studiously and formally observant of ceremony. Both were courteous ; but the courtesy of the Christian seemed to flow rather from a good-humoured sense of what was due to others ; that of the Moslem, from a high feeling of what was to be expected from himself.





QUENTIN DURWARD.

CHAPTER 1.

Look here upon this picture and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

Hamlet.

THE latter part of the fifteenth century prepared a train of future events, that ended by raising France to that state of formidable power, which has ever since been, from time to time, the principal object of jealousy to the other European nations. Before that period, she had to struggle for her very existence with the English, already possessed of her fairest provinces ; while the utmost exertions of her King, and the gallantry of her people, could scarcely protect the remainder from a foreign yoke. Nor was this her sole danger. The princes who possessed the grand fiefs of the crown, and, in particular, the Dukes of Burgundy and Bretagne, had come to wear their feudal bonds so lightly, that they had no scruple in lifting the standard against their liege and sovereign lord, the King of France, on the slightest pretence. When at peace, they reigned as absolute princes in their own provinces ; and the House of Burgundy, possessed of the district so called,

together with the fairest and richest part of Flanders, was itself so wealthy, and so powerful, as to yield nothing to crown, either in splendour or in strength.

In imitation of the grand feudatories, each inferior vassal of the crown assumed as much independence as his distance from the sovereign power, the extent of his fief, or the strength of his chateau, enabled him to maintain; and these petty tyrants, no longer amenable to the exercise of the law, perpetrated with impunity the wildest excesses of fantastic oppression and cruelty. In Auvergne alone, a report was made of more than three hundred of these independent nobles, to whom incest, murder, and rapine, were the most ordinary and familiar actions.

Besides these evils, another, springing out of the long-continued wars betwixt the French and English, added no small misery to this distracted kingdom. Numerous bodies of soldiers, collected into bands, under officers chosen by themselves, from among the bravest and most successful adventurers, had been formed in various parts of France out of the refuse of all the other countries. These hireling combatants sold their swords for a time to the best bidder; and, when such service was not to be had, they made war on their own account, seizing castles and towers, which they used as the places of their retreat—making prisoners, and ransoming them—exactng tribute from the open villages, and the country around them—and acquiring, by every species of rapine, the appropriate epithets of *Tondeurs* and *Ecorcheurs*, that is, *Clippers* and *Flayers*.

In the midst of the horrors and miseries arising from so distracted a state of public affairs, reckless and profuse expense distinguished the courts of the lesser nobles, as well as of the superior princes; and their dependents,

in imitation, expended in rude, but magnificent display, the wealth which they extorted from the people. The jousts and tournaments, the entertainments and revels, which each petty court displayed, invited to France every wandering adventurer ; and it was seldom that, when arrived there, he failed to employ his rash courage, and headlong spirit of enterprise, in actions for which his happier native country afforded no free stage.

At this period, and as if to save their fair realm from the various woes with which it was menaced, the tottering throne was ascended by Louis XI., whose character, evil as it was in itself, met, combated, and in a great degree neutralised, the mischiefs of the time—as poisons of opposing qualities are said, in ancient books of medicine, to have the power of counteracting each other.

Brave enough for every useful and political purpose, Louis had not a spark of that romantic valour, or of the pride generally associated with it, which fought on for the point of honour, when the point of utility had been long gained. Calm, crafty, and profoundly attentive to his own interest, he made every sacrifice, both of pride and passion, which could interfere with it. He was careful in disguising his real sentiments and purposes from all who approached him, and frequently used the expressions, “that the king knew not how to reign, who knew not how to dissemble ; and that, for himself, if he thought his very cap knew his secrets, he would throw it into the fire.” No man of his own, or of any other time, better understood how to avail himself of the frailties of others, and when to avoid giving any advantage by the untimely indulgence of his own.

He was by nature vindictive and cruel, even to the extent of finding pleasure in the frequent executions which

he commanded. But, as no touch of mercy ever induced him to spare, when he could with safety condemn, so no sentiment of vengeance ever stimulated him to a premature violence. He seldom sprung on his prey till it was fairly within his grasp, and till all hope of rescue was vain ; and his movements were so studiously disguised, that his success was generally what first announced to the world the object he had been manœuvring to attain.

In like manner, the avarice of Louis gave way to apparent profusion, when it was necessary to bribe the favourite or minister of a rival prince for averting any impending attack, or to break up any alliance confederated against him. His knowledge of mankind was profound, and he had sought it in the private walks of life, in which he often personally mingled ; and, though naturally proud and haughty, he hesitated not, with an inattention to the arbitrary divisions of society which was then thought something portentously unnatural, to raise from the lowest rank men whom he employed on the most important duties, and knew so well how to choose them, that he was rarely disappointed in their qualities.

Yet there were contradictions in the character of this artful and able monarch ; for human nature is rarely uniform. Himself the most false and insincere of mankind, some of the greatest errors of his life arose from too rash a confidence in the honour and integrity of others. When these errors took place, they seem to have arisen from an over-refined system of policy, which induced Louis to assume the appearance of undoubting confidence in those whom it was his object to overreach ; for, in his general conduct, he was as jealous and suspicious as any tyrant who ever breathed.

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By means of this monarch's powerful and prudent, though most unamiable character, it pleased Heaven, who works by the tempest as well as by the soft small rain, to restore to the great French nation the benefits of civil government, which, at the time of his accession, they had nearly lost.

In the very outset of his reign, Louis was almost overpowered by a league formed against him by the great vassals of France, with the Duke of Burgundy, or rather his son, the Count de Charalois, at its head. They levied a powerful army, blockaded Paris, fought a battle of doubtful issue under its very walls, and placed the French monarchy on the brink of actual destruction. It usually happens in such cases that the more sagacious general of the two gains the real fruit, though perhaps not the martial fame, of the disputed field. Louis, who had shown great personal bravery during the battle of Montl'hery, was able, by his prudence, to avail himself of its undecided character, as if it had been a victory on his side. He temporised until the enemy had broken up their leaguer, and showed so much dexterity in sowing jealousies among those great powers, that their alliance "for the public weal," as they termed it, but, in reality, for the overthrow of all but the external appearance of the French monarchy, dissolved itself, and was never again renewed in a manner so formidable. From this period, Louis, relieved of all danger from England, by the Civil Wars of York and Lancaster, was engaged for several years, like an unfeeling but able physician, in curing the wounds of the body politic, or rather in stopping, now by gentle remedies, now by the use of fire and steel, the progress of those mortal gangrenes with which it was then infected. The *brigandage* of the Free

Companies, and the unpunished oppressions of the nobility, he laboured to lessen, since he could not actually stop them; and, by dint of unrelaxed attention, he gradually gained some addition to his own regal authority, or effected some diminution of those by whom it was counterbalanced.

Still the King of France was surrounded by doubt and danger. The members of the league "for the public weal," though not in unison, were in existence, and, like a scotched snake, might re-unite and become dangerous again. But a worse danger was the increasing power of the Duke of Burgundy, then one of the greatest Princes of Europe, and little diminished in rank by the very slight dependence of his duchy upon the crown of France.

Charles, surnamed the Bold, or rather the Audacious, for his courage was allied to rashness and frenzy, then wore the ducal coronet of Burgundy, which he burned to convert into a royal and independent regal crown. The character of this Duke was in very respect the direct contrast to that of Louis XI.

The latter was calm, deliberate, and crafty, never prosecuting a desperate enterprise, and never abandoning one likely to be successful, however distant the prospect. The genius of the Duke was entirely different. He rushed on danger because he loved it, and on difficulties because he despised them. As Louis never sacrificed his interest to his passion, so Charles, on the other hand, never sacrificed his passion, or even his humour, to any other consideration. Notwithstanding the near relationship that existed between them, and the support which the Duke and his father had afforded to Louis in his exile when Dauphin, there was mutual contempt and hatred betwixt them. The Duke of Burgundy despised the cautious policy of the

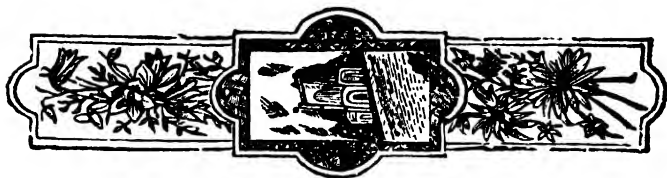
King, and imputed to the faintness of his courage, that he sought by leagues, purchases, and other indirect means, those advantages, which, in his place, the Duke would have snatched with an armed hand. He likewise hated the king, not only for the ingratitude he had manifested for former kindnesses, and for personal injuries and imputations which the ambassadors of Louis had cast upon him, when his father was yet alive, but also, and especially, because of the support which he afforded in secret to the discontented citizens of Ghent, Liege and other great towns in Flanders. These turbulent cities, jealous of their privileges, and proud of their wealth, were frequently in a state of insurrection against their liege lords the Dukes of Burgundy, and never failed to find underhand countenance at the Court of Louis, who embraced every opportunity of fomenting disturbance within the dominions of his overgrown vassal.

The contempt and hatred of the Duke were retaliated by Louis with equal energy, though he used a thicker veil to conceal his sentiments. It was impossible for a man of his profound sagacity not to despise the stubborn obstinacy which never resigned its purpose, however fatal perseverance might prove, and the headlong impetuosity, which commenced its career without allowing a moment's consideration for the obstacles to be encountered. Yet the King hated Charles even more than he contemned him, and his scorn and hatred were the more intense, that they were mingled with fear ; for he knew that the onset of the mad bull, to whom he likened the Duke of Burgundy, must ever be formidable, though the animal makes it with shut eyes. It was not alone the wealth of the Burgundian provinces, the discipline of the warlike inhabitants, and

the mass of their crowded population, which the King dreaded, for the personal qualities of their leader had also much in them that was dangerous. The very soul of bravery, which he pushed to the verge of rashness, and beyond it—profuse in expenditure, splendid in his court, his person, and his retinue, in all which he displayed the hereditary magnificence of the house of Burgundy—Charles the Bold drew into his service almost all the fiery spirits of the age whose tempers were congenial; and Louis saw too clearly what might be attempted and executed by such a train of resolute adventurers, following a leader of a character as ungovernable as their own.

There was yet another circumstance which increased the animosity of Louis towards his over-grown vassal; he owed him favours which he never meant to repay, and was under the frequent necessity of temporising with him, and even of enduring bursts of petulant insolence, injurious to the regal dignity, without being able to treat him otherwise than as his “fair cousin of Burgundy.”

It was about the year 1468, when their feuds were at the highest, though a dubious and hollow truce, as frequently happened, existed for the time betwixt them, that the present narrative opens. The person first introduced on the stage will be found indeed to be of a rank and condition, the illustration of whose character scarcely called for a dissertation on the relative position of two great princes; but the passions of the great, their quarrels, and their reconciliations, involve the fortunes of all who approach them; and it will be found, on proceeding farther in our story, that this preliminary Chapter is necessary for comprehending the history of the individual whose adventures we are about to relate.



IVANHOE.

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CHAPTER I.

Thus communed these ; while to their lowly dome,
The full-fed swine return'd with evening home ;
Compell'd reluctant, to the several sties,
With din obstreperous, and ungrateful cries.

POPE'S *Odyssey*.

IN that pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the river Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest, covering the greater part of the beautiful hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and the pleasant town of Doncaster. The remains of this extensive wood are still to be seen at the noble seats of Wentworth, of Warncliffe Park, and around Rotherham. Here haunted of yore the fabulous Dragon of Wantley ; here were fought many of the most desperate battles during the Civil Wars of the Roses ; and here also flourished in ancient times those bands of gallant outlaws, whose deeds have been rendered so popular in English song.

Such being our chief scene, the date of our story refers to a period towards the end of the reign of Richard I.

when his return from his long captivity had become an event rather wished than hoped for by his despairing subjects, who were in the meantime subjected to every species of subordinate oppression. The nobles, whose power had become exorbitant during the reign of Stephen, and whom the prudence of Henry the Second had scarce reduced to some degree of subjection to the crown, had now resumed their ancient license in its utmost extent ; despising the feeble interference of the English Council of State, fortifying their castles, increasing the number of their dependants, reducing all around them to a state of vassalage, and striving by every means in their power to place themselves each at the head of such forces as might enable him to make a figure in the national convulsions which appeared to be impending.

The situation of the inferior gentry, or Franklins, as they were called, who, by the law and spirit of the English constitution, were entitled to hold themselves independent of feudal tyranny, became now unusually precarious. If, as was most generally the case, they placed themselves under the protection of any of the petty kings in their vicinity, accepted of feudal offices in his household, or bound themselves by mutual treaties of alliance and protection to support him in his enterprises, they might indeed purchase temporary repose ; but it must be with the sacrifice of that independence which was so dear to every English bosom, and at the certain hazard of being involved as a party in whatever rash expedition the ambition of their protector might lead him to undertake. On the other hand, such and so multiplied were the means of vexation and oppression possessed by the great Barons, that they never wanted the pretext, and seldom the will, to harass

and pursue, even to the very edge of destruction, any of their less powerful neighbours who attempted to separate themselves from their authority, and to trust for their protection, during the dangers of the times, to their own inoffensive conduct, and to the laws of the land.

A circumstance which greatly tended to enhance the tyranny of the nobility, and the sufferings of the inferior classes, arose from the consequences of the Conquest by Duke William of Normandy. Four generations had not sufficed to blend the hostile blood of the Normans and Anglo-Saxons, or to unite, by common language and mutual interests, two hostile races, one of which still felt the elation of triumph, while the other groaned under all the consequences of defeat. The power had been completely placed in the hands of the Norman nobility, by the event of the battle of Hastings; and it had been used, as our histories assure us, with no moderate hand. The whole race of Saxon princes and nobles had been extirpated or disinherited, with few or no exceptions; nor were the numbers great who possessed land in the country of their fathers, even as proprietors of the second, or of yet inferior classes. The royal policy had long been to weaken, by every means, legal or illegal, the strength of a part of the population which was justly considered as nourishing the most inveterate antipathy to their victor. All the monarchs of the Norman race had shown the most marked predilection for their Norman subjects; the laws of the chase, and many others equally unknown to the milder and more free spirit of the Saxon constitution, had been fixed upon the necks of the subjugated inhabitants, to add weight, as it were, to the feudal chains with which they were loaded. At court, and in the castles of the great

nobles, where the pomp and state of a court was emulated, Norman-French was the only language employed ; in courts of law, the pleadings and judgments were delivered in the same tongue. In short, French was the language of honour, of chivalry, and even of justice ; while the far more manly and expressive Anglo-Saxon was abandoned to the use of rustics and hinds, who knew no other. Still, however, the necessary intercourse between the lords of the soil, and those oppressed inferior beings by whom that soil was cultivated, occasioned the gradual formation of a dialect, compounded betwixt the French and the Anglo-Saxon, in which they could render themselves mutually intelligible to each other ; and from this necessity arose by degrees the structure of our present English language, in which the speech of the victors and the vanquished have been so happily blended together, and which has since been so richly improved by importations from the classical languages, and from those spoken by the southern nations of Europe.

This state of things I have thought it necessary to premise for the information of the general reader, who might be apt to forget that, although no great historical events, such as war or insurrection, mark the existence of the Anglo-Saxons as a separate people subsequent to the reign of William the Second, yet the great national distinctions betwixt them and their conquerors, the recollection of what they had formerly been and to what they were now reduced, continued, down to the reign of Edward the Third, to keep open the wounds which the Conquest had inflicted, and to maintain a line of separation betwixt the descendants of the victor Normans and the vanquished Saxons.

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious green sward. In some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun ; in others they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of silvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space, in the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition : for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough unhewn stones of large dimensions. Seven stood upright : the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook, which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

The human figures which completed this landscape were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appear-

ance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West-Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing. There was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt or ancient hauberk. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet; and a roll of thin leather was twined artificially round the legs, and, ascending above the calf, left the knees bare, like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt secured by a brass buckle, to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip, and to the other a ram's horn, accoutred with a mouthpiece for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was stuck one of those long, broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buck's-horn handle, which were fabricated in the neighbourhood, and bore even at this early period the name of a Sheffield whittle. The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty dark-red colour, forming a contrast with

the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue. One part of his dress only remains, but it is too remarkable to be suppressed; it was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved, in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport:—"Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood."

Beside the swineherd, for such was Gurth's occupation, was seated, upon one of the fallen Druidical monuments, a person, about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials, and of a more fantastic description. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colours. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half-way down his thigh. It was of crimson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or at his pleasure draw it all around him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had thin silver barcelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription, "Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood." This personage had the same sort of sandals with his companion; but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were cased in a sort of gaiters, of which one was red and the other yellow. He was provided also with a cap, having

around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other ; and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff bandeau of leather, cut at the top into open work, resembling a coronet ; while a prolonged bag arose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder like an old-fashioned nightcap, or a jellybag, or the head-gear of a modern hussar. It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached : which circumstance, as well as the shape of his head-dress, and his own half crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic clowns or jesters, maintained in the houses of the wealthy to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors. He bore, like his companion, a scrip, attached to his belt : but had neither horn nor knife, being probably considered as belonging to a class whom it is esteemed dangerous to entrust with edge-tools. In place of these he was equipped with a sword of lath, resembling that with which Harlequin operates his wonders upon the modern stage.

The outward appearance of these two men formed scarce a stronger contrast than their look and demeanour. That of the serf, or bondsman, was sad and sullen ; his aspect was bent on the ground with an air of deep dejection, which might be almost construed into apathy, had not the fire which occasionally sparkled in his red eye manifested that there slumbered, under the appearance of sullen despondency, a sense of oppression and a disposition to resistance. The looks of Wam̃ba, on the other hand, indicated, as usual with his class, a sort of

vacant curiosity, and fidgety impatience of any posture of repose, together with the utmost self-satisfaction respecting his own situation and the appearance which he made. The dialogue which they maintained between them was carried on in Anglo-Saxon, which, as we said before, was universally spoken by the inferior classes, excepting the Norman soldiers and the immediate personal dependants of the great feudal nobles.

THE TOURNAMENT.

Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
 In gaudy liveries march and quaint attires ;
 One laced the helm, another held the lance,
 A third the shining buckler did advance.
 The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
 And snorting foam'd and champ'd the golden bit.
 The smiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
 Files in their hands and hammers at their side,
 And nails for loosen'd spears and thongs for shields provide.
 The yeomen guard the streets in seemly bands ;
 And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.

Palamon and Arcite.

The condition of the English nation was at this time sufficiently miserable. King Richard was absent, a prisoner and in the power of the perfidious and cruel Duke of Austria. Even the very place of his captivity was uncertain, and his fate but very imperfectly known to the generality of his subjects, who were, in the meantime, a prey to every species of subaltern oppression.

Prince John, in league with Philip of France, Cœur-de-Lion's mortal enemy, was using every species of influence with the Duke of Austria to prolong the captivity of his brother Richard, to whom he stood indebted for so many favours. • In the meantime, he was strengthening his own

faction in the kingdom, of which he proposed to dispute the succession, in case of the King's death, with the legitimate heir, Arthur, Duke of Brittany, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, the elder brother of John. This usurpation, it is well known, he afterwards effected. His own character being light, profligate, and perfidious, John easily attached to his person and faction, not only all who had reason to dread the resentment of Richard for criminal proceedings during his absence, but also the numerous class of "lawless resolute" whom the crusades had turned back on their country, accomplished in the vices of the East, impoverished in substance, and hardened in character, and who placed their hopes of harvest in civil commotion.

To these causes of public distress and apprehension must be added the multitude of outlaws, who, driven to despair by the oppression of the feudal nobility, and the severe exercise of the forest laws, banded together in large gangs, and, keeping possession of the forests and the wastes, set at defiance the justice and magistracy of the country. The nobles themselves, each fortified within his own castle, and playing the petty sovereign over his own dominions, were the leaders of bands scarce less lawless and oppressive than those of the avowed depredators. To maintain these retainers, and to support the extravagance and magnificence which their pride induced them to affect, the nobility borrowed sums of money from the Jews at the most usurious interest, which gnawed into their estates like consuming cankers, scarce to be cured unless when circumstance gave them an opportunity of getting free, by exercising upon their creditors some act of unprincipled violence.

Under the various burdens imposed by this unhappy state of affairs, the people of England suffered deeply for the present, and had yet more dreadful cause to fear for the future. To augment their misery, a contagious disorder of a dangerous nature spread through the land, and, rendered more virulent by the uncleanness, the indifferent food, and the wretched lodging of the lower classes, swept off many whose fate the survivors were tempted to envy, as exempting them from the evils which were to come.

Yet amid these accumulated distresses, the poor as well as the rich, the vulgar as well as the noble, in the event of a tournament, which was the grand spectacle of that age, felt as much interested as the half-starved citizen of Madrid, who has not a real left to buy provisions for his family, feels in the issue of a bull-feast. Neither duty nor infirmity could keep youth or age from such exhibitions. The Passage of Arms, as it was called, which was to take place at Ashby, in the county of Leicester, as champions of the first renown were to take the field in the presence of Prince John himself, who was expected to grace the lists, had attracted universal attention, and an immense confluence of persons of all ranks hastened upon the appointed morning to the place of combat.

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood, which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow, of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by straggling oak-trees, some of which had grown to an immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was enclosed for the lists with strong

palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. The form of the enclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off, in order to afford more convenience for the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists, accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, as many pursuivants, and a strong body of men-at-arms for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen colours of the five knights challengers. The cords of the tents were of the same colour. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly disguised as a salvage or silvan man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master, and the character he was pleased to assume during the game.* The central pavilion, as the place of honour, had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry, no less than his connections with the knights who had undertaken this Passage of Arms, had occasioned him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as their chief and leader, though he had so recently joined them.

* This sort of masquerade is supposed to have occasioned the introduction of supporters into the science of heraldry.

On one side of his tent were pitched those of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Richard de Malvoisin, and on the other was the pavilion of Hugh de Grantmesnil, a noble baron in the vicinity, whose ancestor had been Lord High Steward of England in the time of the Conqueror, and his son William Rufus. Ralph de Vipont, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, who had some ancient possessions at a place called Heather, near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, occupied the fifth pavilion. From the entrance into the lists, a gently-sloping passage, ten yards in breadth, led up to the platform on which the tents were pitched. It was strongly secured by a palisade on each side, as was the esplanade in front of the pavilions, and the whole was guarded by men-at-arms.

The northern access to the lists terminated in a similar entrance of thirty feet in breadth, at the extremity of which was a large enclosed space for such knights as might be disposed to enter the lists with the challengers, behind which were placed tents containing refreshments of every kind for their accommodation, with armourers, farriers, and other attendants, in readiness to give their services wherever they might be necessary.

The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space, betwixt these galleries and the lists, gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theatre. The promiscuous multitude arranged themselves upon large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural

elevation of the ground, enabled them to overlook the galleries, and obtain a fair view into the lists. Besides the accommodation which these stations afforded, many hundreds had perched themselves on the branches of the trees which surrounded the meadow; and even the steeple of a country church, at some distance, was crowded with spectators.

It only remains to notice respecting the general arrangement, that one gallery in the very centre of the eastern side of the lists, and consequently exactly opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised higher than the others, more richly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, on which the royal arms were emblazoned. Squires, pages, and yeomen in rich liveries waited around this place of honour, which was designed for Prince John and his attendants. Opposite to this royal gallery was another, elevated to the same height, on the western side of the lists, and more gaily, if less sumptuously decorated, than that destined for the Prince himself. A train of pages and of young maidens, the most beautiful who could be selected, gaily dressed in fancy habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colours. Among pennons and flags bearing wounded hearts, burning hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and quivers, and all the commonplace emblems of the triumphs of Cupid, a blazoned inscription informed the spectators that this seat of honour was designed for *La Royne de la Beaulté et des Amours*. But who was to represent the Queen of Beauty and of Love on the present occasion no one was prepared to guess.

Meanwhile, spectators of every description thronged forward to occupy their respective stations, and not with-

out many quarrels concerning those which they were entitled to hold. Some of these were settled by the men-at-arms with brief ceremony; the shafts of their battle-axes, and pommels of their swords, being readily employed as arguments to convince the more refractory. Others, which involved the rival claims of more elevated persons, were determined by the heralds, or by the two marshals of the field, William de Wyvil and Stephen de Martival, who, armed at all points, rode up and down the lists to enforce and preserve good order among the spectators.

Gradually the galleries became filled with knights and nobles, in their robes of peace, whose long and rich-tinted mantles were contrasted with the gayer and more splendid habits of the ladies, who, in a greater proportion than even the men themselves, thronged to witness a sport, which one would have thought too bloody and dangerous to afford their sex much pleasure. The lower and interior space was soon filled by substantial yeomen and burghers, and such of the lesser gentry as, from modesty, poverty, or dubious title, durst not assume any higher place. It was, of course, amongst these that the most frequent disputes for precedence occurred.



APPENDIX A.

SAMPLES OF UNSEEN PASSAGES.

PROSE PASSAGES.

*Reproduce the substance of the following passages
in your own words :—*

1.

The good servant prefers his employer to himself. The good employer considers the welfare of his servant more than his own profit. From the sweeping of a floor to the governing of a country—from the baking of a loaf to the watching by the sick-bed of a friend—there is the same rule everywhere. Let the thought of self intrude, let the worker but pause to consider how much reward his work will bring to him, and the power of his genius will be gone from him.

Calcutta University Matriculation Paper.

2.

Shylock the Jew lived at Venice ; he was an usurer who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock being a hard-hearted man exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice, and Shylock much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent ; therefore there was great enmity between the covetous Jew and the generous merchant, Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange) he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings, which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated revenge.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

3.

After we had resided at Ceylon about a fortnight, I accompanied one of the Governor's brothers upon a shooting party. He was a strong athletic man, and being used to the climate (for he had resided there for five years), he bore the violent heat of the sun much better than I could ; in our excursion he had made a considerable progress through a thick wood when I was only at the entrance. Near the banks of a large piece of water, which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind. On turning about I was terribly frightened at the sight of a lion which was evidently approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcass, and that without asking my consent. What was to be done ? I had not even a moment for reflection ; my piece was only charged with swan shot, and I had no other about me ; however, though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

4.

In his early days, Fitzgerald made experiments in diet, and gradually settled down into vegetarianism. He felt at first a loss of physical power, but this passed off, and he believed he gained in lightness of spirit. He lived practically on bread and fruit with sometimes cheese or butter. But he was not a bigoted vegetarian. To avoid an appearance of singularity, he would eat meat at other houses, and provided it in plenty for his guests. He was abstemious, but not a total abstainer.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

5.

It is sometimes said that the pleasure of giving is peculiar to the rich, and no doubt the pleasure of giving is one of the greatest and purest which wealth can bestow. Still the poor also may be liberal and generous. The widow's mite, so far as the widow at any rate is concerned, counts for as much as the rich man's gold. Moreover as regards kindness and sympathy which are far more valuable than money, the poor can give as much as, perhaps ever more than, the rich. Money is not wealth. There are those whom we look down as poor who may be in reality as rich as any millionaire. That which is of most value in life can neither be bought nor sold. A proverb says—"A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world" When he dies, men will ask what property he has left behind, but Angels will inquire, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

6.

What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honour virgin, to have the esteem of your fellow citizens and the love of your fireside, to bear good fortune meekly, to suffer evil with constancy, and through evil or good to maintain truth always? Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as gentleman, whatever his rank may be; show me the prince who possesses them and he may be sure of our love and loyalty.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

7.

After all he said, the capable man is the man to be admired. The man who tries and fails, what is the use of him? We are in this world to do something, not to fail in.

doing it. Of the helpless, inefficient persons who try one thing and fail, because they are not strong enough, and another because they have not energy enough, what shall we say of them? What use is there in them? What hope is there of them? What can we wish for them? To be able to do what a man tries to do, that is the first thing necessary, and given that, we may hope all things for him.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

8.

Sir John while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot; the shock threw him from his horse with violence; yet he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged and his steadfast eye fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments when he saw the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart broken and bared of flesh, the muscles of the breast torn into long stripes. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled and the hilt entered the wound. A staff-officer attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, "It is well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me;" and in that manner so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

9.

It is always a great pleasure to me to pass an evening at your father's house. But on the last occasion that pleasure

was very much heightened because you were once more with us. I watched your mother's eyes as she sat in her place in the drawing room. They followed you almost without ceasing, and there was the sweetest, happiest expression on her dear face that betrayed her tender maternal love for you and her just maternal pride. Your father was equally happy in his own way ; he was much more gay and talkative than I have seen him for two or three anxious years. He told amusing stories ; he entered playfully into the jests of others ; he had pleasant projects for the future. I sat quietly in my corner, slyly observing the hidden sources of the happiness that was clearly visible. They were gladdened by the first successes of your manhood ; by the evidence of your strength ; by the realisation of hopes long cherished.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

10.

As we looked out into the darkness, we could not but recollect, with a flush of pride, that yonder lay Flores and the scene of the great fight off the Azores, in which the *Revenge* with Sir Richard Grenville for her captain, endured, for twelve hours before she struck, the attack of eight great Spanish armadas, of which two sank at her side ; and after all her masts were gone, defied to the last the whole fleet of fifty-one sail which lay around her waiting, "like dogs around the dying forest king," for the Englishman to strike or sink. Yonder away it was that wounded again and again, and shot through body and through head, Sir Richard Grenville was taken on board the Spanish Admiral's ship to die, and gave up his gallant ghost with those once famous words—"Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought, fighting for his

country, queen, religion and honour, my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in his duty bound to do."

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

11.

In the present day it is not necessary that generals or great officers should fight with their own hands, because it is their duty to direct the movements and exertions of their followers. The artillery and the soldiers shoot at the enemy, and men seldom mingle and fight hand to hand. But in the ancient times, kings and great lords were obliged to put themselves into the very front of the battle and fight like ordinary men with the lance and other weapons. It was, therefore, of great consequence that they should be strong men and dexterous in the use of their arms. Robert Bruce was so remarkably active and powerful that he came through a great many personal dangers, in which he must otherwise have been slain.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

12.

In this life there are no gains without pains. Life indeed would be dull if there were no difficulties. Games lose their zest if there is no real struggle, if the result is a foregone conclusion. Both winner and loser enjoy a game most if it is closely contested to the last. No victory is a real triumph unless the foe is worthy of the steel. Whether we like it or not, life is one continuous competitive examination.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

13.

Queen Victoria, when a little girl, was taught economical habits by her excellent governess. The Princess had a set allowance for pocket money, and was not permitted to exceed it. Once at the Bazaar at Turnbridge Wells, she had ex-

pendent all her supply of money in a number of presents for relatives and friends. As she was leaving she remembered another cousin to whom she thought she would like to make a present. She saw a box marked half-a-crown, which she considered to be just the very thing for him. But alas ! the money was all gone. The people in the shop said they would just enclose the box with other articles, but her governess said, "No ! you see the Princess has not the money, and so of course she cannot buy the box." The shopkeepers then said they would reserve the box, and when the next pocket money came due, the Princess mounted her donkey and was at the Bazaar for the coveted box by seven o'clock in the morning.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

14.

A man in the East where they do not require as much clothing as in colder climates, gave up all worldly concerns and retired to a wood, where he built a hut and lived in it. His only clothing was a piece of cloth which he wore round his waist. But, as ill-luck would have it, rats were plentiful in the wood, so he had to keep a cat. The cat required milk to feed it, so a cow had to be kept. The cow required tending, so a cow-boy was employed. The boy required a house to live in, so a house was built for him. To look after the house a maid had to be engaged. To provide company for the maid, a few more houses had to be built, and people invited to live in them. In this manner a little township sprang.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

15.

One day, when the Prince Siddhartha with a large retinue drove through the eastern gate of the city on the way to one of his parks, he met on the road an old man broken and

decrepit. One could see the veins and muscles over the whole of his body, his teeth chattered, he was covered with wrinkles, bald, and hardly able to utter hollow and unmelodious sounds. He was bent on his stick and all his limbs and joints trembled. "Who is that man?" said the Prince to his coachman. "He is small and weak, his flesh and his blood are dried up, his muscles stick to his skin, his head is white, his teeth chatter, his body is wasted away : leaning on his stick he is hardly able to walk, stumbling at every step. Is there something peculiar in his family, or is this the common lot of all created beings?"

"Sir," replied the coachman, "that man is sinking under old age, suffering has destroyed his strength, and he is despised by his relations. He is without support and useless, and people have abandoned him like a dead tree in a forest. But this is not peculiar to his family. In every creature, youth is defeated by old age. Your father, your mother, all your friends, will come to this state ; this is the appointed end of all creatures".

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

16.

The heat was almost insufferable. All nature seemed sinking under it. The distant country presented to the eye a dreary expanse of sand, with a few stunted trees, in the shade of which the hungry cattle licked up the withered grass, while the camels and goats licked up the scanty foliage. The scarcity of water was great. Day and night the wells were crowded with cattle ; excessive thirst made many of them furious ; others being too weak to contend for the water endeavoured to quench their thirst by devouring the black mud near the wells, which they did with great avidity, though it was commonly fatal to them. *C. U. Matriculation Paper.*

POETRY PASSAGES.

*Reproduce the substance of the following passages in
your own words :—*

17.

Death takes us by surprise
And stays our hurrying feet ;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.
But in the dark unknown
Perfect perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

18.

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon :
There's joy in the mountains ;
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

19.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;—
Footprints that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Longfellow..

20.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true ;
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too ;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

21.

I laugh not at another's loss ;
I grudge not at another's gain ;
My wealth is health and perfect ease :
My conscience clear my chief defence ;
I neither seek by bribes to please ;
Nor by deceit to breed offence ;
Thus do I live ; thus will I die ;
Would all did so as well as I !

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

22.

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride ;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.
I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much ;
And Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

23.

Like my little garden
May I grow sweet and fair ;
With kindly words and action
For every one to spare ;
May the good seed flourish well
In my little heart,
And all the vain and wicked thoughts
Like evil weeds depart.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

24.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.
Thus the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

25.

Who shall be nearest
 Noblest and dearest,
 Named with honour and pride evermore ?
 He the undaunted
 Whose banner is planted
 On Glory's high ramparts and hoar ;
 Fearless of danger,
 To falsehood a stranger,
 Looking not back while there's Duty before !
 He shall be nearest,
 He shall be dearest,
 He shall be in our hearts evermore !

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

26.

Let nothing disturb thee,
 Nothing affright thee ;
 All things are passing,
 God never changeth.
 Patient endurance
 Attaineth to all things ;
 Who God possesseth
 In nothing is wanting ;
 Alone God sufficeth.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

27.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers soonest fall ;
 I see how those that sit aloft,
 Mishap doth threaten most of all ?
 These get with toil, and keep with fear :
 Such cares my mind could never bear.

Dyer.

28.

See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain
Again repair his vigour lost,
And walk and run again ;
The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common air, the earth, the skies
To him are opening Paradise.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.

29.

Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight
That all around, in all that's done,
Must move and act for him alone,
Will learn in school of tribulation
The folly of his expectation.

Goldsmith

30.

I laugh not at another's loss ;
I grudge not at another's gain ;
No worldly wave my mind can toss ;
I brook that is another's pain.
I fear no foe ; I scorn no friend :
I dread no death ; I fear no end.

Dyer.

31.

Then onward onward, step by step
With perseverance rise ;
Bend mind and will to every task,
Nor first attempts despise.

'Tis idleness alone despairs
 And never will aspire,
 But industry still presses on
 With patience nought can tire.

Montgomery.

32.

Weak and irresolute is man ;
 The purpose of today,
 Woven with pains into my plan,
 To-morrow rends away.
 The bow well-bent and smart the spring,
 Vice seems already slain,
 But passion rudely snaps the string,
 And it revives again.

Cowper.

33.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts in glad surprise
 To higher levels rise.
 Honour to those whose words or deeds
 Thus help us in our daily needs,
 And by their overflow ~~excess~~.
 Raise us from what is low.

C. U. Matriculation Paper.



Expand the ideas contained in the following :—

- (1) Better late than never.
 - (2) A little rain lays much dust.
 - (3) Better alone than in ill company.
 - (4) Better today than tomorrow.
 - (5) Consider well, despatch quickly.
 - (6) Conduct and courage lead to honour.
 - (7) Sweet are the uses of adversity.
 - (8) Craft is veiled, truth goes naked.
 - (9) Do to others as you wish to be done by.
 - (10) Do not today what you will repent of tomorrow.
 - (11) Empty vessels make most sound.
 - (12) Example teaches better than precepts.
 - (13) Every body's business is no body's business.
 - (14) Experience is the mother of knowledge.
 - (15) Evil beginnings have bad endings.
-

APPENDIX B.

NOTES.

PERSEUS.

How Perseus and His mother came to Seriphos.

PAGE 17 *Perseus*—The son of Zeus (Jupiter) and Danae, daughter of King Acrisius of Argos. *Seriphos*—one of the Cyclades, *i.e.*, a group of about fifty isles in the Ægean sea. The chief were Ceos, Naxos, Andros, Paros, Melos, Seriphos, Gyaros, and Tenedos. Seriphos became a Roman state prison, like the Andaman Islands.

Argos (or *Argolis*) in modern Morea. *Hellas*—a part of Thessaly; but later applied to all places inhabited by the Greeks, the *Greek world*. *Lerna Fen*—a district of Argolis, with a grove and a lake. Here Hercules killed the famous monster Hydra, who had one hundred or as some say, fifty heads. *Across the seas*—*i.e.*, to Lycia in Asia Minor. *A foreign princess*—*i.e.*, Antæa or Stenobœa, daughter of Jobates, king of Lycia. *Cyclopes* (pl), (sing). *Cyclops*—cannibal giants, so named from having but one eye in the centre of the forehead (Lit *round eyed*). They lived in the west of Sicily and were called the workmen of Vulcan. The most ancient masonry (*Cyclopean walls*) was attributed to them and they made Jupiter's armour, Pluto's shield, and Neptune's trident. *Up and down the land*—at different parts of the land. *Tiryns* or *Tyrinthus*—a town of Argolis. *Unhewn*—rough, not cut to shape.

PAGE 18. *Prophet*—an oracle, a soothsayer. (Gr. *pro.* before, *phemi*—to speak). *Your own blood*—kindred (*i.e.* brother in the first case, daughter's son in the second case). *So—parse?* *Ways*—conduct, behaviour. *Brass*—evidently, copper or bronze; brass, an alloy of copper and zinc, was unknown to the ancients. *Conning*—(literally, knowing). Here used almost in its original sense of knowing or wise. It generally means 'crafty,' (an example of *degradation of words*). *Danae bore a son*—

Zeus wooed her in a shower of gold and she bore him a son, Perseus. *Any*—i.e., any person. *Freshly*—briskly. *Before it*—in front of it; driven by the wind, (use *before* in different parts of speech).

PAGE 19 *The song which she sang* etc.—A lullaby ascribed to the poet Simonides (B.C. 556-467). *The days when Halcyon* etc.—The winds were stilled for seven days before and after the winter solstice to enable the kingfisher (Halcyon) to make a floating nest on the sea, which remained calm while it was hatching. Hence, *Halcyon days* means a time of peace and happiness. According to the story as told by Kingsley, Halcyon and Ceyx were changed into kingfishers. *Halcyon*—daughter of Eos (the wind) *Sailor-boy*—i.e., Ceyx. (Kingsley calls Ceyx a sailor boy; but according to another version he was a king of Trachinia and son of Lucifer). *Immortals*—gods. *Sea-birds*—i.e., kingfishers or halcyons. *Long*—tedious.

PAGE 20. *All red*—(Parse *all*). *Flying flakes of foam*—(an excellent example of alliteration.) *Prieze*—a coarse woolen cloth with a nap on one side. *Trident for spearing fish*—the practice is still to be met with in many parts of the world. *Casting net*—as opposed to *drag-net*. *Ledge*—a ridge or shelf. *Damsel*—(from Fr *demoiselle*) a young unmarried woman. *Frail*—weak (another form of *fragile*). *Somewhat*—i.e., something. *More than mortal*—superhuman.

PAGE 21. *Netter*—Fisherman. *Common race*—ordinary stock or pedigree. *Charge*—burden (give some other meanings). *All the maidens* etc.—(change the construction by using *any* for *all*).

How Perseus vowed a rash vow.

PAGE 22. *After*—in search of. (Give the force of *after* in:—the boy was named *after* his grand-father). *Quoit*—a heavy flat ring of iron for throwing as near as possible to one *hob* or pin from the other—18 to 21 yards apart. *In all which befits a man*—in all manly games and accomplishments. (The ancient Greeks were very famous *athletes*). *Wit*—mental resources.

PAGE 23. *Samos*—an island in the Ægean Sea off the coast of Asia Minor. It was for some time very prosperous and powerful. *Pythagoras* was born here.

Was lading—(comment on the form); was being loaded. *Fell asleep*—(parse *asleep*) *Great gray eyes*—one of the various epithets of Athene was *Glaucopis*—blue-eyed. She was the goddess of wisdom, war and the liberal arts. She sprang, full-grown and fully armed, from Jupiter's brain. She was represented as wearing a helmet, holding a spear and the *Aegis* (shield with Medusa's head), and with an owl beside her. *Errand*—a work one is entrusted to do. (*A fool's errand*—a useless undertaking).

PAGE 24. *Souls of clay*—men with a base heart. *Manhood* or valour was reckoned both by the Greeks and the Romans as the greatest of virtues; and want of it was looked upon as the lowest depth of baseness. *Virtue*—literally means *manhood*. *Souls of fire*—men possessed of enthusiasm and valour. *Titans*—giants, sons of Cœlus (heaven) and Terra (earth), enormous in size and strength. Hence *titanic* means generally huge, gigantic. *Flower of youth*—prime of youth. *Green old age*—vigorous and lively old age. *Latter end*—ultimate fate after death.

PAGE 25. *Pale as death*—deadly pale; very pale. *Knit*—drawn together; contracted. *It were a noble deed*—(Explain the use of *were*). *You are too young*—(Explain clearly the use of *too*). *Medusa the Gorgon*—One of the three Gorgons, whose head, cut off by Perseus and placed on the aegis of Athene, turned those who looked on it into stones. Her two sisters were Stheno and Euryale. *Mother of a monstrous rood*—The drops of blood that fell from Medusa's head, as Perseus flew through the air, were made serpents, which ever after infested the deserts of Libya. *Play the man*—act manfully. *In that*—i.e., in the work that waits for you at home—(that a demons pron.) and mill.

PAGE 26. *Temple sweepers*—to be a servant of a temple was a common way for a slave to obtain his freedom. It made him secure from molestation. *Cast about*—contrive a plan.

PAGE 27. *Do him homage*—pay him respect. *Game*—animals obtained by hunting. (Cf. *big game*—the larger animals hunted). *Lend him one*—one = a gift (Parse *one*). *Foundling*—a little child found deserted (*ling* is a diminutive suffix with a notion of contempt).

PAGE 28. *Drift wood*—wood drifted by water. *What is it to be*—i.e., what the present is to be. *His promise lay upon him*—his promise was binding on him. *Shame*—disgrace.

PAGE 29. *Cunningly*—skillfully, (used in its original sense). *Light-limbed*—nimble; (cf. light-footed: light-fingered). *Scimitar*—a short, single-edged, curved sword. (Persian *shimshir*=lion's claw cf. *paradise*, *dervish*, *checkmate*). *All of one cur stone*—(all = wholly). *Golden sandals*—Hermes. [Mercury of the Romans] was the messenger of the gods and received from Jupiter a winged cap (*petasus*) wings for his feet (*talaria*) and a short sword (*harpe*) which he lent to Perseus. *More than man*—divine.

PAGE 30. *Soul*—spirit. *Unshapen Land*—The land of snow and ice and frozen seas and marshes located somewhere in the Arctic Ocean. *Better so than live here*—(Give the full form and parse *so* and *live*). *Of your kindness*—(Parse *of*). *Hyperboreans*—inhabitants of the extreme north; —(Gr. *hyper*—beyond, *Boreas*—the north wind). *Between them*—i.e., as their joint possession, which they "used in turn. *Nymphs*—inferior goddesses, who presided over the sea, springs, rivers, etc. *The Evening Star*—Hesperus or Venus of the Romans. *The nymphs, the daughters etc*—The Hesperides, the three sisters who guarded the golden apples which Hera (Juno on her marriage with Zeus), had received from Gaia. *The Atlantic island*—Atlantis, a mythical island in the Atlantic Ocean, which has derived its name from it. *Sinned a sin*—she had gratified Neptune's passion in the temple of Pallas.

PAGE 31. *The winged horse*—Pegasus, sprung from the blood of Medusa. As soon as born, he rose from mount Helicon to the sky, and from the spot he struck with his hoof, the fountain *Hippocrene* gushed forth. He became the favourite of the Muses. After throwing his rider, Bellerophon, he continued his flight to heaven, where he was made a constellation. *The giant of the golden sword*—Chrysaor, son of Medusa by Neptune. His children are Echidna, Geryon and the Chimæra. *Echidna*—a monster offspring of Chrysaor; she was represented as a beautiful woman above the waist and thence downward as a serpent; hence the name 'witchadder' in the text. *Geryon*—represented as having three heads on one body. He reigned in Gades where his flocks were guarded by the two headed dog Orthos. Hercules killed him and took away the flocks. *The Queen of the Sea*—Ceto, who bore the Gorgons to Phorcys a sea-god. *Touch them not*—do not try to do them any harm. *Amaltheid*—the goat that suckled in the infant god Zeus. *Aegis-holder*—Zeus; the *aegis* is the shield of Zeus.

It was given by him to Athene. *The peak on which no winds blow*—Mt. Olympus, the abode of the gods on earth. *Argus-slayer*—Argus, was a monster who had a hundred eyes of which only two slept at a time. Hermes lulled him asleep with his lyre and slew him. His eyes were put by Juno on the tail of the peacock, her favourite bird.

PAGE 31. *Needs no second stroke*—is infallible. *Olympians*—i.e. the gods who dwelt on Olympus. *Ister*—the Danube.

How Perseus slew the Gorgon.

PAGE 32. *Dry-shod*—without wetting the shoes or feet. *Cythnus*—an isle near Attica, famous for cheese. *Ceos or Cea*—an isle S. E. of Attica. *Copais Lake*—Copais a lake in Boeotia; on its north shore was a town, Copia. *Cephissus*—a river flowing through Phocis and Boeotia into lake Copais. *Eta*—a mountain in the south of Thessaly; on it Hercules burnt himself. *Pindus*—a mountain-chain between Thessaly and Macedonia, sacred to the Muses. *Paons*—a barbarous people of northern Macedonia. *Dardans*—the inhabitants of Dardania which was on the Asiatic side of the Hellespont. *Triballi*—the people of Lower Moesia which corresponded to the modern kingdom of Bulgaria. Upper Moesia is now called Servia. *Across the Ister dry-shod*—Possibly this refers to the freeing of the Danube in winter. *Edge of the everlasting night*—boundary of the region where everlasting night prevails. *Feathers*—evidently, snow-flakes.

PAGE 33. *Dare*—(give the past and past participial forms). *They were none the warmer*—(explain; and parse the warmer). *Venerable*—this word has the idea of old age.

PAGE 34. *Unbidden*—uninvited; unasked (parse). *Such a world*—so happy a world. *Needs*—this 's' is genitive. *Ugly glare of the sun*—to the dwellers of the cold and frozen regions of the extreme north, the sun must be very disagreeable. *Atlas the giant*—seems to refer to the Peak of Teneriffe and the garden of Hesperides to the Canary islands. What are now called the Atlas mountains are in Morocco.

PAGE 35. *Weeping &c*—(Icebergs melt in summer). *The tin isles*—the Sicilly isles, where the ancients traded in tin. *Iberian store*—i.e., Spain. *Terms*—long-winged aquatic fowl. *Dolphins*—a kind of sea-animal often spoken of in Greek myths and legends. *Tritons*—the

trumpeters of Poseidon (Neptune). They were represented as half-men, half-dolphins and blowing shells (conches.) *Galatea*—a sea-nymph. Properly speaking, Amphitrite, wife of Poseidon, and not Galatea, was the sea-queen.

PAGE 36. *Ladon*—the dragon who guarded the apples of the Hesperides. *Hercules the mighty*—Hercules. The eleventh of the famous twelve labours of Hercules was the plunder of the golden apples of the Hesperides.

PAGE 37. *Hades*—the nether world, from the name of the god of that region.

PAGE 38. *Unshapen land*—not the one mentioned above, where Perseus met the gray sisters. *A loft*—(on loft)—high.

PAGE 39. *That it had been either of his sisters*—The meaning of it is to be understood from the context; i.e., I wish I were asked to kill one of her sisters and not herself. *Harp*—also written *Harpes*—the name of the scimitar lent to Perseus by Hermes. *He did not need etc. i.e.*, one stroke of that weapon was enough for the purpose.

PAGE 40. *Lybian shore*—the desert of Sahara. The legend given here alludes to the theory that the desert was once the bed of the sea. *The fair Lectonian land*.—It is difficult to identify this land. Kingsley says it was "drowned" by Poseidon. *Took that land*—i.e., the Lybian shore. *A little good (land)*—the Lectonian land.

PAGE 41. *Crag*—a rough steep rock.
